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THE
BOOKMAN

DO MEN READ?

By John Farrar

WHEN I speak of men, for the purposes of this article I mean American men, or perhaps rather, men in the United States. And I hasten to make the obvious generalization: that most men in the ordinary course of their lives do not read so many books as do most women. You may then wish to tell me that when woman has become the perfect helpmate and, according to the new fashion, earns an equal share of the daily loaf, man will immediately find more leisure to fill with habits of the bookworm. I protest. The reasons for the facts are more deeply seated. The world of current literature, like that of all the arts, is largely a woman made world. If a writer wishes success in any great measure, if he wishes to reach any considerable public, he must indite his sentences to please the feminine mind. As that mind changes, so will his writings change; to the skirts of that mind his genius will come running; there he will find peace and appreciation. I do not claim that all writers consciously strive to please a feminine appetite. Heaven forbid! It is enough that they write in the current manner, for that manner will be woman's manner.

Anatole France in an essay on Paul Bourget, the French novelist, says:

> And it is to the women that we owe the spirit and the manner of the contemporary novel, for it may truly be said that a literature is the work of the public as well as of the authors. Only madmen speak when they are quite alone: and to write all alone is a species of monomania; I mean to write for oneself and without any hope of moving the minds of others. So it is quite natural that our novelists should almost all have sought without intending it and sometimes without knowing it "To please the ladies". M. de Maupassant has done it, with a little effort perhaps, but with complete success. His last works, "Plus fort que la mort" and "Notre coeur", have been drawing room successes.

Then later in the same essay: "Women never look for anything in a novel but their own secret and that of their rivals."

Now men, I believe, read comparatively little current fiction, because they find in it no secrets at all — and I

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believe them quite as capable of looking for secrets as women. Just so far as the gossip of boudoirs differs from that of railway smoking cars, does the fiction taste of men and women differ. Men seldom find, in a current novel, life, either as they know it or as they would like it to be; and when they do — it frightens them a little. For we are simple souls, we men, and we do not like our traditions either broken or disturbed.

Consider for a moment, then, the current novel: the problem novel, the love story, the tale of adventure, any one of which varieties may be handled in many fashions but perhaps chiefly, let us say, as romance or realism. Can you name me a problem novel of present consumption which deals with a man's problem in manly terms? Do our male novelists often write about the difficulties of men — or our women novelists, for that matter? I believe that "Babbitt" and "Simon Called Peter" are two novels which have had some handling by the male sex. Why? The answer is an easy one. Most men believe that they are disillusioned, don't they? How can you expect them to care for the so called realistic love story, which represents the sentimental passion to them as they know it never could be? They prefer, rather, the novels of Zane Grey, where they find themselves the heroes and villains that they know themselves potentially to be. Pure adventure, mystery, detection — these they like; for in them they seem to be in a man made world, in which vigor abounds and woman's part is only incidental. How can we expect them to waste much time on a modern realistic novel? The ordinary man has little place in his life for Dr. Freud. His motives are simple, direct, forthright. His ethical code is instinctive. His attitude toward sex is much the same as his attitude toward bread and butter. Life is too short for such analyses.

Most of you probably did not have the pleasure of knowing Lucius Bigelow. He was a newspaper man of the old school. He wrote such English as one seldom encounters. I remember that the late President Buckham of the University of Vermont termed it the purest he knew. Lucius was something of a hermit in his retirement and old age. He spent the hours of the day trailing the woods and fields in search of rare flowers; then he read all night. That he ever slept is doubtful. He was my constant companion when I was a boy. I can remember that he tried to make me both an atheist and a misogynist; yet he did not succeed, largely because he, himself, was so little of either.

Now Lucius was typically masculine in his tastes. He read biography, history, philosophy, politics, travel — and a few novels. But he would have abhorred Margot Asquith and Frederick O'Brien — for he would have accused them, while they made memoirs and travel books most fashionable, of lecturing in the boudoir. Sabatini he would have loved — and Sinclair Lewis would have amused him. He would have approved of the novels of William McFee (Conrad was his god). His mind as well as his emotions had to be satisfied, and this I believe to be true of most male readers.

Above all things in the world Lucius detested a pose. So do most men. Women often read to satisfy a cult or a dream of culture. They often pretend to read much more than they do. The American man makes no show of culture, therefore why should he pretend? His taste in reading is at least genuine. He reads what he likes, not what his neighbor tells him to read.

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Nor is he by nature a "fan". He reads the stories in "The Saturday Evening Post" but he can seldom tell you who wrote them. Yet when he does remember an author's name it is with genuine affection rather than elaborate and fussy enthusiasm. When he reads at all, the genre of his taste is often his pet hobby. A working knowledge of his hobby is essential to him; and he reads of it in order to be informed, rather than for purposes of broadcasting. This characteristic often leads him into the bypaths of literature — and he reads, I fancy, more essays than do his wife, sister, and mother. All this is by way of saying that when a man does read he reads better books and reads them more intelligently than members of the opposite sex.

My mother, who is a librarian and, to my prejudiced view, a good and a charming one, disagrees with me on this point. She has claimed for years, no doubt with the old story of the circus in mind, that men come to her for novels which they are ashamed to read, telling her that they are "for my wife!" I am convinced, however, that many male booksellers depend largely on their wives' opinions in the selection of their fiction stock. In spite of the fact that I seldom dare to disagree, in matters of mind at least, with the exceedingly bookish lady who bore me, I am sure that most men do not like the modern novel. If they really do like sentimental love stories, why should they conceal the fact? And are those editors who edit essentially for men mistaken, then, in confining their attention to adventure and mystery stories with little love interest?

What magazines do men read? I think the answer is — most of them. Judging from what one sees on railway trains, "Adventure", "The Detective Story Magazine", "The Saturday Evening Post", and "The Cosmopolitan" are the most popular. Of these, the first two are read more thoroughly than the last two. In the latter cases a man may usually be seen to skim, pick a story, generally one that looks funny or adventuresome, and settle himself to read. That men do read the women's magazines, those of us who write for them know from the letters we receive; but that is a phenomenon which seems to have little place in this discussion.

There are, of course, the sex magazines, the success magazines, and the health magazines, which appeal in varying proportions to varying groups. It is with much amusement that I remember the quickness with which the American Expeditionary Forces learned to appreciate the beauties of "La Vie Parisienne"; but I doubt if they would have allowed themselves to be seen scanning such lurid contents in the presence of their feminine kin. American men are still self conscious about such matters and they do not endorse the shady story in literature.

At the health magazines they permit themselves to look without great discretion. Here it is possible to find the lovely soulmate whom the unconscious disciple of eugenics demands for himself. In those pages the puny boy recognizes the splendid specimen of manhood he will become and, both literally and speculatively, turns over a new leaf. Here the young giant recognizes himself; and he plans to have his picture taken, presently, so that the world may know the excellent and vigorous state of his pectoral muscles. All of which applies to the success magazines, where the American credo finds its most perfect expression. And why not? What other standard have we than this? Though it is not a noble one, does it not, after all, in its final application, depend upon the

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quality of an individual's day dream, not upon what he finds on the printed page? It was with something like horror that I recently heard a great Boy Scout executive boast that the dime novel had practically been stamped out. Were not the best of them pretty good stories? Do we not know at least two great politicians and one historian who collect and read ardently the old yellow backs? Perhaps, however, health magazines and success magazines are a good substitute. Surely dumbbells are preferable to Diamond Dick's gun, and a million earned on the Stock Exchange or in the automobile industry more noble for the young citizen than funds stolen from the corner bank! Perhaps, thus, the romance of clean and efficient living will replace that of unmoral but somewhat more charming brigandage. Who knows? Nevertheless, I fancy that all men are still essentially brigands — and that the dime novel, in one form or another, will persist as long as masculine taste is still easily to be separated from feminine.

Pride of possession, I am told, is a masculine trait. It is man, more often, who amasses the great fortune, or collects the great library. This fact, I fear, has little to do with reading, although I must confess a fundamental prejudice for bibliophily. The passion for association copies I can well understand. For years I have longed for an autographed copy of "Tristram Shandy". To part with an inscribed copy of "A Child's Journey with Dickens" would be unthinkable. In cases where an inscription means something really personal, the autograph collector's state of mind is easily comprehended.

Too often, however, when one visits a town and is shown its most famous library, one finds therein a delightful but timid cataloguer, awed by the bewhiskered and impressive arrival of the source of the revenue — the great collector. And the collector displays his items lovingly, particularly if they are unique. Now it would be absurd to quarrel with Amy Lowell for collecting Keatsiana, for she is devoted to the works of that poet and is writing a biography of him with great intuition and care. It would not be kind to pillory Archer M. Huntington for his great Spanish collections, for he is an ardent student of Hispanic lore. On the other hand, you know well the gentlemen I mean, for many of whom collecting is not only a fascinating and a vanity-pleasing pastime but also a rattling good investment.

With memories of the Brick Row Print and Book Shop at New Haven and its special editions with their special prices, my mind naturally turns to the reading of the college boy. Such shops as Mr. Hackett's in the various universities undoubtedly encourage the young man to start a library. As to how much reading they inspire him to do, I am doubtful. That reading as a pastime does not receive proper impetus in our colleges, I feel sure. Reading too often becomes a task, to be approached with fear and trembling. When the young man finds himself in business or a profession, he searches for the books that will do him the most good. He buries his nose in them dutifully and, too often, doesn't know why he is reading them or on how well considered advice. He drifts to the correspondence course or the five foot shelf, and slowly but surely destroys any chance of forming a real love of reading, a real sense of adventure as he wanders among books, or yet again a real understanding of how to gain the most from those volumes dealing with his profession or his business.

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Do men read poetry? So far as I can ascertain, from sailors to bond salesmen, from circus clowns to columnists, they do. What is one man's poetry is far from another's but they read it, whether it be Eddie Guest's sentimental lyrics, Edna St. Vincent Millay's impertinent love songs, Robert Service, Rudyard Kipling, or the sonnets of Mrs. Browning. In a sense, Miss Millay has taken the place of Ella Wheeler Wilcox in masculine affections; and that, at least, is an improvement.

In a letter from one of our famous and worthwhile novelists read aloud to me recently, there was one of those usual passages damning a hypothetical younger generation. In the course of the paragraph the younger generation was pictured as rejoicing in sex details and making fun of Rotarians. Like most of his generation, this novelist forgets that the chief apostles of the type of writing he is deploring are none of them much younger than is he. If I now use a Rotary club to prove a point, it is not because I wish to ridicule those organizations based on sound business and emotional principles. I once attended such a luncheon, in company with several hundred other men. Amid tremendous applause "our poet" was introduced. It is proof enough to me that when he read verses concerning home and mother couched in words of one syllable, there were few dry eyes about me. If my eyes were dry, I had only to remember that at a similar luncheon of the supposedly literary Dutch Treat Club, Amy Lowell drew quite as many tears by a reading of "Patterns". It is quite easy for me, too, to realize that there are many persons who would have found the occasion of Miss Lowell's reading quite as open to ridicule as the former one; that the poetic taste of man is indeterminate; but that, in spite of creed, class, or opinion, it is fundamental in him and akin to his gropings after an idea of God.

Being somewhat slow in discovering rules by which to play the game of life, I came late — too late, perhaps — to the realization of what a power poetry may be in the matter of courtship. I used often to wonder at the success of a certain hard headed young man with dark eyes, in a distant world, under remembered moons on the still waters of Lake Placid. Then I discovered that he had put his Shakespearian courses under Charlton Lewis to good use — and that Shakespeare's sonnets and the better parts of "Romeo and Juliet" when memorized make fatal darts with which to load the bowboy's quiver.

Perhaps I have told before the story of my friend Chris who spent his boyhood in Denmark, was shipwrecked among the Eskimos, then decided he wished to start a magazine for Norwegian sailors — or Scandinavian sailors. This enterprise failing, he put forth to sea again as a cook and took to writing verses which were so extraordinarily successful when he read them to his fellows aboard ship, that he cabled me as to how he might copyright them. Duly printed and copyrighted, they were brought to me to read. Now, while they had little of the merit of Mr. Masefield, they had most of the merit of Mr. Guest; and read aloud to men far away from home, they must have appealed to the yearning eyes and the aching hearts which visioned mother's pancakes and a little nest for two. The mere act of living is poetical to one man, while for another it must be dressed in elaborate metaphors.

How many men, do you suppose, read Sherwood Anderson? Why should they? Most of them are not interested

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in the psychological meanderings of a tortured mind. If their own minds are tortured, they don't want to sit down and read about them. They'd far rather have a half hour with Ring Lardner or peruse the admirably written — as many of them are — sport columns of the newspaper. An author like Irvin Cobb is essentially a man's author. He writes with intelligence and faith. He can be tender, when the occasion demands. He can also be vulgar. What has the ordinary man to do with the titterings of a Carl Van Vechten, or the elaborate sex symbolism of Mr. Cabell? If a man likes to read Harold Bell Wright it is a worthy impulse — because he sees here the man his mother would like him to have been and he has a wholesome respect for that man! On the whole I prefer the stories of the smoking car to the reported gossip of the boudoir, which is natural enough. And I suspect that a man made literature, in the end, would prove saner, wiser, more alert — although I write this perfectly conscious of the fact that our best American writers are, most of them, women. Yet at this very moment, the women are wearing clothes that resemble the men's, and men's suits are becoming fuller and fuller at the waist. Who knows what may happen?

If these speculations seem rambling it is only because I wonder what sort of thing it is, after all, that men, if they really had time and did not undertake to provide the bread that supports culture, would read. Only then, perhaps, they would no longer be men. It is a riddle most curious.

THE TRUE-LOVE

By F. P. Adams

MY heart was made for laughter,
My eyes were made for smiles,
My life was made for living
Upon the Blessed Isles.

My heart is dead with sorrow,
My eyes are red with rue;
And I'd rather weep for you, my love,
Than smile for any but you.

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CHAPTERS FROM UNWRITTEN AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

IV

A HAOLE SCRAPBOOK

By Genevieve Taggard

With Sketches by Lydia Gibson

FOR the third time, the other night, I met a man who had spent a few weeks in Hawaii and knew more useful things about its geography, commerce, politics, industry, anthropology, and geology than I ever did. The man was surprised when he found that I had lived there eighteen years. I had not been able to contribute one respectable fact to the discussion.

What have I to show for those tropic years?

Well, to count up: Like Rupert Brooke's Great Lover or like any jackdaw — certain unique colors and significant sounds; the very special angle of a particular tree; the sense of eight or nine barefooted years walking over coral roads shimmering in the noon sun, climbing tamarind trees and exploring the part of our valley known as Kalihi-kai, with its red volcano dust and rain rutted roads. . . .

And the memory of two native girls, Kane and Lani, together with the terror of my school days, Portuguese Merry Perry; John Frank, the native boy who taught me to play baseball and shout *Wellakahou;* the memory of the young and beautiful Isaac at whose funeral we sang, "When the swallows homeward fly. . . ."

Then the droll captains who hung on their whitewashed gates in the early evenings while their native wives pounded poi within; the never ending terror of tidal waves at night, with the quaint fear attached, that such a wave would imperil the Plymouth Rock chickens asleep in the yard below the garden. A feeling for a tropic sea, sky, atmosphere. . . .

My fellow guest who had exchanged a few words with me (very like a countersign) concerning the beauty of the Pali, and the joys of hotel life at Waikiki, then took up the pineapple industry. It was too much like a geography lesson; pineapples meant too many absurd personal things to me. This talk was as canned and tasteless as any canned article. The traveler deferred to me and — with a look that implied, "I don't believe you ever saw the place, but if you did, you will have something to say about *sugar*" — switched things to that subject.

Again, I felt like a child who has been called upon to recite his lesson when he has been looking at picture books. My pictures started with a schoolteacher's house on a wild-sea-thundering coast — sea to one hand and miles of bristling sugar cane to the other, and at the back, long ridiculously thin and high stems of the cocoanut tree that threshed

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about in the storms, but never broke. Above the sugar cane forest, like fattened and straightened cocoanut trunks, shot up the great smokestacks of the mill, and the horrible smell of bubbling sugar came to us day and night.

No, I had nothing intelligent to say about the sugar industry.

I wondered why my childhood couldn't be like any other child's. Why must I be supposed to have so much marketable conversation about me? It was not my habit to cross question my companions on the boot and shoe industry in the New England States.

Once, in the midst of a similar difficulty, I discovered an old man who told me how the ground looked beside his favorite swimming hole in Missouri. He said it had cracks in it where the sun baked it after it was beaten down by many wet feet. I could see that little section very well as the old man talked, and I knew that I had nothing to say about the islands that was not as usual and simple as that. For those who love general information, my childhood was wasted. One girl stares every evening at an elm, and another at an algarroba — and in the end there is a difference. But that difference is intangible.

Yes, the outlines of trees, and the fruit you risk your neck for, and the insects you kill and fear, and the kinds of child hardship and toil you perform and endure, these make a childhood — and the subtle difference of memory. One glance at me, and if you are subtle enough you can tell that I used to eat live minnows. . . .

That was in the days when Mr. McKinley was president, before and during the Spanish War, when boys and girls in America were collecting stamps and cigar bands. If you were a boy and a native and a good swimmer, you went to the wharves in the late afternoons and dived for nickels that the people on the big steamers threw to you, but if you were a girl, and a *haole*, and a very poor swimmer, you stayed with your sister playmates and ate live minnows.

And this is the way it is done. You take up your dress as you always do when you are lugging home mangoes or

bringing in wood, and wade into the sea where the water is clear and quiet. There, as you stand looking down, you will see, of a sudden, something like a floating net in the water that changes its outline as it moves — a little cloud of silver. That you dip up, and your dress is thin enough to act as a sieve, so that soon you have a million or so sweet little dancing flakes in your lap. Then wade to shore and eat them promptly; if you are very much *haole*, bite off the heads and spit them out; but your little Hawaiian friends will think you are putting on airs if you do, let me warn you.

There were other things to be eaten: wild plums, guavas, and mangoes, if the birds didn't find the ripe ones each day before you did. Then, in season, there was Mrs. Gulick's date tree. Climbing that was always a timid proceeding, because it stood right in

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the middle of the picket fence and part of it was undoubtedly hers — but so also was part of it undoubtedly ours. And that part we took, and more, if there was any. We went up the side toward the road, curling our toes into the niches made by cutting the old dead branches, until we got to the prickly, feather duster head of the old tree. Ah, and alas, how many thorns existed for one date, and how your friends below ate them all up as you threw them down. Perhaps the same plot exists with variations, in New England, for apples or chestnuts.

Nearly all our games involved eating something. We made mud pies which we did not attempt to eat. One tally for universal childhood. We played a Japanese game called *peewee*. In the movies once I caught a glimpse of the same game, I think, played in a Mexican alley. We had recurrent passions for hop scotch, and for jacks and marbles. Our most intense times, however, were concerned with finding things to eat outside our mother's icebox.

Now and then someone suggested getting ponninies. The day had to be very dull indeed before ponninies became our object. Certainly no one would go for them until every fern tub that might be hiding a curled up centipede had been overturned. And there was rarely a day when one of the twenty fern tubs hadn't a centipede for our delight. He would be a little stiff when we got him off and stay stiff from the damp rot of the tub until we had sliced off his pincers. The brown beetled, enameled thing would keep us amused for the afternoon, and when the bravest of us picked him up and let him run all over his hands, then indeed the afternoon was a success.

Sometimes the supply of centipedes failed. And every fruit tree in our father's tropical garden proved, when carefully combed, to have not even half ripe fruit. No, nothing on the strawberry-guava bush, nothing on the Eugenia tree, no alligator pears ready yet, no papayas, no mangoes, not even a sour little chinese orange or a water lemon, nor fruit of the passion vine over the trellis by the veranda.

Then, in despair, you go on the ponninie hunt.

You hunt the ponninie with a long kitchen knife and a pie pan. And you wear your shoes. The ponninie, let me make it plain, is the simple cactus that grows in deserted and rocky places, where rattlesnakes would be found in this country. In place of snakes we had a tree that only hurt you when you came to eat its fruit. Besides the long white spines on the cactus leaves, were the millions of invisible specks that covered the fruit itself. The white spines, once in your hand, could be pulled

out with some wincing, but the others stung like a nettle, and never came out except with time, or a vigorous rubbing of dirt over the tingling hand.

After ponninies, came mango season; and after mangoes the algarroba beans came on. Bean season woke a new intensity in all of us, not the

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hunger for food but the hunger for accumulating and possessing beans — which in sufficient quantities meant spending money. Algarroba beans are longer than string beans, hard and bright yellow. They grow on a kind of mesquite tree and fall to the ground or onto a tin roof with a succession of thumping noises. All the cattle in the islands used to eat these beans, and all the children used to pick them. They sold at ten cents a gunny sack, the year I determined to make my fortune. Three good days' labor went to filling a sack. We plundered the whole valley for beans.

Much of it was simple backache, but some of it was science. First, you skim across a bare bit of ground and pick up the beans on the wing, then you drop them as you can pick no more, into little piles, the two handfuls every few feet dotting the whole cleared space so that it looks like a big comforter with regular knots laid out in squares. Then you must walk as the witches used to, between piles (stepped on beans are no good), as if they were heated plowshares.

I made up a chant about them one day when I was cramming the last of the third sack into place on the wheelbarrow:

Algarroba beans, algarroba beans,
It's easy when they fall,
But to pick them up at all,
That's the trouble, algarroba beans.

My back aches, algarroba beans;
I get ten cents a sack
And my tired back; —
Algarroba beans.

In the cool of the evening we went to see Mr. Judell, the rich man who bought our beans. He had a stable in Honolulu where all the tourists got horses for riding to the Pali and to Waikiki, and he kept his horses shiny and fat on our beans.

We trundled them down in our squeaking wheelbarrow: my three bags, and my sister's one, and two belonging to Gladys Simpson. Hers, if I remember rightly, had litter in the bottoms of the sacks. I felt very righteous because mine hadn't. There were at least ten thousand clean fat shiny beans in each of my bags. As I took my turn at the wheelbarrow it struck me that I had no way of proving which were mine, and Mr. Judell might open hers and think ill of me. We had had a quarrel over the ethics of litter and she had sassed me back and claimed the right to fill her bags as she chose.

Well, on we creaked, and the big moon came out to look like the blank face of my conscience. Mr. Judell was waiting on his veranda. He came down and let us through the gate and lifted off the bean sacks with his slender white hands. Then he turned to Gladys.

"Come here", he said and counted six shining dimes into her palm. They were brand new dimes, and a pang went through me that he should be cheated with litter. I looked at him and wondered what I should say. He lit his cigar and his face glowed a minute. I remember his face very well. We went off dragging the wheelbarrow after us; Gladys carried the dimes still.

Several years later it became known that Mr. Judell was a leper; he sold his stable and went to China to try a cure. By that time I had spent my three dimes and I was old enough to reflect that he was more thoughtless of us than Gladys had been of him, that night. The silver moon, the silver dimes, and the way lepers look, deadly silver all over, have always been connected in my mind — with algarroba beans.

The wild plum trees grew on one edge of the taro patch, and Mrs. Gu-

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lick's date tree grew across the road on the edge of another. The two patches were connected by an underground channel of water about two feet wide that ran under the road. Too many people depend on the crop of a taro patch to allow it to become the playground for the neighborhood children; but the irrigation ditch that runs around its four sides is not so sacred to the existence of its owners. We had tried wading through the taro patch once in a sort of game of hide and seek, pulling up taro plants as we ran, and we were treated very much as my mother was, when she and her friends played in an Illinois oat field all one Sunday afternoon. In both cases someone got a terrible beating and everybody got a scare.

Chinamen owned these patches (Pokays we called them), and they didn't mind if we paddled about in the ditches. So between seasons we swarmed over the dikes that ran like rude tick-tack-toe designs between the hills. Everybody dared everybody else to crawl through the mud and water of the underground ditch that ran beneath the road at first; but nobody tried it.

Frogs managed it. We got one big fellow who lived on the Moana Lua side, to go Waikiki (that is, east) into the sheltered cove of the ditch near the more prosperous taro patch. He kept on hopping after our sticks ceased to reach and prod him on, and at last came out trailing a little necklace of water weed with all the pomposity of a stout Cortez gazing on a new and equally wide Pacific.

Gold fish, and black fish, and fish with trailing little goatees on their nether lips also lived in the bigger ditch, and floated or darted over a brown-green ribbon of sleek, water rippled weeds. Wading was ever so pleasant until we found that the fishes with the goatees or some unseen eel or fresh water beetle had a stinger for the feet that were thrust rudely into the silt of the ditch bottom. It was John Frank who got his toe pinched, and he swore his worst word, *Wellakahou*, as he sat nursing himself on a hot dry rock. We were peering down until our eyes had grown accustomed to nothing but gradations of blackness — and the depths he had muddied gave no sign of a desperado nipper. The bewhiskered fish got the blame, and we made his life miserable every time he wavered into sight. So much for the tradition of villainous whiskers.

That was the day of the great sunset. . . . As we came out of the coarse hilo grass, smelling strongly of rotten taro and taro patch slime, we all looked up. No one had told us that Kilauea was erupting — we did not know that a great river of sluggish lava was creeping up on the island towns. We had been accustomed to sunsets that turned the sky into arches of rainbowed light, but this was not like those flutings of color. This was a totally new sunset from start to finish, and its effect was very simple, one of utter terror and beauty.

The whole sky was a dome of deep

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crimson. From the blue mountains to the sea, it cupped over us, speckless, clear color from end to end. The great sun seemed to be running in rivers of red on the level horizon. Such small ignorant beings we became, under such a sky. We lost our feeling and our look of childhood, and seemed for a moment, under that light, shrunken like little, alien old women and men, standing upright in a world that had nothing to do with the cool wavering of fishes, or the jerks of a damp frog.

I think we ran home — at least Lani and John Frank and I did. We wanted our parents and lighted kerosene lamps and supper, very much indeed after that desolate grandeur. Gladys Simpson, who had come from the slums of San Francisco, was untroubled by what we saw and branched off for a final thrash at the wild plum tree.

After the volcano's eruption and the skies of smoke by day and fire by night, we manufactured volcanoes and lava flows — so strong in her young are the inclinations to imitate nature. We began in the sand box, where model volcanoes and well regulated lava flows were always on display for a time. Earthquakes we could not manage, and tidal waves were too terrifying. There had really been one on the island of Molokai during those discolored weeks.

One evening, soon after, we went to the beach to go moonlight bathing. The moon had not yet risen. There lay the sea, and we who thought we had no terror of her hurried in. But the moon was slow, the water cold and lifeless. The sky and sea were like ink, and now and then, far and high above the horizon, what seemed to be the foam crest of a cliff-like wave gleamed and fell. There were little silences and distant rushings and withdrawals. Suddenly the water around my rigid legs became a fluid horror, and I fled out and back up the sand with the imagined wave fast in pursuit.

That black night (for the moon never came) was a consummate agony. The grown up folks, who got all their hints as to the possibility of catastrophes from the newspapers, couldn't feel the terror in the air that I breathed. They would not go, and I started off alone for the dear sealed up little valley that lay beyond reach of the monstrous waves. All the way home the trees teased me by making the sound of ocean perfectly before me and behind me. My Japanese nurse put me to bed and sent her husband to tell my mother that I was safe at home. She sang a monotonous song that undid the spell of the wind in the trees, as she tucked in the mosquito net.

If the government hadn't sent a band of convicts to work on the rock pile across the road, our volcano game

would have ended with the wet sand models and red tissue paper lava flows. It was summer vacation, and the convicts lived in the back yard of the school grounds and worked on the

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leveling of the land that was to be the new school, just up the valley road. Since this was the place, of all the empty lots, where the fattest algarroba beans grew, we disobeyed our parents and slipped through the picket fence to watch the convicts keep house. When we needed excuses, we said that we went for beans.

The new school was being built from the bluish grey rock that jutted from the ground, covered with cactus and wild lantana bushes. These buried boulders the convicts had to blast apart and carry back to the old school grounds, where they cut and polished them for the square building blocks. Out in the heat they worked, with rags tied round their heads to prevent sunstroke, sweat pouring down their faces, tugging as if by the force of their arms alone to get the rocks out of the clutch of the ground. Over them stood the cactus plants, with their flat arms outstretched. That made a picture against the happy blue sky — men with bent backs and straining neck muscles, and the cactus looking like so many crosses.

After watching the blue and white striped men for a morning, we tore off to our own secret rock in the far corner of the chicken yard where the stubborn dirty white birds would roost instead of using their whitewashed perches. We had hammers and a huge nail. After much arguing, we fastened on a certain rocky point and began to bore a hole with the nail, as the convicts had done. One of us sat on a rock as they had done, and lifted and dropped the iron nail as they had the rod, while another pounded betweentimes. In our miniature way, we had a hole for the fuse and the dynamite after some hours of toil. A grey powder gathered at the bottom of the little hole, and this we cherished. We supposed it to be one of the necessary ingredients to every explosion. At last the nail would go no farther. With carefully steered blowing, all the powder on the rim of the hole was dusted in. Someone, feeling perhaps a vital lack, suggested that we use insect powder as well, the powder our fathers burned in the evenings to keep away mosquitoes, while they read the Honolulu papers. This was added to the eruptive powers of stone dust. We made a fuse, about as effective as the old confident arrangement of string and bent pin for catching trout. Our fuse was string soaked in kerosene. There was a white boy in our bunch, now, and he claimed to know how to make fuses. His father was in the army and could, he claimed, by the same method, blow up all the Pacific Ocean. So we had implicit faith in our engine of destruction.

Then we stayed away. How many days we stayed away! For the white boy said that it would take days; that the fire on the fuse would reach the powder and eat downward into the earth and under it, for yards and yards, like the roots of a tree, until suddenly it shook and tore the black earth wide open. We went off, ostensibly interested in other things, but waiting almost instant by instant for the great growl of our artificial Kilauea. What made things worse — the convicts were blasting five or six times a day, and so five or six times a day our hearts leaped with joy . . . and stopped, and then sank. Those premature pangs of success came too often to leave us any relish for the actual occurrence. At last I went back to the old lichen covered rock and found a lazy rooster crouched asleep over the awful tunnel of our imaginations.

The convicts made us forget our dismay, however. They were jolly at

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mealtime, very domestic in their little camp, fussy about the looks of things, and they seemed to be happier than we children were. It was strange to see them smoking pipes where, in the

school season, the little Japanese girls played jacks. They said, or rather their cook said for them, that in the world they had found it difficult always to get a meal, a job, a bed. Now they had all these, and no worry. Their *luna*, or boss, was easygoing. He too, had a meal, a job, a bed — why should he hurry them? They worked no harder than they had before they "enlisted", as they put it.

All these impressions I got from the cook, a Negro, who was being punished, my father told me, for marrying three women. Perhaps the others were not so carefree as he was. He whistled and talked to me as he stirred up a grey paste for pancakes. It was a lot like playing house, I thought, except that he had to wash dishes.

Then one day he showed me his treasures, while the potatoes boiled. From a flannel bag he shook out a dozen gleaming black balls — nuts they were, filed and polished and carved, until they looked like lumps of precious stones. I had seen crudely polished ones before. The most precious possession of a schoolmate was a half filed kukui nut like this. But these were carved in strange and marvelous designs, with whole scenes in the space of a fingernail: men and women in carriages, with parasols and silk hats; children flying kites, and sharks seizing fishermen; and then landscapes, Diamond Head and the Pali and Punchbowl.

Very solemnly the cook took up a nut that seemed to have little scratches all over it.

"I give this to you." He was very excited, and he rubbed the face of the nut with his fat, agitated thumb. "Something better for a little *haole* girl than Kanaka pictures."

I put out my hand and took it, and peered at the scratches, a little disappointed. I secretly wanted the shark and the fisherman.

"It is the Lord's Prayer carved and set with gold", he said. "You can only read it with a magnifying glass."

These vague random memories go through my head when travelers tell me of a Hawaii I have never known: the land of the tourist who spares a week for seeing this little dot on the map, who lives in a hotel like the hotels in New York, rides around the island in a carefully closed in Rolls-Royce and a cloud of dust. Can it be the same place as the one inhabited by John Frank and Merry Perry? Sometimes I think I made it up.

And then I found someone who remembers, quite independently of me. A blue eyed Irishman at a friend's house suddenly turned to me and said, without a word about the Pali, or the sugar industry:

"Do you remember Mrs. Maquiana?"

I nodded.

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"And Mrs. Gulick?" he queried.

"Yes", I cried. "And her date tree!"

"And Captain Macy, and the Kalihi-kai swimming pool?"

That was Freddy O'Brien. Such a pity he had never known John Frank! John Frank, the greatest swimmer of all the native lads, stood on the big rock that overhung the Kalihi-kai swimming pool, the last day I saw him. His fathers had fished there, with spears and torches. The fish, white and languid, went back and forth, that day, in a shaft of sunlight that knifed the yellow-green water. John Frank stood on the stone worn into a little hollow by the feet of his forefathers. He didn't own the stone. It was on a white man's estate now.

"*Wellakahou*", shouted John Frank, and cut the water with his joined palms.

I sat on the stone when he left it and strung myself a lei — it was a goodby lei made of ilima flowers. The first span of my years — the first ten years spent in the islands — was ending the next day.

John Frank's smooth black head popped up from the water. "How long you going stay in the States?" he asked me, as if it had just become clear that I was really going.

"Three months", I said.

"Mangoes getting ripe soon", he offered.

A sudden pang at the thought of missing mango season went through me. John Frank had dived again. The water was sooty black and quiet. Then in a whirlpool came a brown arm. This time he popped up with a well formed idea:

"Too bad you gotta be *haole*", he said, and went under again.

Off and on, I have thought so too, all my life.

LEGEND

(*Clipper Ship Era*)

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

LIKE the old yarn of Vanderdecken's ship
Sailing, a fantom always, down the seas,
This story has its hint of mysteries
And ghostly things and devil's workmanship.
A lank, unprosperous farmer, Southward Gray,
Strode beachward once and then was seen no more.
But whether he was drowned along that shore
Or under alien stars no man can say.

Some have him roaming yet, and every land,
As young and restless now as he was then,
A symbol of that race of restless men,
Although he should long since be dust and mold.
But that is what has never yet been told,
And there is always the unanswering sand.

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VIOLET

By Katherine Mansfield

I met a young virgin
Who sadly did moan. . . .

THERE is a very unctuous and irritating English proverb to the effect that "Every cloud has a silver lining". What comfort can it be to one steeped to the eyebrows in clouds to ponder over their linings, and what an unpleasant picture-postcard seal it sets upon one's tragedy — turning it into a little ha'penny monstrosity with a moon in the left hand corner like a vainglorious threepenny bit! Nevertheless, like most unctuous and irritating things, it is true. The lining woke me after my first night at the Pension Séguin and showed me over the feather bolster a room as bright with sunlight, as if every golden haired baby in heaven were pelting the earth with buttercup posies. "What a charming fancy!" I thought: "How much prettier than the proverb. It sounds like a day in the country with Katharine Tynan." . . .

And I saw a little picture of myself and Katharine Tynan being handed glasses of milk by a red faced woman with an immensely fat apron, while we discussed the direct truth of proverbs as opposed to the fallacy of playful babies. But in such a case imaginary I was ranged on the side of the proverbs. "There's a lot of sound sense in 'em", said that coarse being. "I admire the way they put their collective foot down upon the female attempt to embroider everything. 'The pitcher that goes too often to the well gets broken.' *Also gut.* Not even a loophole for a set of verses to a broken pitcher. No possible chance of the well being one of those symbolic founts to which all hearts in the forms of pitchers are carried. The only proverb I disapprove of", went on this impossible creature, pulling a spring onion from the garden bed and chewing on it, "is the one about a bird in the hand. I naturally prefer birds in bushes." "But", said Katharine Tynan, tender and brooding, as she lifted a little green fly from her milk glass — "but if you were Saint Francis, the bird would not *mind* being in your hand. It would *prefer* the white nest of your fingers to any bush." . . .

I jumped out of bed and ran over to the window and opened it wide and leaned out. Down below in the avenue a wind shook and swung the trees; the scent of leaves was on the lifting air. The houses lining the avenue were small and white. Charming, chaste looking little houses, showing glimpses of lace and knots of ribbon, for all the world like country children in a row, about to play "Nuts and May". I began to imagine an adorable little creature named Yvette who lived in one and all of these houses. . . . She spends her morning in a white lace boudoir cap, worked with daisies, sipping chocolate from a Sèvres cup with one hand, while a faithful attendant polishes the little pink nails of the other. She spends the afternoon in her tiny white and gold boudoir, curled up, a Persian kitten on her lap, while her ardent, beautiful lover leans over the

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back of the sofa, kissing and kissing again that thrice fascinating dimple on her left shoulder. . . . When one of the balcony windows opened, and a stout servant swaggered out with her arms full of rugs and carpet strips. With a gesture expressing fury and disgust she flung them over the railing, disappeared, reappeared again with a long handled cane broom, and fell upon the wretched rugs and carpets. Bang! Whack! Whack! Bang! Their feeble, pitiful jigging inflamed her to ever greater effort. Clouds of dust flew up round her, and when one little rug escaped and flopped down to the avenue below, like a fish, she leaned over the balcony, shaking her fist and the broom at it.

Lured by the noise, an old gentleman came to a window opposite and cast an eye of approval upon the industrious girl and yawned in the face of the lovely day. There was an air of detachment and deliberation about the way he carefully felt over the muscles of his arms and legs, pressed his throat, coughed, and shot a jet of spittle out of the window. Nobody seemed more surprised at this last feat than he. He seemed to regard it as a small triumph in its way, buttoning his immense stomach into a white piqué waistcoat with every appearance of satisfaction. Away flew my charming Yvette in a black and white check dress, an alpaca apron, and a market basket over her arm.

I dressed, ate a roll and drank some tepid coffee, feeling very sobered. I thought how true it was that the world was a delightful place, if it were not for the people, and how more than true it was that people were not worth troubling about, and that wise men should set their affections upon nothing smaller than cities, heavenly or otherwise, and countrysides, which are always heavenly. With these reflections, both pious and smug, I put on my hat, groped my way along the dark passage, and ran down the five flights of stairs into the Rue St. Léger. There was a garden on the opposite side of the street, through which one walked to the University and the more pretentious avenues fronting the Place du Théâtre. Although autumn was well advanced, not a leaf had fallen from the trees, the little shrubs and bushes were touched with pink and crimson, and against the blue sky the trees stood sheathed in gold. On stone benches nursemaids in white cloaks and stiff white caps chattered and wagged their heads like a company of cockatoos, and, up and down, in the sun, some genteel babies bowled hoops with a delicate air. What peculiar pleasure it is to wander through a strange city and amuse oneself as a child does, playing a solitary game.

"*Pardon, Madame, mais voulez-vous* . . .", and then the voice faltered and cried my name as though I had been given up for lost times without number; as though I had been drowned in foreign seas, and burned in American hotel fires, and buried in a hundred lonely graves. "What on *earth* are you doing here?" Before me, not a day changed, not a hairpin altered, stood Violet Burton. I was flattered beyond measure at this enthusiasm, and pressed her cold, strong hand, and said, "Extraordinary!"

"But what are you *here* for?"

" . . . nerves."

"Oh, impossible, I really can't believe that."

"It is perfectly true", I said, my enthusiasm waning. There is nothing more annoying to a woman than to be suspected of nerves of iron.

"Well, you certainly don't *look* it", said she, scrutinizing me with that direct English frankness that makes

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one feel as if sitting in the glare of a window at breakfast time.

"What are *you* here for?" I said, smiling graciously to soften the glare. At that she turned and looked across the lawns, and fidgeted with her umbrella like a provincial actress about to make a confession. "I" — in a quiet, affected voice — "I came here to forget. . . . But", facing me again, and smiling energetically, "don't let's talk about that. Not yet. I can't explain. Not until I know you all over again." Very solemnly — "Not until I am sure you are to be trusted."

"Oh, don't trust me, Violet", I cried. "I'm not to be trusted. I wouldn't if I were you." She frowned and stared.

"What a terrible thing to say. You can't be in earnest."

"Yes, I am. There's nothing I adore talking about so much as another person's secret." To my surprise, she came to my side and put her arm through mine.

"Thank you", she said, gratefully. "I think it's awfully good of you to take me into your confidence like that. Awfully. And even if it were true . . . but no, it can't be true, otherwise you wouldn't have told me. I mean it can't be psychologically true of the same nature to be frank and dishonorable at the same time. Can it? But then . . . I don't know. I suppose it is possible. Don't you find that the Russian novelists have made an upheaval of all your conclusions?" We walked, *bras dessus bras dessous*, down the sunny path.

"Let's sit down", said Violet. "There's a fountain quite near this bench. I often come here. You can hear it all the time." The faint noise of the water sounded like a half forgotten tune, half sly, half laughing.

"Isn't it wonderful?" breathed Violet. "Like weeping in the night."

"Oh, Violet", said I, terrified at this turn. "Wonderful things don't weep in the night. They sleep like tops and 'know nothing more till again it is day'."

She put her arm over the back of the bench and crossed her legs.

"Why do you persist in denying your emotions? Why are you ashamed of them?" she demanded.

"I'm not. But I keep them tucked away, and only produce them very occasionally, like special little pots of jam, when the people whom I love come to tea."

"There you are again! Emotions and jam! Now, I'm absolutely different. I live on mine. Sometimes I wish I didn't — but then again I would rather suffer through them — suffer intensely, I mean; go down into the depths with them, for the sake of that wonderful upward swing on to the pinnacles of happiness." She edged nearer to me.

"I wish I could think where I get my nature from", she went on. "Father and Mother are absolutely different. I mean — they're quite normal — quite commonplace." I shook my head and raised my eyebrows. "But it is no use fighting it. It has beaten me. Absolutely — once and for all." A pause, inadequately filled by the sly, laughing water. "Now", said Violet, impressively, "you know what I meant when I said I came here to forget."

"But I assure you I don't, Violet. How can you expect me to be so subtle? I quite understand that you don't wish to tell me until you know me better. Quite!"

She opened her eyes and her mouth.

"I *have* told you! I mean — not straight out. Not in so many words. But then — how could I? But when I told you of my emotional nature, and that I had been in the depths and swept

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up to the pinnacles . . . surely, surely you realized that I was telling you, symbolically. What else can you have thought?"

No young girl ever performs such gymnastic feats by herself. Yet in my experience I had always imagined that the depths followed the pinnacles. I ventured to suggest so.

"They do", said Violet gloomily. "You see them, if you look, before and after."

"Like the people in Shelley's 'Skylark'", said I.

Violet looked vague, and I repented. But I did not know how to sympathize, and I had no idea of the relative sizes.

"It was in the summer", said Violet. "I had been most frightfully depressed. I don't know what it was. For one thing I felt as though I could not make up my mind to anything. I felt so terribly useless — that I had no place in the scheme of things — and worst of all, nobody who understood me. . . . It may have been what I was reading at the time . . . but I don't think . . . not entirely. Still one never knows. Does one? And then I met . . . Mr. Farr, at a dance —"

"Oh, call him by his Christian name, Violet. You can't go on telling me about Mr. Farr and you . . . on the heights."

"Why on earth not? Very well — I met — Arthur. I think I must have been mad that evening. For one thing there had been a bother about going. Mother didn't want me to, because she said there wouldn't be anybody to see me home. And I was frightfully keen. I must have had a presentiment, I think. Do you believe in presentiments? . . . I don't know, we can't be certain, can we? Anyhow, I went. And *he* was there." She turned a deep scarlet and bit her lip. Oh, I really began to like Violet Burton — to like her very much indeed.

"Go on", I said.

"We danced together seven times and we talked the whole time. The music was very slow — we talked of everything. You know . . . about books and theatres and all that sort of thing at first, and then — about our souls."

" . . . What?"

"I said — our souls. He understood me *absolutely*. And after the seventh dance . . . No, I must tell you the first thing he ever said to me. He said, 'Do you believe in Pan?' Quite quietly. Just like that. And then he said, 'I knew you did.' Wasn't that extra-or-din-ary! After the seventh dance we sat out on the landing. And . . . shall I go on?"

"Yes, go on."

"He said, 'I think I must be mad. I want to kiss you' — and — I let him."

"Do go on."

"I simply can't tell you what I felt like. Fancy! I'd never kissed out of the family before. I mean — of course — never a man. And then he said: 'I must tell you — I am engaged.'"

"Well?"

"What else is there? Of course I simply rushed upstairs and tumbled everything over in the dressing room and found my coat and went home. And next morning I made Mother let me come here. I thought", said Violet, "I thought I would have died of shame."

"Is that all?" I cried. "You can't mean to say that's all?"

"What else could there be? What on earth did you expect? How extraordinary you are — staring at me like that."

And in the long pause I heard again the little fountain, half sly, half laughing — at me, I thought, not at Violet.

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KATE SMITH

Redrawn from an old photograph taken in San Francisco at about the time Mr. Stebbins first met the future Mrs. Wiggin

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KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN AS I KNEW HER

By Roderick Stebbins

With Sketches by Margaret Freeman

IT must have been in the year when Kate Douglas Wiggin visited Annie Louise Cary in San Francisco — as described in her autobiography, "My Garden of Memory" — that I first heard of her. It was in this way, in one of my letters from home. My mother had given a luncheon to Miss Cary, whom she had known in New England, and had invited Kate Douglas Wiggin to be one of the other guests. The windy season was at its height, and since the streets were not so well paved then as they are now, dust and sand were blown into every nook and corner. There were other crudities which made the city uncomfortable to visitors unfamiliar with frontier inconveniences. The ladies were inclined to be a bit supercilious and critical, declaring that under no circumstances would any of them consent to remain in San Francisco. Since they were all unmarried ladies from the east, Mrs. Wiggin (she was Miss Smith at the time) aroused considerable laughter when she inquired if any of them had been asked to remain. "I haven't", she said; "and until I see the man who has the courage to ask me, I shall make no rash statements."

It was as Kate Smith that I first knew her. I was at this time a freshman at Harvard. When the summer vacation came I returned to San Francisco, and among my anticipations was the prospect of seeing the young woman of whom I had heard so much.

I confess that I rather dreaded to meet her. I was afraid of her wit and brilliancy, as they had been described to me in letters. However, I forgot all about my fear and was only immensely amused when, on going up the steps of our house on Bush Street, I heard Miss Smith playing on the piano with great enthusiasm, "See the Conquering Hero Comes!" From that time we became firm friends, with all the give and take of good comradeship.

In those early days there was little for a college student in San Francisco to do in a summer vacation, and I was more than glad to find that I could put my leisure days to real use in helping Miss Smith put the rooms in the now famous Silver Street Kindergarten building in readiness for her new experiment in education. The house was an old one as houses went in San Francisco then, but it was large, roomy, and sunny. Much needed to be done and there was little money with which to make any changes, but Miss Smith had an eye for possibilities and she set about making attractive the large upstairs room in which the first kindergarten west of the Rocky Mountains was destined to have its beginning. Miss Smith, her mother, Mrs. Bradbury, and I consulted together as to what could be done with absolutely no expense. I offered to furnish paper for the walls and to do what I could at hanging it. I was not an expert paperhanger then and am not now, and I look back upon my youthful confidence as one of the wonders of my life. I

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managed, somehow, to get the paper on the walls. The patterns of the separate sheets did not match. The paper bulged where it should have been flat, and the corners were anything but professional work. I covered myself, the walls, and the floor with paste. What was superfluous was subsequently removed, and I did make that room look presentable. We decided to cover my defects as a paperhanger with pictures cut from the magazines and framed in bright paper frames; we put fresh shades at the windows; and with the ubiquitous calla lily dear to all San Francisco front and back yards, we made the room actually charming. But after the kindergarten was opened, the surroundings sank into insignificance. The children and visitors alike glanced casually at the amateur paperhanging, did not see its gaps and bulges, for their eyes were soon riveted upon "Miss Kate" and they were not taken off. Here and there throughout the room she seemed to be beside every child whenever he needed her. At the piano, in the centre, or on the circumference of the ring while they played their games, she filled the room with the radiance of her personality; the children felt she was some wonderful being from another sphere.

I have copies of the first reports of the Silver Street school, records of one of the most heroic adventures in the difficult task of public education in America. They scintillate with the wit, they are charged with the perseverance, they contain the same charm of literary style with which the readers of Mrs. Wiggin's books are so familiar.

The California Theatre was then under the management of John McCullough, who not only played himself in some of his famous rôles, but brought to the theatre the leading actors and actresses of the time. I did not have much money in those days and I could never have afforded to see such artists as Adelaide Neilson, Madame Janauschek, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Modjeska, Mary Anderson, had it not been that McCullough was a personal friend of my father and was continually sending him complimentary tickets for some of the performances.

One morning tickets came for Janauschek, then at the height of her reputation, as Lady Macbeth, with McCullough himself in the rôle of Macbeth. My father put the tickets in my hand and said, "I am too busy to go to the theatre tonight. Why don't you ask Kate, and you two go together?" It did not take me long to get to Silver Street. I flew on the wings of the wind down Sutter Street across Market, down Third to Silver, reaching there during "a pause in the day's occupation", when I had an opportunity to speak to Miss Smith without interrupting her work. I put before her the alluring invitation. There were but two difficulties that immediately occurred to her. The first was that we had no chaperone and neither of us had enough money to buy a ticket for that social necessity — as a chaperone was considered to be in those days. (The young people of today know nothing about such old fashioned proprieties.) We discussed the matter pro and con. We did not see any way out and yet we felt, come what might, we could not let the lack of a duenna stand in the way of our going to the theatre. Finally Miss Smith cut the Gordian knot by saying, "You are nothing but a boy, anyway; people will probably take me for your mother, so it will be all right." I had my doubts about the pseudo relationship, but I was willing to take the risk. A

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more formidable difficulty, however, arose, which threatened to wreck the whole theatre party. Miss Smith declared Janauschek was drawing large and fashionable audiences, and she herself had absolutely "nothing fit to wear". Here was a situation with which a boy such as I was asserted to be could not be expected to cope. I saw my castle tumbling to ruins. I had nothing to say, except that I did hazard the remark that the dress she had on was plenty good enough. She laughed me to scorn and said that her dress was fit only "to tend 'Tar Flat' babies in". However, the difficulty seemed to arouse her resourcefulness, as all difficulties did, and as the bell rang for the children to resume their work she flashed out at me, "Come to the house at half past seven and I'll manage to find something to wear that you will not be ashamed of." Her mother told me that she spent all the afternoon preparing the dress she wore. I cannot describe it except to say that it was black with a train and marvelously trimmed with some kind of gold lace. Whatever it was, I was conscious, as we walked down the centre aisle to our seats, that we were the observed of all observers. Kate Douglas Wiggin always had a knack with clothes and always wore them, even the simplest, with an air.

I recall that later, when the family affairs were not much more affluent, she and her sister were invited to a large afternoon reception such as was fashionable in San Francisco in those years. As they always described their plight, they "had nothing to wear". One sister did have a beautiful new muff and the other was the proud possessor of a unique fan. Mrs. Wiggin came running over to our house to inquire what my mother was going to wear. "What is your conception of the part, Mrs. Stebbins? If Nora carries the muff and I take the fan, and if we studiously keep separated, don't you think we might go?"

It was about this time that she wrote "The Birds' Christmas Carol". My father had recently officiated at her marriage to Samuel Bradley Wiggin, an old friend of her early childhood. From then, through the remainder of her life, she took and kept the pen name Kate Douglas Wiggin. Under this name she made her reputation as one of the most beloved and successful writers of her day. "The Birds' Christmas Carol" was dedicated "to the three dearest children in the world, Bertha, Lucy and Horatio". Bertha was her niece, the daughter of Mr. Wiggin's sister. Lucy and Horatio were my sister and brother. One of the most charming of my recollections is of the evening when Mrs. Wiggin came to my father's house and called all our family about her around the open fire in the living room. Putting her arm about my little sister and brother, she read to them for the first time the story which since then has been read aloud by the author in public innumerable times, and has been translated into French, German, Swedish, Japanese, and Swiss. We were the original audience and were as appreciative as were the later audiences that numbered thousands. We fell in love with Carol and with all the Bird family, especially Uncle Jack. We laughed with Mrs. Ruggles, and the children kept repeating to our infinite enjoyment, "Ma thought it was sech a pleasant hat that we'd better leave our short walk to home." We wept tears that made us better by the shedding when the young author read the concluding words, "And so the old years, fraught with memories, die, one after another, and the new years, bright with

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hopes, are born to take their places; but Carol lives again in every chime of Christmas bells that peal glad tidings and in every Christmas anthem sung by childish voices." As we listened we older ones realized that our friend had made a beginning which, if strength and length of years were given her, would place her name and influence among those which have made the world happier and better.

Undoubtedly Kate Douglas Wiggin, like Cæsar, *was* ambitious. She felt her power and she longed to put it to use. She was, moreover, willing to work to achieve her ambition, and she worked so hard that many of her years were those of an invalid. She was not always wise in the use of her strength. She poured it forth like water, and suffered greatly in consequence. But that was her temperament; she could not do differently. Once when she was conspicuously overworked in San Francisco, I said to a friend, in an attempt to explain the plight in which she found herself, "But Kate is ambitious"; to which he replied with conviction, "She is dambitious!" That remark suggests an exaggerated ambition. In her case I do not think it was true. Without such ambition as she had, she could never have attained her conspicuous place in literature. Her ambitions were always noble and pure minded. Once, when she had not made her reputation and was sorely in need of a larger income, she told me that if she should accept the opportunity to write salacious books, for which there is always a large market, she should be rich overnight. But this was no temptation to her. She was so essentially high minded that nothing but an appeal to the loveliest side of human nature touched her ambition. She wished to fill her cup of inspiration at the sources of purity and innocence, and she knew where those sources lay. This fact is well illustrated in the passage in her autobiography concerning the offer from Dion Boucicault to go upon the stage. She writes, "Yes, he was a great actor, and I should have inevitably learned much from him; but I cannot help thinking that I learned more at the tinshop steps on the corner of Silver and Third Streets in San Francisco, where the children crossed in eddying throngs to a place where they were certain of a welcome. There is a Moorish proverb, you know, which says, 'Work for the children is better than pilgrimage or holy war', and I believe it with all my heart."

In the midst of her budding authorship, she continued her work for the children, but it needed larger financial support. New rooms had to be opened and new teachers engaged. In her "Garden of Memory" Mrs. Wiggin speaks of the generosity of Miss Harriet Crocker, of San Francisco, now Mrs. Charles B. Alexander of New York, but she says nothing of how she herself, an entire stranger, went to Miss Crocker and enlisted her interest. Mrs. Wiggin came to our house before starting on what was to her an adventure, and questioned whether she had the courage to ask for an appointment with Miss Crocker and to lay the needs of the Silver Street Kindergarten before her. She was as amusing in her trepidation as we were certain she would be convincing in her appeal. We were proved to be right. Miss Crocker received her most graciously and became a regular subscriber to the work of the kindergarten, enabling it to continue for many years with earnestness and power. I can never forget the happiness that radiated from Mrs. Wiggin's whole being when she told us of the success of her mission.

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Because of her work in the kindergarten and the training classes which she later established, her name became well known not only in San Francisco but up and down the entire Pacific coast. Her advice was accordingly sought upon all manner of subjects and from every part of the country. She was asked to name babies, to advise young women as to careers, to encourage writers who, so far as she could see, had not a particle of talent. She was consulted concerning fashions, her individual preferences in these matters, and of course she was continually being asked to lend money to impecunious individuals whom she had never seen or heard of. While some of these requests were annoying, they always amused her, and if she thought there was a real opportunity for service behind them, she always treated them seriously.

"The Birds' Christmas Carol" was first printed privately in San Francisco, likewise "The Story of Patsy". But in 1888 Houghton Mifflin Company regularly published the "Carol", and in 1889 published "Patsy". It must have been concerning one of these books that I wrote to Mrs. Wiggin in New York, where she made her home after the early death of her first husband. I have no clear idea of what I wrote, but here is the characteristic letter she sent in reply. She began abruptly, as was her wont:

Well, I certainly never had such a nice letter as yours this morning! No one ever took the trouble before to write me so circumstantially about anything I have written and as every word was complimentary I took occasion to cry tears into my milk toast, for it was luncheon.

They were not first-class tears such as I might have shed, had I written Gray's Elegy and some one had praised it, but honest third-class tears such as flow from the eyes of a third-class author when she hears that she has written a first-class third-class book. "A strange world, my masters", I thought, as I returned it to its envelope. Here is flattering recognition from a prominent young divine who has enough to eat and the gifted author whom he commends is lunching off milk-toast (alone) because of its cheapness and its staying qualities, — while every fibre of her being recoils in hatred of the mess! I have read the letter four times through myself, once to Mr. Wiggin [her father-in-law], and shall send it to San Francisco to put a few good ideas into the heads of my relatives and constituents.

I do not argue from Nora's sending you a poem that she is better, but rather the reverse. Do write and cheer her a little and ask Mamma whether anybody is "darkening the doors this winter".

I am spending three-fourths of my time at the doctor's and at the Berlitz school of Languages. If you ever go abroad, study in the same school at Boston. The teaching is something superhuman and I am getting on wonderfully. I am half inclined not to come on for Xmas but wait until February. I dont feel well enough to move hither and thither so much.

Ever yours

KATE.

She concealed her sufferings, her hardships, her sorrows, her griefs, her disappointments, and she had many of them, from all but her closest friends. In this letter she hints at her ill health, but not a word about the many anxieties that I knew she was carrying at the time. This was one of her loveliest characteristics. In public and among friends, she was always cheerful. Her autobiography takes every untoward event in the bravest mood and shows her gallant spirit to the end. That is as it should be and as she would wish it, but it fails to reveal to the world the genuine heroism that was beneath all her successes.

The world is also ignorant of the large part her sister, Nora Archibald Smith, contributed to her life, happiness, and achievements. Miss Smith often made her sister's work possible. Mrs. Wiggin herself has called her, in the dedication of "Timothy's Quest", "Dearest sister, sternest critic, best friend". Miss Smith is a writer of

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KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Redrawn from a photograph

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acknowledged reputation, but never was she so busy or so absorbed in her own task that she could not at a moment's notice drop it and devote herself to her sister; take all responsibility of affairs from her hands; advise, suggest, and correct as each case might require; and in every way prove herself literally to be the "best friend" Kate Douglas Wiggin ever had.

In the summer of 1894 Mrs. Wiggin became engaged to be married to George C. Riggs, a New York merchant. The marriage took place in All Souls' Church, New York, on March 30, 1895, and I went on from Boston and performed the marriage ceremony for them.

When my own marriage came a few years later, among our most prized wedding gifts was a beautiful edition of the writings of Kate Douglas Wiggin given us by the author herself. She had had the sixteen volumes specially bound and marked with our initials. In each book she had inscribed her name and in some of the volumes she had inserted different photographs of herself, so that we have a galaxy of her portraits. As new books came from her pen, she would send us a copy of each, with a characteristic note. With "Rebecca" arrived this brief word:

DEAR RODERICK AND EDITH,
Here is my last born and for the moment, my dearest child. Not a very good substitute for a lovely boy like yours! I should like to read aloud certain chapters to Roderick for he laughs better than anybody in the world.

KATE.

In a copy of "Mother Carey's Chickens" she wrote:

DEAR RODERICK AND EDITH; It was the lighting of your Milton hearth-fire that came back to me when I was writing this book. I devised a ceremony of my own, in keeping with the circumstances but the first inspiration came from you.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

Another letter was as follows:

145 West Fifty-eighth Street,
October 12, 1913.

DEAR RODERICK: I write, or dictate, so many hundred letters a month that I *cannot* remember whether I sent you a note about my new book: "The Story of Waitstill Baxter"!

I think it will interest you, because, though entirely imaginary in its people and incidents, it has one real personage in the background — Jacob Cochrane, the extraordinary man who converted to his peculiar gospel five or six hundred people in and about Hollis and Buxton in 1815–25.

When you read the book (if you can find time for me!) you will see the one child-figure is named Rodman. You will also see the literary necessity of my calling him "Rod", yet every time I used the word, which was as seldom as possible, you came to mind as the only "Rod" I ever knew, — but oh! it is a century I am sure since anyone called you "Rod". The whole idea of the book came to me from the Bible story of Aaron's rod.

With remembrances to Edith and the wish that our paths lay a little nearer together,

Ever yours Affec'y
KATE RIGGS.

So the years went on. Mrs. Riggs came seldom to Boston. I went even less often to New York. Our paths did not lie as near to each other as either of us could wish, but our friendship remained unbroken until the fatal August, 1923, when she died in England. But is friendship broken even by death? I do not believe it is. Responsive to the call, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joys of thy Lord", in her heart of hearts, knowing that the last word of her "Garden of Memory" was written, she must have replied, "I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do."

With the first news of her death I waited the summons that I was sure would come. When Mr. Riggs arrived in New York with the urn that contained all that was mortal of his wife, I was asked to meet him and Miss Smith at Quillcote in Hollis, Maine, and to speak the last words. "Quillcote", the name and the place, were associated

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with some of the gayest, happiest, and most inspiring times of my life. It was also associated with some of the saddest, as from time to time I returned to it to find now one and now another of the neighbors whom I had known gone from the earthly scene. But this return was the most poignant of all. The house stood in all its immaculate beauty, but the spirit of the place had vanished. The barn where we had had our plays was empty; the grounds where the countryside used to gather on the days of the Dorcas fair, lacked the familiar presence.

A little company assembled in the rooms: a few of the neighbors, a few relatives, a few intimate friends. That was all. An altar of flowers was arranged in one corner of the room and on it was placed the urn. The minister of the Buxton church which Mrs. Riggs had done much to sustain and where was laid the scene of her "Peabody Pew", read some passages from the Bible. I said a few words and offered prayer, and the simple service, such as we hoped she would have wished, was over. The little company separated and went their several ways. Later a few of us, according to her express wish, made our way to the banks of the Saco River. There the melancholy duty fell to my hands to scatter her ashes on the surging waters which bore them finally to the broad Atlantic. Some log drivers were on the bridge above the rapids where we stood, but as they realized the privacy and solemnity of the moment they withdrew beyond our sight. So it was with a few passers by. If they had any curiosity in regard to what was taking place, they did not linger, but went their way, leaving us alone with one another, with our thoughts, our prayers, and the engulfing stream.

As George Riggs and I made our somewhat perilous way down the precipitous rocks to the bed of the stream where we stood dashed with spray, and after we had done what it was her wish should be done, with my arm in his I comforted myself with some such thoughts as these, though the rushing waters made my words inaudible:

"Kate's mind and heart, her soul and spirit created her characters, Carol, Penelope, Rebecca. If they had been flesh and blood, and had it lain in her power, she would have given them more than an earthly immortality. Shall we believe less of God? He cannot be satisfied even with an earthly immortality for a being like her. He has the power, the will, and the love which is immortality. God is not less than we at our highest and best. He must be infinitely more. So beside these tumultuous waters which symbolize the tumultuous griefs of the soul, I rest in that faith which has never been reasoned into me and, if I will it so, can never be reasoned out. My sorrow is not without hope and even through my tears I can see the light."

In those early years in California when Mrs. Wiggin was giving all her spirit, her strength, her very life to the children in the kindergarten, my father once said to me, "Some morning we shall find Kate dead in the bottom of her cage, her song ended." She seemed to him like an exhausted captive bird. But he was wrong. One day the door of the cage was opened and she flew to a freedom which she lived to enjoy and to make others enjoy for many years. Her song did not end in a cage. Has she not herself written that the "Song is Never Ended"? "The song is more joyous in youth, fuller and stronger in middle age", she said; "it quavers a little as the years go on and on: but the song itself is never ended."

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MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR GENIUS

By Mary Austin

VII: GENIUS AND MYSTICISM

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We have usually considered genius a gift of the gods, bestowed upon only a chosen few. Mrs. Austin, after years of devoted study, emphatically asserts that genius can be acquired. In a series of articles, beginning in* THE BOOKMAN *for November, she attempts to analyze genius and talent and to point the way both for recognizing them and for utilizing them in life and art.*

AMONG all the methods by which man has undertaken to enlarge the horizon of his life by the motions of his own mind, none have been so universally misunderstood as those that come under the general head of mysticism.

Mystical knowledge is knowledge which arrives at the threshold of consciousness by processes recognizably different from the familiar sense perceptions. But since so great a part of our knowingness goes on below the threshold in any case, it follows that among people who know little or nothing of psychology, many things are thought of as being mystically acquired which are entirely explicable in modern terms. Thus, early man ascribed many things that came into his head to the operation of his dæmon, his genius, his medicine, his guardian angel; autosuggestion was tied up with amulets, and prophecy with dreams. Modern man, in a primitive state of ignorance, is more than likely to ascribe the same phenomena to spirit communication. But to say — because many psychic phenomena which were once thought to be mystical have proved to be quite ordinary and normal — that there are no mystic experiences left, is equivalent to saying that there is nothing left unknown about the operation of the human mind.

Mystical experiences still go on, especially in the life of the creative artist, so unusual as to be imperfectly studied, but not so unusual as not to be thought of as universal for all races, and normal. The experience described in the last article, in which help is obtained by prayer to saints or to otherwise personalized concepts, is mystical in this sense, that its mechanism is not yet perfectly described; and non-mystical, inasmuch as it is a part of the daily experience of the novelist creating a character, the actor creating a rôle, the healer, and the lover in the supreme moment with his beloved, one passing into the other, with definite reënforcement of psychic power, inexplicable but utterly familiar. Traveling this well worn path, the seeker enters into and becomes identified with powers and virtues which he instinctively personalizes in order to make them more accessible. Whoever has been able to do any of these things deliberately and successfully is, whether he knows it or not, already advanced upon the Mystic Way.

The Mystic Way is a term used by the fifteenth century mystics to de-

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scribe mystical states which are found by experience to bear definite relations to each other. There are many of these states of which I have no knowledge, since they require many years' intensive practice to attain. All that I shall attempt here, is to describe two or three of which I have personal experience, as being helpful to the creative worker. I should explain, however, that my mysticism is wholly occidental in being an attempt to master the Here and Now, and not to escape it. Nor is it ever entered into for the sake of the enjoyment of mystically aroused emotion, of which, as a snare for the unwary, I shall have more to say later on.

It is at this point that much of the confusion in the general mind has occurred. Mysticism has been so closely associated with religion that up to very recent times its practical use has been ranked as questionable, if not absolutely Black Art. Just as many of us were taught, fifty years ago, that we ought not to pray for anything but spiritual benefits, so we have been led to suppose that mystical states could not be used for any purpose but finding out God, as expressed in the terms of a particular belief. In my youth the idea of using such states to discover some fundamental reality under our economic confusion, or to get a description of a place you have never seen, to put in your new novel, would have been judged as sacrilegious as, no doubt, to many people it will still seem fantastic.

Everybody who reads this will have already recognized in himself several states of mind that have reference to the various levels of consciousness. The average person stumbles upon these naturally, and naturally tends to reinvite those states which he finds helpful in his business. The whole art of mysticism consists in going on deliberately from this point to uncover and make intelligent use of states of consciousness more rarely, but not the less certainly and naturally, showing themselves.

The beginning of all these adventures lies in acquiring early the art of meditation. Meditation, as mystics understand it, must be sharply distinguished from reverie, and totally dissociated from that other familiar process known as "thinking things over". In reverie the psyche is adrift in a tide of uncoordinated impressions, rising and swelling, taking all colors, and dying away again. In "thinking things over" the intelligence is immediately at work, fitting available items into what it recognizes as a rational pattern. But meditation, as the mystics use it, is not to be described in a sentence.

The first requisite to successful meditation is an uninterrupted session of time. The increasing difficulty of getting it under present living conditions will, before we know it, lead, as it did in the Middle Ages, to the creation of institutions adapted to this necessity of the "recollected" soul. The Roman Church still maintains, both here and in Europe, places where one may retire for a day or a year, furnished with all the requirements for complete "recollection". I like this term which the old mystics used, as indicating that the individual self has been more or less shattered and decentralized, and shall use it as they did to describe the psychic state necessary to be attained for a successful meditation, re-collected. In New York, synagogues and churches of every denomination, quiet and dim and architecturally designed to further meditative states of mind, are now open all day for this growing necessity. Many moderns also find that the roar

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and motion of a moving train makes a kind of fruitful isolation.

Since, all over the world, where institutions for the advancement of the contemplative life are maintained, we find cloisters, we may conclude that men have found walking up and down in a removed, but limited, space, an aid to meditation. The next time you are in Europe, visit some of the retreats made famous by the Saints, and observe how architecture and decoration, light and shadow and proportion are made to serve. Anybody who visits what is left of fifteenth century Europe without realizing that it was, before everything else, a period in which men undertook nothing without first deliberately seeking the effective state of mind, misses the most of what fifteenth century art can be expected to do for him. Also a little inquiry will astonish you with the discovery of what distinguished moderns, poets, playwrights, novelists, and players, make a practice still of resorting to the same means and places, quite independently of their religious beliefs. It may also suggest to you a reason or two for some of the shortcomings of American effort.

It is advisable to select a regular time for meditation, when the body is in natural equilibrium, neither tired nor eager for activity, neither full nor fasting. The early Christian mystics, starting with the idea that there was something naturally abominable about the body, made a fetish of hunger and pain and weariness, thereby creating difficulties to be virtuously overcome. In my experience there is nothing to be gained by thwarting normal appetites, and a possibility of harm in unnecessarily interrupting natural physical rhythms. Occasionally a novice at spiritual exercises may find it necessary to break through long established indurations by such drastic measures, or to use them as a short cut to recovery from some upsetting personal adventure. When I was younger and the personal life more insistent, I used every year to "make a retreat": that is, to retire to some place where the recollective process could go on under the most advantageous circumstances. But now I often go three or four years without any interruption to my regular spiritual routine.

The use of symbolic acts and objects to induce favorable states of mind is wholly a matter of temperament. If to light a punk stick or plant a prayer plume on a sacred mountain is a releasing act, by no means omit it. Ibsen is reported to have had on his desk a tray of small wooden animals which meant something to his writing that he never explained, beyond insisting that he could not do without them.

You will find some interesting items in the works of William James on the release of energy by rites and fetishes, but immemorially the chief use man has made of them is to produce and augment, by suggestion and association, the moods of prayer and of meditation. Go into any old Italian church and you will find it stuffed with the accumulated devices of a thousand years, line, color, the fall of stained light, the massing of umbrageous shadows, the vibrant flicker of candle flame and the reflecting gleam of marble, "good, thick, stupefying candle smoke", the moan of the organ and the young voiced choir reechoing from the vaulted roof. There is nothing but silly superstition or sheer ignorance to prevent the creative worker from using any of these, or any modern substitute for them, as an aid to productive states of mind.

Having secured the necessary environment for meditation, the next step is to clear the consciousness and hold it in a state of suspended atten-

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tion. This is a state that is frequently described as "concentration" and is thought of as an act of the will, in which the mind is clamped down on a given subject like a tight shut fist. But in true meditation the will does not enter, except that it has previously operated as the occasion of the act, yesterday or this morning, as the will to meditate, the determination, based upon a conviction intelligently arrived at, that you will pursue this course. In true meditation the will and the intelligence and the emotions are all in abeyance. The consciousness is swept clear as the clean round of light upon the screen before the film is run. If thought and emotion tend to cloud it, they must be pushed aside, without any effort of will or expression of annoyance. As the Hindus say, "Let the jumping monkeys pass!" Sweep clean again and hold the suspended attention *toward* the subject selected for meditation. Frequently this condition can be facilitated by beginning the meditation, or by preceding it some hours earlier, with autosuggestion of success, or with autoprayer. Sometimes the immediate-self will be found in such a turbulent state that the attempt must be abandoned for that day and undertaken under more favorable conditions. It will be enough for the beginner if he succeeds for a few moments at a time in holding the glowing core of himself, vacant of thought processes, turned like an eye in the direction of the expected illumination.

The primary object of all meditation is illumination. You seek light on some subject the essential truth of which is hid from you. You would guide your conduct by principles not yet elucidated by the intellect. Or, being an artist, you would shape your work to trends, felt rather than discovered, evolving in the realm of creative expression. The mystics of the Middle Ages also used this method to encourage in themselves the growth of preferred virtues. Somehow I don't see the present generation of American writers doing that, but in case anyone is curious, there is a delightful little book which can be picked up at any Catholic bookstore for a few cents, "Father Faber on Prayer", telling quite clearly and simply how it was accomplished.

Just at this time, when the whole world is feeling that civilization is rounding an unfamiliar turn, it is an acute problem for the writer who hopes to make his work a contribution to civilization, to keep it in line with truths not yet manifest in the general intelligence. The same thing is true of literary form; we feel it changing without being confident of the principles regulating the new pattern. The great geniuses, whose work runs on and becomes an inextricable thread in the destiny of humanity, are those who have deviated least from discoverable truth, even though their work was finished and the artist dead long before the particular truth was discovered.

It is in states of meditation that the subconscious is freed to take the shapes of truth not yet elucidated in the world of thought. There is an extremely interesting story, too long to quote here, of how the Russian chemist, Kukelé, in his work on the structure of the atom, profited by a hint delivered to his intelligence by that deep other self which seems capable of knowing truths not to be learned in any other way. In science, as in art, it is the capacity to meditate fruitfully which distinguishes the great man from even the cleverest of dubs.

The question of when, under what circumstances, and how long the meditation should last, is purely individual.

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Sacha Guitry has just said that the proportion of his time given to maturing a play in his deep-self, to the time when the immediate-self takes complete charge of it, is as a year to a day, although it is probable that during this incubating year the work is many times drawn up to be criticized by the intelligence. Many novelists of my acquaintance, as they approach the occasion of actually beginning a book, will spend days on end in a state of almost continuous meditation, interrupted only for the normal occasions of living.

The difference between meditation and the process described as autoprayer is quite as explicit as the distinction between prayer and autosuggestion, and quite as difficult to state. In autoprayer the wish is the active element; it is driven down into the subconsciousness, not asking for nor expecting to find anything except what is naturally already in the psyche. In meditation the wish merely determines the general subject of meditation: whether, for instance, it should be on the structure of the atom, or the ultimate pattern of American drama. The assumption is that there is more to be known about these things than you already know. The posture of the mind is that of complete extension and quiescence, laid open to the truth as a piece of linen is spread to bleach in the sun. This posture and this quiescence are maintained as long, or repeated as often as necessary to the desired end.

The test of the success of meditation is that you actually do know more of the subject meditated upon than you knew before, *and can use what you know.* It is important to keep this in mind. Mysticism in the past having been largely devoted to the saving of one's own soul, it has come about that its states are often indulged in for their own sake and not for the sake of what can be learned by them. Many people, particularly women, are satisfied after meditation to *feel* that they know more, without being aware of *what* they know, or making any use of it. This may be good for their souls, but it is likely to be injurious to a creative career. Many meditations may be required to elucidate a single point of what you want to know, and it is often necessary to resort to autosuggestion to get out of the deep-self whatever it has discovered by meditation. My own practice is to meditate toward the end of the day, about twilight if possible, and to expect the answer to be in my mind the next morning when I awake. Or it may break like a bubble at the edge of the mind while I am engaged in some slight and quiet task such as mending my stockings. But if it doesn't come of itself within two or three days, then I repeat the meditation, at the same time calling upon my subconsciousness and demanding an answer. There is something in James's "Varieties of Religious Experience" touching this phase of meditation, though the exact statement of it escapes my memory.

By this time you will be asking: how, if the thing you meditate for is not expected to come during the meditation, are you to know that you are meditating? There are, in fact, perfectly definite indices of meditation taking place. In all mystical states, including prayer, the important item is the mind's *motion.* An act of the mind takes place. How can I tell what that act is, when we do not yet know the substance of the psyche? Perhaps it sparks like electricity. At any rate there is a motion, and from that motion, *e*motion begins to move outward in vibratory waves. Also, for many people, there

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are shapes and shadows of the Truth glinting across the consciousness while the meditation is going on. It is a great mistake to leave off meditating and go chasing after these gleaming goldfish of the inner mind, because there is no danger of losing them. Go on meditating as long as you can, and inhibit all thinking until the meditation is over. Remember that the thinker is very much an automaton, and can think only with the stuff you provide for him.

Another mistake is to allow yourself to become entangled in the emotions mystically aroused. Emotions are important to the creative worker, as being the means by which he is instructed in the true inwardness of other people's lives. If you do not have and register emotions accompanying experience of any kind, then the truth of that experience will come through to you as an abstraction, and in that shape you cannot put it into a novel or a play or a poem. But ride your emotions as a shallop rides the waves; don't get upset among them. There are people who enjoy getting swamped emotionally, just as, incredibly, there are people who enjoy getting drunk, but I cannot recommend either. It is just as indecent to get woozy with mystical experience as with whisky or sexual desire.

Touching the manner in which truth comes through a meditation, much is determined by the quality and extent of your information. Very simple and uninformed people often meditate successfully, but since they have no words or facts in which to represent themselves, that which eventuates is myth. Thus a whole Christian mythology has grown out of centuries of profound meditation on the truth of the teachings of Jesus.

The most interesting problem in connection with meditation is: how does the new knowledge get into the consciousness? Does anything really get there that did not come through the two recognized doors of sense perception and ancestral experience? The great mystics have all been sure that something does come through from the outside. I have heard orthodox scientists insist that if one man is meditating deeply upon a creative discovery, another man, meditating upon the same or similar phases of that subject in another tongue, and another country, will get what the first man knows. This has happened too often in science to be explained as a coincidence. It also happens in literature. Few orthodox scientists are satisfied with the explanation which goes by the name of "telepathy": that one mind communicates with another by a mechanism similar to that used in radio.

After much experimentation I have myself abandoned the telepathic theory, regarding it as almost as untenable as that of spirit communication. I do not insist on my own explanation, provided anybody has anything better; but it begins with the conviction, arrived at by a quarter of a century of experiment, that there are many types of consciousness, each having its own mode. In meditation as I have described it, a type of superconsciousness emerges, the type already referred to as not making use either of the senses or the subconsciousness. Just as the deep-self cannot successfully emerge except in the complete quiescence of the immediate-self, so the superconsciousness can emerge only in the complete quiescence of the deep-self, as accomplished in meditation.

And beyond the superconsciousness there may be other and other types of consciousness, each with its own law of emergence. I have a notion that very many varieties of what are known as

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"psychic phenomena" are obscure operations of the ensphered inner selves, imperfectly delivered to the immediate-self, as we know the operations of the subconsciousness are delivered in dreams. All of which, if your interest holds out, we shall discuss in their relation to creative genius.

THE YOUNG WIFE, WAKING

By Floyd Dell

SHADOW-LOVER,
Shadow-boy,
Why do you come
To enchant me, to haunt me,
To trouble me in dreams?

The remembered delirium of your dream-kiss
Seems more real now than this
That I wake to take in the light of day
From him who lay by my side all night!

Are you the ghost of some old desire,
Lawless and lost — some dead caprice —
That you conspire against my peace?
Would you remind me
Of some rash vow left behind me?
Must you perturb me now?
What's over is over,
O fantom-lover!

Or, alas! are you the warning in my breast
Of some new passion dawning unconfessed?
Some wild longing that I dare not know by day,
That I must hide away in a secret dream at night,
Shuttered utterly from sight —
Lest I seem to be wronging one too dear so to wrong —
One to whom my dreams belong!
Do you hear?

How does one exorcise
A boy-ghost with laughing eyes?
Anathema maranatha! Pax tecum! Amen!

Shadow-boy, shadow-lover,
Come not again!

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MR. MILTON'S "PARADISE LOST"

By Arthur Davison Ficke

Mr. Ficke's article is the sixth of a series in which various of our younger writers will attempt to express the reactions which well known books of an earlier generation would arouse in them, were those classics newly published today.

ONE of the most interesting legal battles of our generation will probably take place over this newly issued book of Mr. Milton's. The struggle will be between two powerful forces. On the one side will be Mr. Sumner of the Anti-Vice League, who will of necessity use all the machinery of the law to have this volume suppressed — for its "Book Two" contains one of the most obscene passages that have been published in modern times. On the other side will be Mr. Bryan, who can hardly fail to regard it as his duty to use all the machinery of the law to have this volume made the sole basis of scientific education in our universities — since it states that God created man in a few minutes, and implies that evolution is nonsense. Here is indeed a momentous issue for the two great American champions of morals and of science.

Yet it is not from a legal point of view that I should like to review Mr. Milton's new book. I have other things in mind. Even though certain passages in the volume offend my personal taste, I forgive Mr. Milton his indiscretions. And I urge everybody to buy his volume because I sincerely believe it to be a striking, dignified, and perhaps great work of art.

I admit that such a conclusion requires a good deal of defending, for Mr. Milton chooses as his subject matter the oddest conglomeration of old Hebrew legends that has been brought together in many a day. I grant you that there is not a single theory, opinion, belief, or dogma in the whole poem that has the slightest validity for our age. Mr. Milton still imagines that the sun moves around the earth; that there is a very high heaven from which it is possible to "fall" to a hell that is a good deal like Pittsburg at night; that God and the Devil have dramatic little private wars; and that the proper relation of the sexes is — "he for God only, she for God in him". Mr. Milton never touches the subject of woman without degrading it, never mentions God without making God ridiculous, and never writes as if he knew the difference between fantasy and truth. The many headed, myriad handed Brahmanic idols of India are no stranger and no more barbarous than is Mr. Milton's conception of Deity. Literally, his Deity does not let His right hand know what His left hand doeth: one hand sends Satan to earth to corrupt Man; the other hand smites Man because he eventually is corrupted. Thus the same unavoidable philosophical dilemma is presented as in the Book of Job; and Mr. Milton's treatment adds no lustre to that old pair of intellectual bastards, Predestination and Free Will. If anyone wants to say that the content of the book is a jumble of nonsense, I am willing to grant him all his points in advance.

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Nevertheless, it is a superb poem. Say what you will, you cannot escape from that ultimate conclusion. And the reason is simple. Mr. Milton is so remarkable a master of eloquent and sonorous language, and so brilliant a technician of blank verse, that it hardly matters at all that his material is the valueless theological cant of a bygone age.

Open the volume to the first page, and see what you find.

Of Mans First Disobedience, and the Fruit
Of that Forbidden Tree, whose mortal tast
Brought Death into the World, and all our woe,
With loss of *Eden*, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,
Sing, Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of *Oreb*, or of *Sinai*, didst inspire
That Shepherd, who . . .

Do you not feel the instant picking up of a tremendous musical movement, as though a superbly confident conductor were sweeping his orchestra into the opening bars of a Beethoven symphony? Have you ever in your life read such an opening? I never have. Nowadays everybody thinks that he or she can write verse; and indeed they can, for poor verse is no harder to write than is poor prose. But blank verse such as this — blank verse with such mastery of pause and stop and swoop and soar, is not to be found in quite all the volumes of recent years.

And such amazing pictures! Turn, for example, to the last lines of the poem, and watch Adam and Eve, the outcasts, depart from Paradise:

They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late thir happie seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming Brand, the Gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fierie Armes:
Som natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon;
The World was all before them, where to choose
Thir place of rest, and Providence thir guide:
They hand in hand with wandring steps and slow,
Through *Eden* took thir solitarie way.

This is indeed the "great style", the style of combined majesty and simplicity, the style which makes all other kinds of writing seem a little trivial.

Beauty such as this transcends moral and intellectual considerations. Mr. Milton's achievement in pure imagery and pure music compels us to forgive him for his indecent passages and for his absurd theories. Our tastes in morals and in mythology are the result of some moment of time, some locus of geography, some accident of blood; but imagery and rhythm like this move in a fourth dimension which partakes of no time or place or race. Mr. Milton's manner will therefore charm many readers who can have little sympathy with his choice of a plot.

The plot of the book is simple. Satan revolts against God; is cast out of heaven; and, proceeding to earth, brings about the Fall of Man. Unfortunately for Mr. Milton, this old Hebrew story of Adam and Eve and the Apple has neither the plausibility nor the poignancy of the Greek story of Pandora and her box, which it resembles in its essentials. Nor can it compare with the symbolic truth of the Cupid and Psyche legend. And of course the Prometheus story rises to a height from which Mr. Milton's heaven seems an almost invisible speck far down the gulf.

What, it may be asked, is really Mr. Milton's intention in choosing so odd a theme? I confess myself completely puzzled. No sensible man could believe a word that Mr. Milton writes; yet he writes with the air of a prophet, and not at all as if he were a mere artist using old myths as his material. Unmistakably there is here some kind of terrific passion, nobly expressed.

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What failure of his, in the practical world, drove him back into this grandiose absurd heaven-and-hell landscape? He is indeed an inexplicable phenomenon.

Artist he undoubtedly is. It may be that some fanatical zeal for a long since doomed type of Christianity has been his conscious motive in writing; perhaps he has honestly thought that he was "justifying the ways of God to Man". If this were really all, we could dismiss him as a harmless lunatic. But an artist's deeper mind is sometimes intent on things of which his conscious mind is unaware; and I should not be at all surprised to learn that the essential Mr. Milton has used these old legends only as a painter uses his paints or a sculptor his clay — in the service of a design which tortured his brain until he gave it birth. So fine an artist could hardly be so easy a dupe of theological nonsense. But we can never be sure whether this is true or not; for nobody can tell us except Mr. Milton himself; and the conscious part of Mr. Milton simply does not know. No artist ever knows.

In conclusion, let me point out that it is a great reproach to us that, in spite of all Mr. Milton's absurdities, we must admit that he is "a great poet". That is our present fate. We have to make heroes of evil men like Napoleon, and insane men like Savonarola, and careless men like Shakespeare: and we even have to make a hero of a queer dodo like Mr. Milton. We are forced to be content with one-quality heroes. The human race's tragedy is that it has had no other heroes to choose from.

WORDS

By Katherine Sedgwick

WORDS are coverings. — Weddings
Are white. Black is for sorrow's tears,
While Magdalen wears a flaming red
Mantle to hide her spoiling wares.

I have seen forensic palaces
Without a beam of truth, raised high,
While mummers called the passers by
With speech that lured like painted faces.

There was a time when words were things,
Coined from the mint of the first man's heart,
When need forced his savage lips apart
In a sound, with the shape of his sufferings.

He was the pain, that lay ice-curled
In primal silence — till the world
Released him — her unceasing cry
From her bleak caverns to the sky.

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MELVILLE DAVISSON POST AND THE USE OF PLOT

By Grant Overton

WHO that read in "The Saturday Evening Post" of July 18, 1914, a short story called "The Doomdorf Mystery"* forgets it now? No one, I think; and it was a very short short story. The magazine which published it has published 2,500 short stories since. "The Doomdorf Mystery" is one in a thousand, literally.

The creature, Doomdorf, in his stone house on the rock brewed a hell brew. "The idle and the vicious came with their stone jugs, and violence and riot flowed out." On a certain day two men of the country rode "through the broken spine of the mountains" to have the thing out with Doomdorf. "Randolph was vain and pompous and given over to extravagance of words, but he was a gentleman beneath it, and fear was an alien and a stranger to him. And Abner was the right hand of the land."

About the place were two persons, a circuit rider who had been rousing the countryside against Doomdorf and who had called down fire from heaven for the creature's destruction. A little faded woman was the other.

In his chamber, the door bolted from the inside according to custom, Doomdorf lay shot to death.

The circuit rider asseverated that heaven had answered his prayer. The little, frightened, foreign woman showed a crude wax image with a needle thrust through its heart. She had killed Doomdorf by sorcery.

Randolph exclaimed with incredulity. Murder had been done; he was an officer of justice. But Abner pointed out that when the shot was fired, by evidence of Doomdorf's watch, the circuit rider was on his way to the place, the woman on the mountain among the peach trees. The door was bolted from the inside, the dust on the casings of the two windows was undisturbed, and the windows gave on a hundred foot precipice as smooth as a sheet of glass. Had Doomdorf killed himself? And then got up and put the gun back carefully into the two dogwood forks that held it to the wall? Says Abner: "The murderer of Doomdorf not only climbed the face of that precipice and got in through the closed window, but he shot Doomdorf to death and got out again through the closed window without leaving a single track or trace behind, and without disturbing a grain of dust or a thread of cobweb. . . . Randolph, let us go and lay an ambush for this assassin. He is on the way here."

This masterly tale, so far as the explanation is concerned, could doubtless have been chanced upon by Melville Davisson Post in those old records which he, a lawyer, would need to consult. Its kernel or nubbin could spring from the simplest scientific knowledge, the acquisition of any boy in high school. Its marvelous art is

* "The Doomdorf Mystery" is the opening story in *Uncle Abner, Master of Mysteries.*

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another affair. One might have the explanatory fact and make no more of it than a curious coroner's case. One could narrate it without any use of imagination and the result would be a coincidence without meaning.

The manner of Doomdorf's assassination depends very greatly upon coincidence. But given the series of coincidences, it was due to the operation of a natural law. Mr. Post had, initially, two difficulties to overcome. The first was fiction's rule of plausibility. The second was art's demand for emotional significance, a more-than-meets-the-eye, a meaning.

Truth is stranger than fiction dares to be. Truth compels belief, fiction must court it. To overcome the handicap imposed by the manner of Doomdorf's killing, with its conspiracy of chances, Mr. Post plunges his reader at once into coincidences far more improbable — the presence on the scene of the circuit rider, the double confession of circuit rider and woman to having killed Doomdorf. He storms the reader's stronghold of unbelief, the wall is breached, and no Trojan Horse is necessary later to bring his secret into the city. In fiction, there is no plausibility of cause and effect outside human behavior. The implausible (because unmeaning) manner of Doomdorf's death is superbly supported by two flanks, the behavior of the evangelist and the behavior of a terrified, superstitious, and altogether childlike woman.

Art's demand for meaning requires much more than a certain plausibility of occurrence. The manner of Doomdorf's death need not have been dependent on his evildoing; it must be made to seem so. The glass water bottle standing on the great oak table in the chamber where he slumbered and died could as easily have held water as his own raw and fiery liquor. There are two kinds of chance or coincidence in the world. One kind is meaningless; our minds perceive no cause and effect. The other kind is that in which we see a desired cause and effect. The writer of fiction must avoid or overcome the first kind if he is to write plausibly and acceptably; but upon his ability or inability to discern and employ the second kind depends his fortune as an artist.

In other particulars "The Doomdorf Mystery" exemplifies the artistry of the author. If I have not emphasized them, it is because they are cunning of hand and brain, craftsmanship, things to be learned, technical excellences which embellish but do not disclose the secret of inspiring art. The story is compactly told; tension is established at once and is drawn more tightly with every sentence; and the element of drama is much enhanced by the forward movement. Doomdorf is dead; but — "Randolph," says Abner, "let us go and lay an ambush for this assassin. *He is on the way here.*" Not what has happened but what is to happen constitutes the true suspense. The prose style, by its brevity and by a somewhat Biblical diction, does its part to induce in the reader a sense of impending justice, of a divine retribution upon the evildoer. But it is also a prose that lends itself to little pictures, as of the circuit rider, sitting his big red-roan horse, bareheaded, in the court before the stone house; or of the woman, half a child, who thought that with Doomdorf's death evil must have passed out of the world; or of Doomdorf in his coffin with the red firelight from the fireplace "shining on the dead man's narrow, everlasting house". The comparative loneliness, the wildness, and the smiling beauty of these mountains of western Virginia are used subtly in the creation of that

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thing in a story which we call "atmosphere" and the effect of which is to fix our mood. The tale is most economically told; the simplest and fewest means are made to produce an overwhelming effect. I have dwelt on it at length because it perfectly illustrates the art of Melville Davisson Post, so arrestingly different from that of any of his contemporaries — different, perhaps, from that of anyone who has ever written.

Mr. Post is one of the few who believe the plot's the thing. He has said:

> The primary object of all fiction is to entertain the reader. If, while it entertains, it also ennobles him this fiction becomes a work of art; but its primary business must be to entertain and not to educate or instruct him. The writer who presents a problem to be solved or a mystery to be untangled will be offering those qualities in his fiction which are of the most nearly universal appeal. A story should be clean cut and with a single dominating germinal incident upon which it turns as a door upon a hinge, and not built up on a scaffolding of criss-cross stuff. Under the scheme of the universe it is the tragic things that seem the most real. "Tragedy is an imitation, not of men, but of an action of life . . . the incidents and the plot are the end of a tragedy."* The short story, like any work of art, is produced only by painstaking labor and according to certain structural rules. The laws that apply to mechanics and architecture are no more certain or established than those that apply to the construction of the short story. "All art does but consist in the removal of surplusage."** And the short story is to our age what the drama was to the Greeks. The Greeks would have been astounded at the idea common to our age that the highest form of literary structure may omit the framework of the plot. Plot is first, character is second.***

Mr. Post takes his stand thus definitely against what is probably the prevailing literary opinion. For there is a creed, cardinal with many if not most of the best living writers, which says that the best art springs from characterization and not from a series of organized incidents, the plot; which says, further, that if the characters of a story be chosen with care and presented with conviction, they will make all the plot that is necessary or desirable by their interaction on each other. An excellent example of this is such a novel as Frank Swinnerton's "Nocturne" or Willa Cather's "A Lost Lady". Yet it is not possible to refute Mr. Post by citing such books, for he could easily point to other novels and stories, if modesty forbade him to name his own work. Though there cannot and should not be any decision in this matter — for both the novel of character and the novel of incident are proper vehicles — it is interesting to consider plot as a means to an end.

The Greeks used plot in a manner very different from our use today. At a certain stage toward the close of a Greek tragedy the heavens theoretically opened and a god or goddess intervened, to rescue some, to doom others of the human actors. The purpose was to show man's impotence before heaven but also to show his courage, rashness, dignity, and other qualities in the face and under the spell of overwhelming odds. The effect aimed at by the spectacle of Greek tragedy was one of emotional purification, a purging away in the minds of the beholders of all petty and little things, the celebrated *katharsis* as it was called.* To the extent that modern fiction aims to show man's impotence in the hands of destiny or fate, his valiance or his weak cowering or his pitiful but ineffectual struggle, the use of plot in our day is identical with that of the

* Aristotle in his *Poetics*.

** Walter Pater.

*** The quotations from Mr. Post are collated from the chapter on him in Blanche Colton Williams's *Our Short Story Writers* (Dodd, Mead).

* See Gilbert Murray's *Euripides and His Age* in the Home University Library (Holt).

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Greeks. One may easily think of examples in the work of Thomas Hardy, Joseph Conrad, and others. The trend has been toward pessimism, since an inscrutable destiny has replaced a set of scrutable, jealous, all too human deities in the Olympian pantheon.

With Edgar Allan Poe the attempt was begun — indeed, was successfully made, for the time being, at least — to replace the divine with a human agency. Although the Greek drama had perished, all through the Middle Ages and afterward the effort had kept up to preserve the essence of miracle as an invaluable element in human drama. There were both miracles and miracle plays. In place of the Greek *deus ex machina*, "the god from the machine" with his interventions in human affairs, the world had its Francis of Assisi and its Joan of France. But for whatever reason the divine agency was gradually discredited, the force called providence or destiny came increasingly to be ignored, and even so great a dramatist poet as Shakespeare, unable or unwilling to open the heavens to defeat Shylock, would only open a lawbook instead.

What men do not feel as a force in their lives cannot safely be invoked in an appeal to their feelings; and Poe, a genius, knew it. In some of his stories he used in place of the Greek *deus ex machina* the vaguely supernatural, impressive because vague. In other stories he took the human intelligence, sharpened it, and in the person of Monsieur Dupin made it serve his purpose. M. Dupin, not being a god, could not be omniscient; as the next best thing, Poe made his detective omniscient after the event. If the emotional effect of a Dupin remorselessly exposing the criminal is not so ennobling as retributive justice administered by a god from Olympus, or wrought by Christian miracle, the fault is not Poe's. It is we who limit the terms of an appeal.

Mr. Post has himself commented on the flood of detective stories that followed Poe's "until the stomach of the reader failed". Disregarding merely imitative work, let us have a look at such substitutes as have been managed for divinity and fate. We commonly call one type of story a detective story simply because the solution of the mystery is assigned to some one person. He may be amateur or professional; from the standpoint of fictional plausibility he had, in most cases, better be a professional. Poe had his M. Dupin; Gaboriau, his M. Lecoq; Conan Doyle, his Sherlock Holmes. Mr. Post has Abner; his M. Jonquelle, prefect of police of Paris; his Sir Henry Marquis of Scotland Yard; his Captain Walker, chief of the United States Secret Service. If we are looking for Mr. Post's difference from Poe and others we shall not find it here. The use of a detective is not inevitable; when there is none we call the tale a mystery story. The method of telling is not fixed; and it is doubtful if anyone will surpass the extreme ingenuity and plausibility of Wilkie Collins in a book like "The Moonstone", where successive contributed accounts by the actors unfold the mystery at last. One of the few American writers whose economy of words suggests a comparison with Mr. Post was O. Henry. And O. Henry was also a believer in plots, even if the plot consisted, as sometimes it did, in little more than a few minutes of mystification.

Poe had replaced the god from the machine with the man from the detective bureau, but further progress seemed for some time to be blocked. All that anyone was able to do was to

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produce a crime and then solve it, to build up a mystery and then explain it. This procedure inevitably caused repetition. The weakness was so marked that many writers tried to withhold the solution or explanation until the very end, even at the cost of making it confused, hurried, improbable. Even so, no real quality of drama characterized the period between the crime at the commencement and the disclosure at the finish of the tale. I do not know who was the first to discover that the way to achieve drama was to have the crime going on, to make the tale a race between the detective and the criminal. The method can, however, be very well observed in Mary Roberts Rinehart's first novel, "The Circular Staircase" (1908); and of course it is somewhat implied in the operations of Count Fosco in Wilkie Collins's "The Woman in White", many years earlier. But this discovery constituted the only technical advance of any importance since Poe. As a noticeable refinement upon this discovery Melville Davisson Post has invented the type of mystery or detective-mystery tale in which the mysteriousness and the solution are developed together. Not suitable for the novel, which must have action, this formula of Mr. Post's is admirable for the short story, in which there is no room for a race with crime but only for a few moments of breathlessness before a dénouement.

This refinement of Mr. Post's whereby repetition is avoided, the development of the mystery and its solution side by side, is usually hailed as his greatest achievement. I happen to think that he has in certain of his tales achieved something very much greater. It seems to me that in some of his work Mr. Post has put the *deus ex machina* back in place; has by a little lifted the mere detective story to the dignity of something like the old Greek tragedy, and in so doing has at least partially restored to the people the purge of pity and the cleansing of a reverent terror.

For, whatever tribute one may pay him on the technical side — and every book of his increases the tribute that is his due — the thing that has remained unremarked is his use of plot for ennobling the heart and mind of the reader. He is right, of course, when he says that the primary business of the writer must be to entertain; but more rightly right when he adds that it is possible to do the something more in a work which may aspire to be called a work of art. Anna Katharine Green once wrote: "Crime must touch our imagination by showing people like ourselves but incredibly transformed by some overwhelming motive." The author of "The Leavenworth Case", and all those other novels which have entertained their hundreds of thousands, despite appalling technical shortcomings which she has never ceased to struggle with but is unable to overcome, is one of the terribly few to command our respect and our admiration in this crucial affair. She is one of the few with whom plot is never anything but a means to an end, and that end, the highest. Of others, it is easy to think at once of O. Henry; it is in this respect that I would compare him with Mr. Post, and not in any lesser detail such as the power to tell a story with the fewest possible words. All the emphasis that has been put on short story construction in America, all the trumpeting that has proclaimed American writers as the masters of the short story on the technical side, will ultimately go for nothing if the fact is lost sight of that a short story is a cup to be brimmed

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with feeling. And as to the feelings poured into these slender chalices, by their effects shall ye know them.

There is a curious parallel between Mr. Post and another contemporary American writer, Arthur Train. Both began as lawyers, and both showed unusual ability in the practice of the law. Both are the authors of books in which the underlying attitude toward the law is one of that peculiar disdain which, perhaps, only an experienced lawyer can feel. Mr. Train's stories of Ephraim Tutt display an indignation that is hot enough under their surface of weathered philosophy and levity and spirit of farce. But as long ago as 1896 Mr. Post had published "The Strange Schemes of Randolph Mason", his first book of all, and one that must detain us a moment.

His career up to that time may be dealt with briefly.* Born in Harrison County, West Virginia, April 19, 1871, the son of Ira Carper Post and Florence May Davisson Post, he was graduated (A.B.) from West Virginia University in 1891 and received his LL.B. from the same institution the year following. He was very shortly admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of West Virginia, of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, and of the Supreme Court of the United States. He served as a presidential elector and secretary of the Electoral College in 1892. A young man not yet twenty five, he conceived that "the high ground of the field of crime has not been explored; it has not even been entered. The book stalls have been filled to weariness with tales based upon plans whereby the detective or ferreting power of the State might be baffled. But, prodigious marvel! No writer has attempted to construct tales based upon plans whereby the punishing power of the State might be baffled." And he reflected that the true drama would lie in a duel with the law. He thereupon created the figure of Randolph Mason, a skilled, unscrupulous lawyer who uses the law to defeat the ends of justice. Of these stories the masterpiece is probably "The Corpus Delicti". Well constructed, powerful, immensely entertaining, surely these dramas are of the essence of tragedy, surely they replace Poe's detective with somebody far more nearly approaching the Greek god from the machine. In considering the effects of these remarkable tales we can hardly lose sight of their moral purge of pity and terror, their sense of the law man makes as a web which man may slip through or break or brush aside. Why, a true god from the machine, Mr. Post implies, is not necessary to us; we can destroy ourselves; heaven has only to leave us alone. This circumstance, in its turn, produces the much stronger secondary effect: the cry for a true god to order and reward and punish us.

"Uncle Abner" (1918) has been well contrasted with "The Strange Schemes of Randolph Mason". "He has demonstrated that wrong may triumph over man-made laws, which are imperfect after all the centuries; but that right must win under the timeless Providence of God."* In

* To an interviewer (by letter) who asked for the principal events of his life, Mr. Post once made a suitably whimsical answer:

"I was born like the sons of Atreus in the pasture land of horses. I was reared by a black woman who remembered her grandmother boiling a warrior's head in a pot. I was given a degree by a college of unbeautiful nonsense. I have eaten dinner with a god. And I have kissed a princess in a land where men grind their wheat in the sky."

* Blanche Colton Williams in *Our Short Story Writers*.

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"Uncle Abner" the *deus ex machina* is fully restored. When it was known how Doomdorf had died, "Randolph made a great gesture, with his arm extended. 'It is a world', he said, 'filled with the mysterious joinder of accident!' 'It is a world', replied Abner, 'filled with the mysterious justice of God!' "

Mr. Post married, in 1903, Ann Bloomfield Gamble, of Roanoke, Virginia. Mrs. Post died in 1919. The political career which seemed possibly to be opening before him in his twenties has been neglected for one more fascinating as an author; although he has served as a member of the board of regents of State Normal schools, as chairman of the Democratic Congressional Committee for West Virginia in 1898, and as a member of the advisory committee of the National Economic League on the question of efficiency in the administration of justice (1914–15). He lives at Lost Creek, West Virginia, rides horseback and enjoys the company of his dog, and reads the classics. He is the author of other books besides "Uncle Abner" which reveal his love for the West Virginia countryside and his power to make his stories take root and grow in that setting. Of his "Dwellers in the Hills" (1901) Blanche Colton Williams says:

> To read it is to ride in memory along a country road bordered by sedge and ragweed; to note the hickories trembling in their yellow leaves; to hear the partridges' call, the woodpecker's tap, and the "golden belted bee booming past"; to cross the stream fringed with bulrushes; to hear men's voices "reaching half a mile to the grazing steers on the sodded knobs"; to meet a neighbor's boy astride a bag of corn, on his way to the grist mill; to stop at the blacksmith's, there to watch the forging of a horseshoe; or at the wagoner's to assist in the making of a wheel; to taste sweet corn pone and the striped bacon, and to roast potatoes in the ashes. . . .

With the exchange of West Virginia for Kentucky, a region of the sort is also the background and the mood of "The Mountain School-Teacher" (1922). This short novel is an allegory of the life of Christ. A young schoolteacher appears in a mountain village. We first see him striding up a trail on the mountain, helping a little boy who is having trouble with an ox laden with a bag of corn. In the village the schoolteacher finds men and women of varied character. Some welcome him, and they are for the most part the poor and lowly; some regard him with suspicion and hate. The action parallels the life of Christ and is lived among people who are, despite nineteen centuries, singularly like the people of Christ's time. In the end comes the trial of the schoolteacher on trumped up charges. "If He came again," the author seems to say, "it would happen as before."

Such fiction does not come from a man who is primarily interested in railroads and coal, education and politics, nor from one whose final interest is to provide entertaining fiction.

In recent books Mr. Post has allowed his fiction to follow him on his travels about the earth. "The Mystery at the Blue Villa" (1919) has settings in Paris, Nice, Cairo, Ostend, London, New York, and Washington; the war of 1914–18 is used with discretion as an occasional background. Mr. Post's mysticism can be quickly perceived in certain stories; the tragic quality is ascendant in such tales as "The Stolen Life" and "The Baron Starkheim"; and humor is not absent from "Lord Winton's Adventure" and "The Witch of Lecca". A story of retributive justice will be found in "The New Administration". The scenes of most of the episodes in "The Sleuth of St. James's Square" (1920)

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are in America; the central figure about whom all the cases turn is Sir Henry Marquis, chief of the investigation department of Scotland Yard. The material is extremely colorful — from all over the world, in fact. "Monsieur Jonquelle, Prefect of Police of Paris" (1923) has the same characteristics, with the difference of the central figure and with various settings. The reader will observe in these books that the narrative standpoint is altered from story to story; to take "Monsieur Jonquelle", some of the tales are related by the chief character, some by a third person, some by the author. The reason for the selection inheres in each affair and is worth some contemplation as you go on. "Walker of the Secret Service" (1924) is pivoted upon a character who appears in "The Reward", one of the episodes in "The Sleuth of St. James's Square".

The general method has been said, correctly, to combine the ratiocination of Poe's stories with the dramatic method of the best French tellers of tales. The details of technique will bear and repay the closest scrutiny. But in certain stories Melville Davisson Post has put his high skill to a larger use than skill can accomplish; for *those* of his accomplishments an endowment and not an acquisition was requisite. When one says that of the relatively few American writers with that endowment in mind and heart, he was able to bring to the enterprise in hand a skill greater than any of the others, one has indeed said all.

Bibliography

1896 *The Strange Schemes of Randolph Mason.*
1897 *The Man of Last Resort.*
1901 *Dwellers in the Hills.*
1909 *The Corrector of Destinies.*
1910 *The Gilded Chair.*
1912 *The Nameless Thing.*
1918 *Uncle Abner, Master of Mysteries.*
1919 *The Mystery at the Blue Villa.*
1920 *The Sleuth of St. James's Square.*
1922 *The Mountain School-Teacher.*
1923 *Monsieur Jonquelle, Prefect of Police of Paris.*
1924 *Walker of the Secret Service.*

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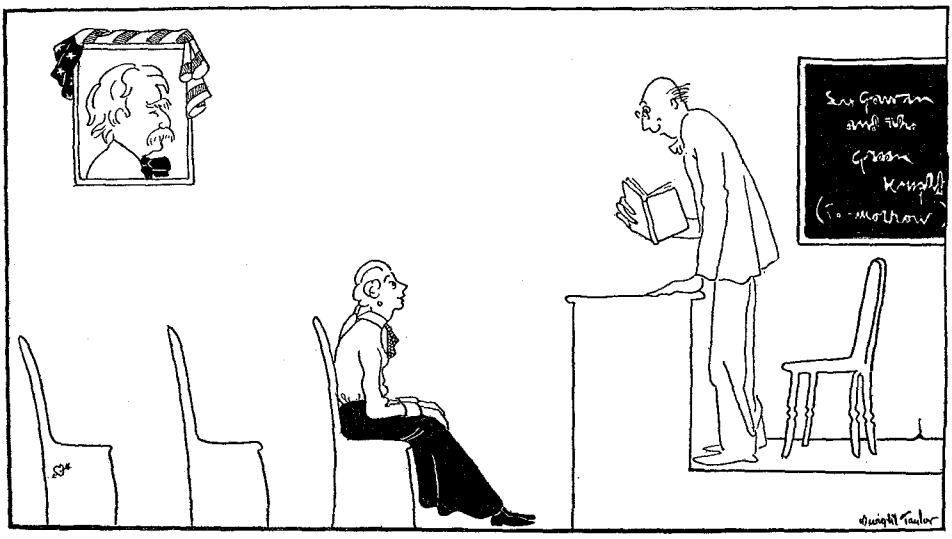

A LITERARY ENTHUSIAST

By Ernest Boyd

With Sketches by Dwight Taylor

SHE is the mainstay of the republic of letters, the hand that rocks the literary cradle and rules the world. Hers is a career open to the talents of Everywoman; no feminist propaganda has been necessary to prepare the way for her, she dates her ancestry back to the night beneath the stars in Eden, when Eve's bright eyes pleaded with Adam to show her what he had written, to recite his verses to her. Down through the ages she has existed. She was Egeria in ancient Rome and the Marquise de Rambouillet in the days of the Précieuses, the autographs which she wrested from coy Egyptian poet-asters doubtless slumber mongst the papyri of Tut-ankh-amen, and I suspect that Moses presented her with an original signed tablet on which he had engraved the ten commandments. She is outside of time and space, as it were, for she can be herself in the obese years of maturity and in the querulous last days of old age, no less effectively — sometimes even more so — than in the springtime of youth. The literary enthusiast's is not a seasonal occupation. It is the work of a lifetime.

In this Land of Opportunity, needless to say, her opportunities are infinite, and as infinite is the variety of her incarnations. Her first intimations of this particular form of immortality came to her in college, when what seemed to her a comparatively human

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professor of English literature suddenly lighted up the dreary classroom hours devoted to the art of beautiful letters. The gentleman presented no characteristics unusual to his species, when examined in the harsh light of experience and with scientific detachment. He had written the usual thesis on the use of the semicolon in English prior to "Beowulf", or some similar topic, and, when subjected to the soothing effects of malt liquor, he would confess that he had always believed there must be something in Whitman to justify the enthusiasm of Europeans, but he considered it safer to reserve that opinion for private consumption among friends. In the eyes of our embryonic literary enthusiast he had, however, the glamour of authorship. While at Oxford, as a Rhodes scholar, he had perpetrated, with the connivance of the obliging B. H. Blackwell, a little book of verse, which was listed after his name in "Who's Who", sharing all the honors with the learned thesis already mentioned. The book was long since out of print, so that it enjoyed in a special degree the enchantment of distance.

Distant, but without any enchantment, was the attitude of the eminent pedagogue's wife, who viewed with a suspicious eye the flutterings of the young ladies about their first intellectual hero. This stimulus was sufficient to spur the ambitions of the enthusiast, who there and then acquired that manner with the wives of her idols which she has carried with her all through life. Her refusal to be deterred, nay, the very impetus given to her hovering illusions, were the authentic marks of her fitness for the career in which she was to become famous, after a fashion. This was the ordeal by fire through which she passed, while others failed to stand the supreme test; and, thus tempered, she accepted her destiny. Her religion is essentially anthropomorphous, a biological necessity, so to speak, as she realized when nature cunningly provided the protective coloring, and demonstrated the glorious process whereby the organism adapts itself to its environment. The literary enthusiast is an excellent example of the survival of the fittest.

With such a mentor she very naturally developed that rudimentary knowledge of literature which is her one intellectual asset in the struggle for social life. None was so industrious as she in obeying the directions of her master's voice; her rapt gaze encountered his as he surveyed his class, and she was always the first to ask a question and to receive with appropriate eagerness the words of æsthetic wisdom which followed. When writing her compositions she would see his face before her, and it was for his sake that she achieved an almost convincing interest in the more intellectual poems of Tennyson, and professed herself deeply moved by the platitudes of Santayana which, she gathered, were real literature. Her craving for books other than those in her prescribed courses supplied many opportunities for talks which could not but bring closer together the minds of master and disciple. He, beholding an attractive young woman who obviously adored him respectfully, could not but feel that he would be failing in his duty to himself and to the cause of higher education, were he to neglect any opportunity of giving her his counsel and the benefit of his learning.

He had got to the point of showing her his early poems and had actually noted within his bosom the stirrings of a muse whom he had buried long ago beneath the dust of useless erudition. One day — it must have been in spring — when they were alone in the de-

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serted classroom, he produced some lines between which she read what his lips had refused to speak. He confessed that she had inspired him, and that she was one of those women who are destined to call forth the best that is in a man, to foster the arts and to be an Influence. He did not become as specific as she hoped, for which his wife was blamed. But the truth is, he became suddenly conscious of the enormous complications yawning like an abyss in front of him. He saw himself in flight from a board of Godfearing trustees, he had visions of front page newspaper stories, the inevitable arrival in New York, the unsubstantial aid of radical editors, his inability to shine in contrast with gaudier rivals in Greenwich Village. He made the great refusal, like Dante's Pope; and, like Paolo and Francesca, but for exactly the opposite reasons, that day they read no more.

Thus, by an apparently cruel but actually benign dispensation of inscrutable fate the literary enthusiast came to New York, not in the wake of a scandal bedraggled professor, but as the wife of a rising young lawyer, as untroubled by artistic preoccupations as by the impecuniosity which is the lot of those who think the world well lost for art. She recovered from the girlish illusion of her college days, having seen other men and other manners in the meantime. But the divine fire kindled by that humble academic flint burned with what she might have termed a clear, steady flame. She was possessed by the ecstasies of culture, and once her own life was fixed upon a stable basis, she began to fulfil her mission. Her ideal husband was considerably flattered by his wife's familiarity with refined literature, and effaced himself from that part of her existence devoted to the arts and their practitioners. She was the honorary secretary of several clubs for the cultivation of literature, and could be counted upon to act as a committee member or patroness, whenever any foreign genius felt drawn to deliver his message on these shores.

In fashionable circles, on the fringe of literary life, she passed as an authority upon all modern movements, and her allusions to the topical interests of the moment were always effective. The scope of her patter ran from Brieux to Marcel Proust, and in season her talk was of Montessori and Barbusse, of Sinclair Lewis and Sherwood Anderson, of Ouspensky and Ronald Firbank. She would have liked to acquire a copy of "Ulysses", but the cost seemed excessive for a mere book. Moreover, she had read the last chapter and feared its effect upon the untutored mind of her red blooded spouse, unaccustomed as he was to public peeping at the secrets of the alcove, rendered possible by the beneficent influence of psychoanalysis, which had supplied the English speaking world with a scientific jargon to cover certain lacunæ in its vocabulary, thereby making sex discussion a polite accomplishment. She had a charge account at several of the little bookshops which specialized in the importation of English books, for she knew it was the right thing to be seen with the London editions of Katherine Mansfield and Virginia Woolf under her arm. On her table one always found "The Dial", the more freakish numbers of "The Little Review", and "The London Mercury". She had met the sterner intellectuals who guided the destinies of the first of these magazines when on an intellectual slumming party in Greenwich Village. Her introduction to Mr. J. C. Squire at the Colony Club remains one of her proudest memories.

The literary enthusiast shows her

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real calibre when lectures are concerned. She is usually the person delegated to approach the lion who is to perform — and who has not succumbed to her blandishments? Her voice comes over the telephone announcing, "You don't know me, Mr. Soandso, but I have followed your work with great interest. Our Club is most anxious to have you give us a little talk on any subject you care to choose. I am sorry we have no funds on which to draw in such cases, but we will have cards printed with your name and give you a lot of publicity." It is she who warmly grasps the lecturer's hand, and, if he is a novelist, assures him that she greatly enjoyed his series of articles on Einstein in "Good Housekeeping". To the critic whose literary articles are the cherished feature of one of the austere monthlies she will express her intense pleasure in his wonderful novel about a man and a woman who forsook the world and in the great open spaces found themselves. If the meeting takes place in one of the obscurer literary slums, she reminds the speaker of her intimacy with the great by casual references to what Mr. Hugh Walpole told her, and a friendly allusion to the personal charm of Miss Rebecca West.

If she is a spectator, her passive rôle is converted into an active one the moment an opportunity occurs. When the subject is opened for general discussion, it is she who first catches the chairman's eye and holds the floor in irrelevant discourse. She likes to ask Signor Pirandello what he thinks of sex in American literature and whether he has read Waldo Frank. From John Drinkwater or Alfred Noyes she is consumed with a desire to learn the true significance of James Joyce and Marcel Proust. No visiting Englishman can ever sufficiently satisfy her curiosity concerning the private life and mythical amours of Mr. George Moore. No sooner have the proceedings terminated than she has rushed up to the platform to thank the lecturer personally, and to thrust a book into his hands for his autograph. This is a more certain and economical method than sending books by mail with a request for an inscription — so many authors are now reluctant to comply with such demands. If she has paid for a seat at a Book and Play Luncheon the trophy of an autograph is, in some measure, a return on her investment. Not that she thinks of the matter in sordid terms. Her preoccupations are fundamentally æsthetic. Going down in the elevator after one of these functions she declared that Mr. J. C. Squire did not look a bit like a poet. That is the only demonstration of dissatisfaction she has been known to make. The literary enthusiast is not by nature critical.

Her genius lies in her infinite capacity for taking pains to keep in the swim. Her reading is conducted on the principle of a Barmecide feast: "What do you think of Sherwood Anderson's new book?" "Do you really believe that Rose Macaulay is a great writer?" "Isn't the translation of Paul Morand wonderful?" Such is her table talk, and the unwary usually fall into the trap, explaining, perhaps, that "Many Marriages" is a dreadful anticlimax to "Winesburg, Ohio", that "What Not" and "Potterism" were much better than "Told by an Idiot", that "Open all Night" contain errors for which a schoolboy would be punished — only to discover that the questioner has read none of these authors, and is simply an echo awaiting other echoes. Any innovation in the responses produces puzzled alarm. Her greatest guides are the columnists, who are marked off from all other writers, so

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"She lunches at the Algonquin"

far as she is concerned, in the sense that they alone are actually read by her. She always knows just exactly what Heywood Broun and F.P.A. like, and such fragments of their domestic life as they care to confide to the public. Burton Rascoe's Day Book is this child's guide to knowledge of literary life in New York. From that ingenuous chronicle she has gleaned more facts than from "The Outline of History" and "The Story of Mankind", which repose on her bookshelves, unread, but — in their day — passionately discussed.

When she wishes to see her Shelleys plain, to witness in the flesh what has diverted her morning meditations for many a day, she lunches at the Algonquin. In the lobby, as she hovers near the barrier of red plush with which the Hellenic George, appropriately born in sight of Parnassus, bars access to the inner temple, she is already visibly impressed by her surroundings. She wonders what is the precise place in the literary hierarchy of all these feminine legs flaunting generously their silken contours, as their owners loll voluptuously upon couches and in arm chairs. Are they the Muses of the literati whose gastronomical activities she has come to contemplate? The horizon seems filled with flamboyant stockings. Is this a literary leg show? Her ambition was prepared for sterner stuff. But soon she is negotiated past the thin red line of plush and is seated

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within the very shrine itself where, under the guidance of one of the initiated, she drinks in the glory of the scene. The Round Table is naturally the axis of her world, and she gazes a little enviously at those members of her sex who sit familiarly with the Olympians.

The men, she confides, are not so handsome as Rodolph Valentino or Richard Barthelmess, who have been pointed out to her at a neighboring table, but they look "so interesting". F.P.A., like some exotic bird from Galápagos, with an enormous cigar in the corner of his mouth; Heywood Broun, with the lumbering roll of some pachydermatous animal; Alexander Woollcott, conveying somehow the impression of an irrepressible hoyden; the gargoyle figure of an impresario who knows what the public does not want and cannot understand and makes a fortune by providing it; the collegiate countenance of the youthful sage of Brooklyn, as he toys with a glass of milk; the unheavenly twins of comedy, musical and otherwise, in whose satire a mirror has been held up to the literary enthusiast in vain. Her senses swoon in the presence of these incarnations of her idols. For a moment or two her fascinated gaze wanders around the mirrors of the Algonquin, reflecting a scene unparalleled in the simple annals of this rude Republic.

Here is the anteroom of the hall of fame, where wit and intellect and beauty congregate, with nothing to screen them from the vulgar world but that symbolic rope of plush, which lifts ever and anon to admit some other member of the Times Square Country Club: Carl Van Vechten, pink and bland beneath a shock of white hair, and as feline as the tiger in the house — "That's the author of 'The Blind Bow-Boy'", the visitor learns, with a little thrill at the memory of such perversities; and there is Elinor Wylie, whose "Jennifer Lorn" is quite the thing to speak about; and the blindest bowboy of them all, divine in his impartial indiscretion, Burton Rascoe, fortunately accompanied by the authentic Hazel of his Day Book; Gertrude Atherton, too — even the literary enthusiast has read "Black Oxen", its interest transcends that of mere literature to Everywoman, and takes on an additional significance from the author's youthful presence; and Joseph Hergesheimer, beaming behind enormous spectacles, crowing like some huge baby who finds himself on the nursery floor of life surrounded by all the toys and sweets he craves; Scott Fitzgerald, and his radiant young wife, still this side of paradise, the flapper and the philosopher of the jazz age. Everywhere a celebrity, if only such as go unhonored and unsung outside the pages of "Broadway Brevities", where there are always some so poor to do them reverence. After such a glorious lunch hour of crowded life, the literary enthusiast passes, as one in a dream, out through that lobby where feminine legs have forgotten more than Herrick ever knew about the tempestuous petticoat.

Now the New York "World" can never be too much with her. The literary enthusiast speaks as one having the authority of personal revelation. For a while she may actually become a novice of the Algonquin Order, a humble neophyte at the altar of Fame. With the passage of time, these memories also join the others as memoirs of her dead life. God has been good, and her husband, now a balder and wiser man, has built the house with many mansions, worthy of a lady with salon propensities and a protective manner toward budding

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poets. The honorable poverty of the true artist never appeals in vain to this munificence, especially if it is young and prepossessing . . . and helplessly masculine. Magazines devoted to the elusive art of the sonnet live upon her bounty; wild eyed genuises, with faded wives in Reno submitting to the inevitable, encamp upon her estate; and the bonds of holy matrimony, already frayed, snap dramatically during her parties. Her drawing room has witnessed the reading of more bad verse than is dreamed of in the philosophy of the æsthetic reviews.

Obese and oh, so kind, she ends her days as the Medici of the mediocre. Books bearing the imprint of unknown firms are dedicated to her, and ingenuous poetasters arise and call her blessed. Her success with women still bears the marks of her first challenge, and one notices that the poetesses who adorn her recitals tend to a non-committal plainness, a depressing quality of spurious youth, achieved by a combination of girlish draperies and arid spinsterhood. The botched, the thwarted, and the conscious charlatans surround her, her husband's money commands the respect which only these can give; except by accident no genuine artistic personality comes within her purview. She sometimes captures, more by luck than cunning, some tenth rate foreigner, who accepts her hospitality in good faith, and is measured by his subsequent behavior. The thoroughly parasitic arrange to live, like the native larvæ, at her expense indefinitely. Such are the last glories which her eyes behold, the phosphorescent gleams of decay are the simulacrum of the divine fire which once dazzled the literary enthusiast.

WINDOWS

By F. U. Kennedy

FOUR sombre walls
Of grey stones, row on row;
Two small squares,
Where sunlight falls;
Four bars to each window.

You must have heard?
Maybe the wind still blows;
The shadows,
They must have stirred;
Maybe the grass still grows.

Sometimes I see,
Through the little windows,
Something white
Beckoning me;
Maybe I'll go — who knows?

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THE LONDONER

Rome and Its Tourists — A Hazlitt Essay Republished — Modern Criticism — The "Notable British Trials Series" — Allan Monkhouse's New Play.

LONDON, *May* 1, 1924.

ALTHOUGH I head this paper "London", it is by force of habit alone; for I am at some distance from London. I am where I have always longed to be — in Rome. For me England and America are equally distant places. They shine afar, and one catches glimpses of them in newspapers or (symbolically) in the election posters which at this moment cover much of the wall and pillar space of Rome. But they are remote — almost fabulous. In these posters that I have just mentioned contrasts are drawn between the worldly position of Italy before and after the advent of Fascismo, and both America and England figure prominently, at first turning their backs, and then facing round with complaisant smiles to greet a restored and solvent Italy. Such cartoons are startling, and then amusing. I cannot judge of their truth. But essentially I care little at this moment for modern politics or for such distant civilizations as those of Great Britain and the United States. I care for Rome. I care most remarkably of all for the inhabitants of my hotel. These are my obsession. They are brought sharply against the vision, not yet altogether in focus — English, American, Italian, French, German. . . . It cannot be said that I use the word "care" as it is used by characters in sentimental novels — ("Do you . . . *care?*" he asked hoarsely, etc.) — but at any rate I am aware of my fellow residents, and contemplate them with cousinly hostility. I know none of their names; I exchange no greetings with them; I merely eat my meals in the same room, and so am accustomed to their faces and the manners of some of them. At a distance is a youngish woman who is still self conscious over a lorgnette; near her is a man (not an Englishman) in the same trouble over his monocle. (Monocles, by the way, are much worn in Italy.) Facing me are two people, already familiar under the titles of "Mr. Pig and Mrs. Pig", who eat like cormorants. Whether these are English I cannot tell. They look English, but their Italian is fluent, and in conversation they use elaborate gestures. The woman is heavily ringed upon four at least of her eight fingers. Between them and myself sit three mysterious people. They are obviously English. They speak seldom, and drink nothing but a sweetish wine in flasks called by the sacred name of Orvieto. At first I thought these people lived solely upon oranges, apples, and nuts, so heavy is their slaughter of these articles and so high upon their plates are the piles of corpselike shells and peelings. But my wife assured me that the feasters had already been through the *table d'hôte;* and this I found by closer observation to be true. Farther away is a lackadaisical middle aged Italian woman who acts through a whole meal, grimacing palely under a mask of powder, swallowing boiled chicken's eggs whole, casting eyes to heaven and to hell with equal facility, and washing her eggs down with vast drafts of wine.

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Priests are brought in to many of the meals, and are fêted. A man who ought to be either Garibaldi or W. T. Stead sits near me. At different tables sit women who are marked down as "vamps", as Germans, as English. American women can be distinguished because they carry books which they have *bought:* the women of other nations borrow them only. There are some young men, American, German, and Italian. The Americans at present happen to be uncharacteristically without character; the Germans are very punctilious (as they are famed to be); the Italians look at all the young women in the room.

Now all these details may suggest that I do nothing but watch my neighbors sit and eat, whereas I scarcely notice them. I am only occasionally interested, and I instance these details less from any sense that in themselves they are momentous than from a desire to indicate how far away I am from home. It is extraordinary how one slips into the peculiar life of a foreign hotel. Somebody ought to picture this great instance of the absorption of place. It needs a master hand to do it justice. I can remember once being in a foreign hotel with a famous writer, and being confronted by an eager lady who accosted my friend: "Are you *the* —— ——?" This lady had been living in hotels for a long time. She was an unscrupulous woman, who lured all sorts of girls into the purchase of tickets for a grand ball with the absolute promise that partners would be forthcoming. I need hardly say that there were no partners, and that the girls danced with each other. She was English. Now I love the English: I think they have characteristics second to none upon this earth. But when I think of the English that I have always met at foreign hotels I want to reconsider my attitude to the English. It is no good pretending that these people are not English. I wish I could do so. At any rate, they are peculiar to foreign hotels, and I never meet any of them at home.

There is something extraordinary, as I have said, about the effect of living in a foreign hotel. One instantly becomes provincial. One looks at clothes, at manners of eating, walking, talking. It is a terrible snare. Here is Rome, a place which to me is beautiful as well as interesting (I say "beautiful" defiantly, in face of the strictures upon the modern buildings which I have heard and read; and not authoritatively), which I love and of which I cannot imagine myself tiring. And yet, as soon as I enter my hotel and am cut off from the whole of Rome but the endless tooting of puerile motor horns, I forget Rome as in Rome I have forgotten England. I see and hear and feel only the crowd at the hotel — see them reading the "Daily Mail", the New York "Herald", etc.; hear them chattering . . . "Yaas, one is an artist, one is a novelist, and the third is a barrister . . . Re*mark*able . . . "; and notice their greedy and miserable deportment at the scattered tables. A psychologist could explain this group snobbery and hostility: I cannot. They all watch, watch, . . . watch. They comment. They munch. They carry red books as they might wear decorations; and by the sign of the red book shall you know them all. The red books have entered into their souls. It is foreign travel that has cast this strange horrific provincialism upon them all, this desire to do and see what is right, what is educational; to watch others and score off them in their own minds. At home they will be different. At home *I* shall be different. At present I think only of my environment. Books, publishing, literature, the fine

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arts, are all unknown to me. This is what foreign travel does. It widens one's horizons, they say; well, it does that. But it also reduces one to a sad state of human weakness, and is therefore deplorable. I see no hope of changing human nature. As the opponents of Socialism used invariably to begin, "Human Nature being what it is . . ."

And yet, now that I come to think of it, Rome has some definite literary associations for me, as it has for many other Englishmen. In the Corso Umberto I, a narrow straight street of shops and ancient palaces, where one walks along a two foot pathway and hears the tooting of horns and the warning shouts of the drivers of flys (flea traps), there is to be seen a big marble tablet. The tablet announces that in the building so decorated Shelley wrote "Prometheus Unbound", and "The Cenci". In another old house in the Piazza di Spagna, Keats died; and the rooms in which he lived have been converted into a permanent Keats-Shelley memorial museum. I have visited this museum, and found it deeply interesting, although as far as I can tell it contains only the replicas and drawings and volumes which were to be expected. Nevertheless, it *is* a memorial, and it has a respectable (though not exhaustive) library of books relating to Keats and Shelley and their contemporaries (there is, e.g., the Waller-Glover Hazlitt), and a pretty full collection of editions of both poets. It would repay the attention of any visitor to Rome, not so much for any fresh thrill that it might give as for the revival of ancient delights and as a proof of the valuable devotion to which it owes its not inadequate existence.

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When I said just now that the memorial library included the big Waller-Glover Hazlitt, I was reminded to say that P. P. Howe's monumental work upon Hazlitt did not appear upon the shelves or in the catalogues of the library. I asked particularly for it. And that brings me to comment upon the very interesting republication by the "Times Literary Supplement", upon Mr. Howe's authority, of Hazlitt's hitherto uncollected review, originally published in "The London Weekly Review" in the year 1828, of the third volume of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations". The republication of this essay by the "Times Literary Supplement" is of moment in more than one respect. For me its first importance is that it shows how much Mr. Howe's book has done for the establishment of Hazlitt among living mandarins as a critic of prime value. This is a very great thing indeed. Mr. Howe deserves the respect of all for a worthy act and a great success. It would be difficult to account for the reprinting of any ancient review in such a paper as the "Literary Supplement" upon any grounds other than those of (1) intrinsic excellence and (2) the author's standing. A review by any Tom, Dick, or Harry of any book in the world would not thus be suffered to usurp the valuable front page position of the paper. Moreover, the character of the review itself would need to be very high. It is high. I think there is no doubt that this review has qualities exceeding those of most of the contributions to the "Times Literary Supplement". Hazlitt was an extremely individual writer always, but his æsthetics were sound enough. He went to reality for his standards. He went to reality for the standards by which he judged Landor. The article is a piece of criticism. It is also a good piece of writing. It makes us feel that, however talented, however adroit and

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competent, are the contributors of literary articles to our current periodical press, none of them, in Stevenson's classic phrase, can write like Hazlitt. It is a great delight to me, as it must have been to all Hazlitt lovers, to see this piece of work leading off the issue of the "Times Literary Supplement" for March 20, 1924. It caused me (as it must have caused hundreds of others) a pang to think that we have nobody doing literary criticism nowadays with quite this same air of candor and understanding. There is familiarity in the essay, as there is often a kind of familiarity in the causeries of modern writers; but there is a wisdom which is nowadays apparently incompatible with familiarity. And, as I have already said, the prime emotion which I (and perhaps only a few others) felt was the delight of knowing that Hazlitt has really been brought so prominently into notice among living judges that his reputation is consolidated. To those of us who have seen the persistent snubbings given to Hazlitt by the busy compilers of volumes of industrious essays upon the great dead, this is something of a day.

* * * *

I said above that among modern writers wisdom seemed incompatible with familiarity in criticism. The reason may be that such writers have to write too much. But I think it is that they begin too young. The causerie is one of the most deceptive of all forms of writing. It seems easy. It can be easy. But it is presumably a kind of writing which for its true effect depends upon a sort of scholarship in the writer. Most of us can sit down to write two or three thousand words about a book or about several books. We can write these words — well enough to be readable, well enough to give most people the notion that we have read the book or books, and that we have had some previous acquaintance with the subject upon which we are laying down the law. But we cannot contribute any real information to the author. No author learns anything from the writings of others about his books. Anything, that is, but the critic's prejudices or his perfectly natural antipathy to the writer. The improvement of any writer's work by attention to the precepts of critics is out of the question. Why is this? It is because the critics read books for the purpose of saying something about them. They do not read for knowledge. They are not willing to submit their minds to the books, to accept the author's purpose, with the full exercise of their imagination. Always an eye is upon the clock, upon the number of pages yet to be estimated. We read books by their indexes. If we can find a misprint or two, these things will suffice to display our erudition; and for the rest we get the essential facts from the book itself, and fall foul of a few of them or of the author's interpretations. Is that the best way of writing criticism? I do not think it is. And yet it seems the inevitable way nowadays. A man begins to criticize upon the slenderest basis of knowledge. He begins very young. During the years when he should be accumulating scholarship he is delivering judgment. The habit of giving judgment is easily acquired; and once it is acquired the capacity for learning is gone. We no longer learn, we have no time to reflect; our authoritative comment must be with the printers by five o'clock tomorrow afternoon. We must be expert upon every subject, from Egyptology to the Renaissance, from æsthetics to photography. It is expected. What wonder our causerists take themselves seriously?

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What wonder their comments give amusement to the writers of the books they criticize, who know all the sources of their knowledge and can afford (being specialists, and not causerists) to analyze facts in the light of other ascertained facts? The specialists may be obsessionists, they may be cranks; but they know some one subject. The causerists, having to know everything, know nothing. Hazlitt's knowledge may have been queer — he used the same fact or quotation or reminiscence again and again in his writing — but at least he had *thought*. What his principles were (whether they were right or wrong) he knew thoroughly. Having started to deliver judgment at an immature age, our causerists have no chance to mature. Their work gives them no time and no peace for understanding. Their minds lose elasticity. They perish.

* * * *

A series to which I have several times meant to allude in these pages is the one called the "Notable British Trials Series", published by an Edinburgh firm, William Hodge and Company. I should much like to possess a complete set of these books, which have astounding value to the student of human nature. As it is, I have read perhaps a dozen of them. Each consists of a literal transcription of the actual speeches, statements, cross examination, and judgment delivered in some celebrated trial. Each (I think) has an ingenious preface by somebody who has made an exact study of the law as it affects criminal trials and who has studied the case under notice with especial care. The result in most cases is a book which is neither handsome in appearance nor æsthetically edifying in content; but a book from which one may learn strange and salutary things. I suppose no kind of common literature has such a powerful appeal to intricate and peculiar minds as the story of crime and its detection. I can remember once seeing a letter which had been addressed by the late Theodore Watts-Dunton to a firm of booksellers. It said: "Dear Sirs, Will you please send Mr. Swinburne a complete set of the detective novels of Dick Donovan. Yours sincerely." Now Dick Donovan's detective stories are wooden enough affairs, not at all to be compared with the best tales of their kind which have been or which are being written; but the estimable poets of the Pines obviously shared a taste with the multitude for the unraveling of clues, for mystification, and for the hunting down of the guilty. Detective stories to them, as to so many of us, were enthralling, and they satisfied that strange craving for vengeance, for retribution, which may be at the bottom of our lust for tales of crime. I do not guarantee this interpretation. We may all merely like to exercise our wits, to relax upon the spectacle of a fugitive engaged in desperate battle with his pursuers. We may simply enjoy the plainest variety of excitement. But I fancy our interest is in the chase, the problem, the doubles and turnings, and the inevitable end. Messrs. Hodge give us something different from the romantic tale. They give us in bare detail the exact words spoken, taken in most cases from the official transcription made in court. And some of the volumes in the "Notable British Trials Series" are for this very reason absorbing. I do not know them all, but those for example dealing with murders committed by men called Seddon and Crippen are full of details breathlessly interesting, containing revelations *and puzzles* for the student of human nature which to me are irresist-

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ible. The new volume, which I have not yet seen, relates the trial of Frederick Bywaters and Edith Thompson, and is edited by Filson Young. The trial of these two people, for the murder of Mrs. Thompson's husband, was one which made much stir here. It was something more than a legal problem, and it agitated men of every complexion. The murder actually was committed by the man (there was no question of that), but letters from Mrs. Thompson were found among his belongings of such a character as to involve her in the capital charge. Now I have not seen Filson Young's comments, and I do not pretend to special knowledge of the case; but at the time of the trial I heard men experienced in the law maintain that neither Bywaters nor Mrs. Thompson should have been executed. Both were executed. The execution of Mrs. Thompson sent a shock through England. Lurid stories have been told me of the wretched woman's last hour. Defense, accusation, argument have been poured into my ears. Now at last I shall be able to read the case in its entirety, and really to try and comprehend Mrs. Thompson's extraordinary letters. Also to read Filson Young's comments, which are bound to be interesting. I commend this volume to those who are interested in the baffling nature of diverse human actions.

* * * *

As I write, news comes that Allan Monkhouse has scored a success with his war play, "The Conquering Hero". This will be splendid news for all lovers of Monkhouse's work. As far as I know, the only novel by Monkhouse to have made its way across to the United States is "True Love", also a romance of the war. His other novels are very much worthwhile to all those who care for genuine delicacy in theme and handling, for subtleties, for the nuances of human relationship. I would commend especially "My Daughter Helen", a very short book drawing a daughter entirely through the perceptions of her father. It was a fascinating thing to attempt, and I think Monkhouse brought off his *tour de force*. Whether he has repeated the success in a just published sequel entitled "Marmaduke" my absence from London does not enable me to say. But there is no question about the general acclamation of "The Conquering Hero". It is enjoying quite a furor. It is the story of a sensitive man who goes to the war, suffers its horrors, returns home shattered and an acknowledged hero, is met by brass bands and the applause of his relatives, and turns upon them all with bitter scorn. The play as written is slight but powerful; acted, it is evidently very moving. And as success is here, there seems no reason why we should not read and reread his equally fine novels. Monkhouse is the literary editor of the "Manchester Guardian", is the author of a regular causerie in the Weekly Edition of the "Manchester Guardian", and is a Manchester man. He is as modest as he is talented. He is as kind and generous as he is sympathetic and candid. To him many men, younger and more spectacular than himself, owe encouragement and enthusiasm. They owe also the stimulation which they have had from his courageously uncommercial work for years past. In Monkhouse's best writing there is a rare quality of beauty and distinction which should long ago have assured him of a great place in contemporary letters. Perhaps the recognition of that beauty — that nobleness — is now to come. I hope it is.

SIMON PURE

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THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

XXX: PADRAIC COLUM

With a Caricature by William Gropper

OCCASIONALLY one runs across a miracle of manhood, a personality which possesses no animosities and would not know what to do with them if he had them, a naïve recipient of life whose essential gentleness is so singular as to set him in the midst of all groups and apart from the internecine warfare that is the ordinary occupation of groups. Padraic Colum is such a personality. He has been likened to a leprachaun, one of the Siddhas, an inspired child, and an adorable phenomenon in a nation that would rather fight than eat. The truth is that such comparisons weaken him and lessen his stature, for he is all of these things and much more besides. He does not stop short at the leprachaun stage, and it is to be suspected that this comparison is more the result of his size than of his brain and personality. In other words, he is more skilled in threading the labyrinth of life than his gentleness suggests. He has discovered (or, perhaps, it is a congenital gift of clairvoyance) the precise media to ensure success in a literary existence. But before going into this his outward aspects should be noted.

His clearly cut features, wide set eyes, large head of hair (now, alas, thinning), suggest an intelligence that gathers added strength from a blithe simplicity in mannerisms. An unfailing cheerfulness of demeanor in all meetings and argumentations posits an impartiality of judgment that is suspect. He is not really impartial. Rather is he perpetually generous in his approach to all things, the possessor of a mind that is insistently cautioned by tolerance. Behind this aspect of tolerance loom certain adamantine convictions which are yet so broad in their manifestations as to include many seemingly contradictory things. He believes, for instance, that the literary creator should love all his characters, and this belief induces a broadness of sympathy which partially impairs his position as a potential writer. One understands therefore that he moves within certain limitations, that he can never actually get out of himself, that no book that he may write can ever be really bigger than he is. There will be no accidents in his career but rather a continual self expression consistently bounded by his personality. Yet these statements must not be taken as belittlement, for as much as any writer living today he possesses that mystic substance that we call genius. This deliberate circumscribing of himself is merely an intimation of the direction which his dæmon will pursue. His sympathy closes certain gates of departure into darkness for him but it flings wide other egresses to fair prospects.

This tolerance, now so emphatic a portion of his being, is not an acquired characteristic, nor the result of speculations which have shown him the relativity of all things and therefore induced the conviction that the phenomena of life and æsthetics are all limitations of organic existence. In

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Padraic Colum

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other words, he is not a cerebral philosopher. It is rather the continuation of a childlike acceptance which admits magic and fairies and divinity and goodness as a supernal pulse animating the universe. It is a sensitivity that is quite unclassified and which defeats analysis. It was present in him from the first. His novitiate was served in that Dublin wherein James Joyce existed but it is safe to assert that he did not live in the same Dublin that Joyce saw. It was in another city altogether that he began life as a clerk in a railway office and used the ledgers for poetry scribbling. It was a city of admirable impulses, of nationalistic fervor, of untrammeled enthusiasms. He sprang fully endowed from the forehead of Dana.

Legends have crystallized his gentleness and simplicity but they do not do him justice. We hear of him timidly calling on the directress of a small amateur company with a play about Brian Boru under his arm. We hear that among the very first poems he ever wrote was the marvelous "A Poor Scholar of the Forties", certainly a definitive proof of genius. We hear of him playing in one of A. E.'s plays and constantly being twitted for years after by a line addressed to him in that play, "Be still, hasty boy!" We hear of him marrying his charming and brilliant wife with but a few pounds in his pocket and setting off for London with no more than sanguine hopes of success. We hear of the respect he commanded by his first plays, "The Fiddler's House", "The Land", and that dark triumph, "Thomas Muskerry". We hear of the hegira to America and years of struggle. We — but what is the use of going on? All of it combines into a portrait of a man whose gentleness is an indubitable source of strength, whose simplicity is merely the consistent development of self expression, of a high degree of actual achievement.

There is a unity in Padraic Colum, a deep seated belief in destiny that has given him courage and strength to pursue his career. He has remarked that he writes nothing of his own volition, that he must be told what to do and then he will do it. He has also remarked that he can do anything that he is told to do; and this is, by far, the more important statement. Of course, he can. It really doesn't matter what he does. Poems, plays, novels, essays, criticism, description, fairy stories, studies in folk lore — all of these things are merely outlets to that rich substance which is his mind and which is quite unalloyed by any ulterior impulses. For this reason he is not always a good critic; he is too much himself; his personality strikes fire from the tiniest flint.

There is a lesson to be read in the story of the bee. It happened at Peterboro, New Hampshire, where, seated on a screen enclosed porch, Padraic Colum noticed a bee trying to buzz its way out. He took the bee in his hand and, opening the screen door, flung the bee to freedom. The ungracious insect stung the poet on the hand during the gesture. "The poor little bee didn't know I was trying to help it", remarked Colum, without any rancor whatsoever. The same thing would have happened to any critic who tried to sting Colum. It would have happened to any person foolish enough to display enmity of any sort. His tolerance is the result of his own convictions as to the fairness of his attitude toward life. When the gods fashioned him they left out jealousy.

Now and then he becomes aware of his own extreme tolerance and it troubles him. It may be possible that deep in his heart there are instants when he

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would like to be Napoleon or Casanova. Who knows? But his equanimity is too deep seated for any painful self proddings. His cult of cheerfulness negates any morbid inward analyses. Besides that, he is really religious. His religion is a natural inward growth, partially a result of national characteristics and the actual dependence of his scheme of things on the principle of divine guidance. If he were not religious he would not be Padraic Colum. Religion reacts to something that was deep seated in him from the very first, from the days before he realized what religion meant. It is that something that accepts fairies as actualities and manifests itself in numberless evidences of superstitions.

We may believe that he is naturally sure of himself. It could only be a man sure of himself who, when welcomed in Hawaii by government representatives, calmly pledged the friendship of Ireland to the Pacific island. Hawaii might have been a turning point in his career if he were not already so firmly grounded in himself. But even in that faraway land thoughts of the birds on Irish beaches touched his soul. And it is here that another point may be brought out which throws light on his personality. He is of unchangeable quality. The Padraic Colum of the Dublin of 1903 is the same Padraic Colum of the New York of 1924. Like all real ideals, he does not shift. There are times when he neglects his proper expression, when he wastes himself on unending series of children's books that retell classics, when he attempts to broaden a poetical vein which really should not be broadened; but even this neglect cannot be called a dissipation of genius. There is really no lessening in the man. He merely fails to speak with the proper accent. It is Longford.

An amazing amount of knowledge is concealed in his mind, and here again is a reason for not taking his simplicity too much at its face value. No man can know as much as he does and be simple. Rather is his simplicity a directness, a refusal to play with masks of any sort and an understanding that literature need not be a ceremonious affair. He is animated by a deep enthusiasm that is concerned less with the mode of expression than the actual expression itself. Consequently he will not be found indulging in experimentations for the sake of technical development. His output is the natural deliverance of himself to his readers, and it may come through any channel that is suggested.

Having said so much, it becomes imperative to insist again that Padraic Colum be not misinterpreted as one of those simple geniuses who are stung by bees, fall into ditches, get lost in the woods, mislay their hats, and exhibit all the other so called "cute" mannerisms that are supposed to be associated with the unspoiled personage. He is of vaster stature. All of these things may happen to him, of course, but they are of secondary import so far as his actual self is concerned. The man who may be perverted into a gentle sort of clown is not so infinitely capable as Padraic Colum assuredly is. The gentleness of strength, the simplicity of assurance and accurate assumption, the unconsciousness of natural confidence, these are the things that move behind his unassuming exterior. He is a scholar in the best sense of the word, as anyone talking to him for half an hour will know. His approach to a subject is always broad and reasonable.

One may not always agree with him but no one can doubt his intelligence. It is quite possible that he is altogether too much concerned with loving his

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characters. This tendency rather tempts him to love other people, to love people in general, in fact. And so broad an inclusiveness is not good for great literature. It destroys values. But, curiously enough, Padraic Colum will rarely be found loving the things that do not distinctly aid his self expression in some measure. If he must love all the characters in a book, he will be sure to write a book in which all the characters should be loved. There are two things that he is on record as *not* loving: they are the Algonquin and "Vanity Fair". Also there are two traits that will never be found in his books; and they are brittle wit and superficial sophistication.

THE THREE MISSES BARKER

By Elizabeth J. Coatsworth

SUCH tea party furies,
Such powdered head tossings,
Such bright angry glances,
Such shrill hot words —
But the three Misses Barker were like a little garrison,
And they held out for their king
In a land of rebels.

The years went by,
And the years went by,
And arguments cooled,
And eyebrows went up,
And fashions changed,
And many things were forgotten
But the three Misses Barker did not surrender —
They were loyal to their king
In a land of rebels.

The grandchildren of their schoolmates
Were young men and women
Who giggled and chuckled
At worn out heart burnings,
But the three Misses Barker held their heads the higher
And died fifty years after the Declaration of Independence,
Still true to their king
In a land of rebels.

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TO SEE OR NOT TO SEE

By David Carb

PLAYS IN NEW YORK WORTH SEEING

1. EXPRESSING WILLIE: *The Equity Players have at last come through with a charming comedy, beautifully directed.* (*Reviewed below.*)

2. CYRANO DE BERGERAC: *The best of all modern romantic plays, dashingly acted and produced by Walter Hampden.*

3. THE MIRACLE: *Astonishing spectacle with a first act of great and poignant beauty.*

4. THE SWAN: *Refuting the old saying that marriages are made in heaven.*

5. FATA MORGANA: *The emotions of comedy and tragedy conveyed simultaneously in one of the sharpest plays of the season.*

6. THE SHOW-OFF: *A really fine American comedy at last.*

7. RAIN: *Sex and religion as they don't mix in the South Seas.*

8. BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK: *Roland Young dreams he has married money and the audience has a gorgeous time.*

9. THE OUTSIDER: *Lionel Atwill and Katharine Cornell make a trick play memorable and exciting.*

10. *Queenie Smith and Gertrude Bryan in* SITTING PRETTY *make a smart musical show the smartest thing in town.* (*Reviewed below.*) *Otherwise in music we still have the colorful* POPPY, KID BOOTS, BATTLING BUTLER, *and the naïve but fascinating* ANDRE CHARLOT'S REVUE *with a new comedian.* (*Reviewed below.*)

THERE is little good news this month. . . .

The directors of the Provincetown Playhouse announce their enterprise as a "laboratory of experiment". So far in this, their first, season they have made three productions — "The Spook Sonata", Strindberg's autobiography of madness — an inchoate and humorless adventure in what would be called melodrama if it were sane; "Fashion", a revival of an old American play with interpolated songs in the manner of "The Beggar's Opera"; and an arrangement of Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" wherein one person recites the poem and several men in ill fitting masks make movements illustrating the lines. That is the record up to date of the "laboratory of experiment". And as I watched the performance of "The Ancient Mariner" I was continually asking myself where the experiment came in. For what I saw upon the stage was an impressive poem presented much as the old fashioned illustrated song was presented, or indeed as a great many of the song numbers in current revues are "staged". The

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only difference is in the words and the tempo. And the pretension. E. J. Ballantine reads the lines with feeling and in a singularly expressive and resonant voice, and the sailors go through their movements with grace if not always with precision. Some of the effects are impressive. But Coleridge's poem has seemed clear to a hundred years of readers who doubtless have made for themselves finer pictures than can be seen on the Provincetown stage. So where is the experiment?

The original Provincetown Players, under the guidance of the late George Cram Cook, were truly experimental. Their productions were often crude and unimaginative; they made their experiments in the drama itself. They not only "discovered" Eugene O'Neill and produced his one act plays that were, for the most part, usual in form but possessed of a truth and a passion and a poetry new to the American theatre; they did this at a time when tragedy was practically barred from the New York stage and when they alone discerned the genius of our foremost dramatist. That would seem to be real experimentation.

The Harvard Prize play this year is called "Nancy Ann" and was written by Dorothy Heyward. It is the story of a girl of what used to be referred to as "The Four Hundred", who bolts from her coming out party, seeks a job on the stage, and marries the manager. The aristocratic milieu is as convincing as "class" in a cheap movie. The scenes in the theatrical office are somewhat better observed. One gets the impression that Francine Larrimore, the star, is appearing in a succession of vaudeville turns, billed as "The Adventures of a Moron". Nancy Ann is a sort of Sis Hopkins whose mind stopped growing even earlier than the mind of Sis stopped.

Mrs. Fiske returned to town in a negligible comedy named "Helena's Boys". It probably would have been more entertaining if the same subject had not been treated with skill and sincerity in "The Goose Hangs High". The revolt of the younger generation is becoming a bit stereotyped. At least three plays this season have exploited that revolt; in two of them the next adult generation is represented as being completely taken in by fake art. Lewis Beach tells us that the youngsters of today are thoughtless and pleasure seeking, and we know that is true because youngsters have always been thoughtless and pleasure seeking, and always will be. But Zangwill in "We Moderns" and Mrs. Ehrlich in "Helena's Boys" tell us that the current adolescents are fools, and we know that is false.

Mrs. Fiske acts with a sureness of emphasis, a naturalness and an exquisite finesse, in short, with an art that will place her among the moderns when the latest younger generation has grown up.

"Man and the Masses" (the much heralded "Massemensch"), the new Theatre Guild tragedy, was directed by Lee Simonson. It represents this scenic artist's first effort in this line. His work shows such remarkable taste and power that there is no doubt that to the small number of really good directors in our theatre a rare talent has been added. Some of the groupings and mob scenes of "Man and the Masses" are beautiful and unforgetable.

The play itself is dated. It could never have possessed a life of its own, for its characters are not individuals, not even human beings; they are scarcely even points of view. Soap

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box orators are effective only to the degree that they arouse instant indignation in the auditors. To accomplish that the subject must be immediate and vital. The subject of the soap boxing of "Man and the Masses" belongs to the period just after the war, and to an American the emotions of that time are as remote and incredible as the passion which sent him into the trenches.

"God knows I have suffered for my talent", says the artist in "Cheaper to Marry". "God knows I have suffered for my friendship", Allan Dinehart, the marrying man, might have wailed. "God knows I have suffered for my love", Claiborne Foster, the wife, might have sobbed. "God knows I have suffered for my beliefs", Robert Warwick, the man who doesn't believe in marriage, might have cried. "God knows I have suffered for your beliefs", Florence Eldridge, the unmarried girl, might have hissed at her keeper. And thus most of Mr. Shipman's play would have been told in four lines. And the lady behind me would have whispered just as penetratingly, "She's right", when the kept woman announced she had to steal because she wasn't married, and her escort would have applauded just as frantically the novel sentiment expressed by Robert Warwick — or was it Allan Dinehart? — "There's only one kind of love that's enduring — it's the palship between two men."

"Paradise Alley" is a musical comedy with a story. The story is obvious and conventional, and ridiculous when it attempts to be serious. The music is not arresting. The comedy, when there is any, is forced. Charles Derickson is a slender, mild tenor cast as a prizefighter. Ida May Chadwick dances well; when she tries to be funny she is merely vulgar. Helen Shipman is fresh and attractive, but she works far too hard.

THE DRAMA SHELF

"Phryne" by Frederic Arnold Kummer (Dorrance). Curiously elaborate plays with one effective realistic drama sandwiched between them.

"The District Visitor" by Richard Middleton (Norman, Remington). A morbid and wandering little play.

"Representative Continental Dramas" edited by Montrose J. Moses (Little, Brown). Contains great plays from various European countries — a most useful collection.

Indeed that seems to be the trouble with most of the musical show ingénues. They are "too anxious to please to please", as O. Henry said of Tildy, the waitress, who "was safe abroad at any hour of the twenty-four". Queenie Smith is a delightful exception. She brings to her work an insouciance altogether charming and a personality winsome, elusive, elfin. She is the Maude Adams of the musical stage — the Peter Pan of the revues. A dancer of remarkable grace and resource, she captivates by her directness, ease, ingenuousness, and an untiring boyish zest. "Sitting Pretty" itself is smart, quiet, elegant. And not the least elegant thing in it is Gertrude Bryan.

"Vogues", the new revue at the Shubert, is more in the Broadway tradition of brightness and liveliness. Odette Myrtil is energetic and lithe; Fred Allen and Jimmy Savo, two recruits from vaudeville, are diverting, in spite of their jokes. The "Rain" number is delightful. Six girls, dressed as Sadie Thompson, enter followed by six missionaries who sing a clever parody of "Oh, tell me, pretty maiden" from "Floradora": "Oh, tell me, Sadie Thompson, are there any more at home

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like you?" At the end the six wives of the missionaries rescue the infatuated dispensers of the Word.

The engaging Jack Buchanan, because of previous contracts, was forced to leave "Charlot's Revue" and return to England, and Nelson Keys, a popular comedian of the London musical stage, was sent over as a substitute in the show that has captured New York. Keys has been unfortunate in the material selected for him. At least one of his acts is not funny to an American audience. The others do not rouse enthusiasm. In London he is popular more for his imitations than for anything else, but that talent has not yet been exhibited here.

Yet "Charlot's Revue" remains the most delightful thing of its kind in town. One never tires of Gertrude Lawrence's "There Are Times" and "I Don't Know" songs, and of Beatrice Lillie's "There's Life in the Old Girl Yet" and "March With Me". Or for that matter, of Gertrude Lawrence and Beatrice Lillie.

And now, the best for the last! The old saying, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again" has once more been proved wise and, like honesty, the best policy. The Equity Players, after two seasons of uninterrupted failure, have produced a play not only worthy of their aspirations, but a popular success as well. "Expressing Willie" is the play, and Rachel Crothers is both the author and the director. In both capacities she performs brilliantly.

Willie Smith, having made a fortune in tooth powder, wishes to acquire the Better Things of Life. He builds a vast, any-period-and-style-but-our-own house on Long Island, and invites artists and intellectuals to a weekend in the Pretentious Pile. His mother from Tuckerville, rattling around in the palatial country seat and jumping from butler to footmen, invites a guest of her own kind — Minnie Whitcomb, a music teacher, from back home. And the story relates how Minnie learns from the sophisticates of the necessity for self expression and makes Willie do it.

Delicious comedy, gentle yet penetrating satire, "Expressing Willie" is one of the finest achievements of an unusual season. It has grace, deftness, and sureness. And it is magnificently acted. Chrystal Herne, as Minnie Whitcomb, plays with just the right note of intensity, enough and not too much awkwardness, and a humorless sincerity entirely convincing. Louise Closser Hale is home again in the kind of pungent, straightforward, straight talking rôle which she has made peculiarly her own. Richard Sterling, as Willie, makes you understand both the shrewdness and pep which put his tooth powder over big, and the naïveté which can accept at their face value the artistic poseurs who rush to partake of his hospitality. Warren William's performance should be studied by all actors — great and small alike; with scarcely a dozen lines to speak he etches an unforgetable character. Merle Maddern, as the soulful divorcée who is after Willie's money, is the only convincing vamp of the theatre I can recall. She goes in for manner, and you know that manner is the one thing that can perform the miracle of bringing Willie to his knees and sending him wildly chasing after her at the same time. And Miss Maddern's manner is authentic.

"Expressing Willie" more than compensates for the dreariness and the disappointments of the other plays of the month. Or of any month. On the second night it played to capacity, proving once again that there is in New York a large audience waiting eagerly for the good things of the theatre.

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OUTSTANDING MOTION PICTURES

1. THE COVERED WAGON: *Its New York run ended, this epic of colonization will now doubtless find its way to smaller towns as well as large centres of population.*

2. BEAU BRUMMEL: *A fine performance of this romantic play by John Barrymore. (Reviewed below.)*

3. THE THIEF OF BAGDAD: *Fantasy, beauty, miraculous trick photography, Mr. Fairbanks in a lovable rôle — one of the finest pictures yet made.*

4. AMERICA: *Series One — The Sacrifice: A Revolutionary drama of power and significance.*

5. DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL: *Miss Pickford has never looked lovelier nor had a more entertaining setting for her charms. (Reviewed below.)*

MOTION picture critics, many of them, found Pinero's play "The Enchanted Cottage" finely presented as a motion picture. Others viewed it as the most absurd and sentimental trash. I find myself much annoyed at those who fall among the latter class. What do the critics demand of the motion picture? Here is a simple story on a universal theme, i. e., that those people whom we love are beautiful because we love them. Sentimental, if you choose to call it so; but with Richard Barthelmess playing as he has seldom played before, and May McAvoy acting superbly, it seems to me quite beside the point to insist that the story is bathetic. Any story which makes possible so fine a performance as Mr. Barthelmess's is worthwhile; then, too, the picture is directed with insight and taste by John W. Robertson.

Another excellent performance is John Barrymore's in "Beau Brummel". Here we have an intimate costume picture of humor and charm. Barrymore, tenderly humorous, graceful, and finally, in his old age and death, pathetic, proves again that he can transfer his art with something like perfection to the screen.

I am going to discuss only three pictures this month because in those three pictures you can find, if you will take the trouble to see them, examples of most that is good in the present day acting of the screen. (Fine work of its kind, too, can be found in Harold Lloyd's comedy "Girl Shy" and in Jackie Coogan's "A Boy of Flanders".) The third picture is "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall", in which Mary Pickford is again the enchanting hoyden of earlier days, with a wistfulness in maturity that has for me, at least, an added charm. In this Elizabethan picture, Miss Pickford and Marshall Neilan, her director, have chosen to give something of the robust and rollicking note that was characteristic of that strenuous period. They have been greatly aided by an exquisite portrayal of Queen Elizabeth by Clare Eames, who represents her as a tempestuous, imperious, strenuous, and somewhat ribald queen. The story is romantic and has great beauty, as well as its moments of thrilling drama. Miss Pickford is allowed many moods of roguishness, demureness, and violent display of impish temperament. What with Barthelmess, Miss McAvoy, Mr. Barrymore, Miss Pickford, and Miss Eames, one scarcely dares say that acting on the screen does not at least approach the standards of art.

— *J. F.*

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and* "THE BOOKMAN'S *Monthly Score". Such books as the editor especially recommends are marked with a star.*

SIEGE — Samuel Hopkins Adams — *Boni, Liveright.* A novel which presents the force and tyranny of old age facing problems of a new age.

SUCCESS — Léonie Aminoff — *Dutton.* The fourth volume of an extraordinarily fine series, all written around Napoleon. This one has Josephine for its central figure.

NIGHTSHADE — Anonymous — *Dutton.* West of the Water Tower beyond Main Street.

*BLACK OXEN — Gertrude Atherton — *Boni, Liveright.* Rejuvenation of woman's beauty and youth has proved a popular basis for this swift tale of New York society.

FIDELIA — Edwin Balmer — *Dodd, Mead.* A book that is as staple as salt, sugar, or flour — no bookshop that caters to a general trade can afford to be without it or its ilk.

THE TREASURE OF HO — L. Adams Beck — *Dodd, Mead.* A tale of the Boxer uprising, disclosing an intimate, sympathetic knowledge of China and of esoteric Buddhism.

*RICEYMAN STEPS — Arnold Bennett — *Doran.* A bookshop and the simple people whose small lives develop in it.

THE PRISONER WHO SANG — Johan Bojer — *Century.* The story of Andreas Berget, who fooled most of the people most of the time, and how he became at length the victim of his own impersonations.

CAPTAIN SHAPELY — Harold Brighouse — *McBride.* The course of true love in the days of Queen Anne, with a daring highwayman as hero and a delightfully capricious heroine.

*THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE — Struthers Burt — *Scribner.* An extraordinary understanding of the problem of the youth of today striving to readjust ideals after the cataclysm of war.

*A LOST LADY — Willa Cather — *Knopf.* Marian Forrester is an amazing and colorful woman as seen by the men who admire her.

ON THE LOT AND OFF — George Randolph Chester — *Harper.* This posthumous tale of life behind the silver veil is one of the best of this versatile author's stories.

EVE'S LOVER — Mrs. W. K. Clifford — *Scribner.* Short stories with a wide range of styles, that offer something for every taste.

*THE ROVER — Joseph Conrad — *Doubleday.* Conradian adventurings of soul and body in Corsican times and places.

CONFUSION — James Gould Cozzens — *Brimmer.* It is amazing that a twenty one year old sophomore should be able to write a novel betraying such knowledge of the obscure masterpieces in numberless tongues.

I'LL SHOW YOU THE TOWN — Elmer Davis — *McBride.* Farcical situations that are sometimes funny and sometimes forced, *and* hilarious lines that are an unfailing joy.

THE COAST OF FOLLY — Coningsby Dawson — *Cosmopolitan.* Another young lady, after flirtatious difficulties, wins her way to love and salvation.

THE ELEVENTH VIRGIN — Dorothy Day — *A. and C. Boni.* In which a new author analyzes the "new freedom" as the longing for a husband, a home, and babies.

*MADAME CLAIRE — Susan Ertz — *Appleton.* A charming and serene lady of many years watches and adjusts life as it is lived about her.

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*So Big — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Page.* A superb study of mother and son developing in and near Chicago.

Gerald Cranston's Lady — Gilbert Frankau — *Century.* Love rediscovered in spite of elaborate social deflection and scenario difficulties.

The King of No Man's Land — Arthur O. Friel — *Harper.* The latest adventure of the three war veterans in the jungles of Brazil is not the best story of this series.

*Heirs Apparent — Philip Gibbs — *Doran.* The afterwar age steps into its own.

The Call of the Canyon — Zane Grey — *Harper.* A tenderfoot girl finds love and the great west a stronger call than life around the Plaza and the Ritz.

Waste — Robert Herrick — *Harcourt, Brace.* An ambitious effort to unroll the American scene of the last forty years, with some vitality, more sincerity, and long stretches of dulness.

*The Covered Wagon — Emerson Hough — *Appleton.* Few best sellers persist as does this story of bravery and western colonization.

Mother of Gold — Emerson Hough — *Appleton.* Daring search for a fabulous gold mine with disasters and dangers aplenty.

*Lummox — Fannie Hurst — *Harper.* Vignettes of New York life ably presented, and a remarkable character drawn to link them.

Till A' the Seas Gang Dry — John Innes — *Dutton.* A stickit minister writes an excellent tale, but the Scots dialect may deter many readers.

Recompense — Robert Keable — *Putnam.* Sequels are dangerous things, but Mr. Keable evidently did not overstep when he wrote one to "Simon Called Peter".

Never the Twain Shall Meet — Peter B. Kyne — *Cosmopolitan.* How does one decide between conventional and unconventional love — between civilization and the South Seas?

A Perfect Day — Bohun Lynch — *Seltzer.* The account of one long summer day containing everything a man could want to make him beatifically happy.

*Told by an Idiot — Rose Macaulay — *Boni, Liveright.* Readable satire of life, religion, and politics with proper milestones from 1879 to 1923.

Prunello — S. P. B. Mais — *Brentano.* A splendid though faulty story — very English.

The Plastic Age — Percy Marks — *Century.* A modern Joseph Andrews retains his virtue through trying college surroundings.

The Cook and the Captain Bold — Arthur Mason — *Atlantic.* Racy sketches of life at sea, both entertaining and thrilling. (*See page 457.*)

*Race — William McFee — *Doubleday, Page.* A splendid study of varying temperaments in a novel dealing with the psychology of folk who do not go to sea. (*See page 457.*)

Vindication — Stephen McKenna — *Little, Brown.* A heady concoction of love, misunderstanding, jealousy, and resulting events in decadent English society.

Defeat — Geoffrey Moss — *Boni, Liveright.* Six short stories concerning why France should get out of Germany. Interesting propaganda.

*Bread — Charles G. Norris — *Dutton.* How a working girl may or may not behave when faced with problems of marriage.

Butterfly — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* Temperamental little Butterfly causes her sister to make one great sacrifice for her; but when she attempts a second *coup*, Mrs. Norris rises up and puts her in her place.

The Callahans and the Murphys — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* A community of Irish-Americans, abounding in Irish sentiment with a dash of Irish humor, make a book that will delight Mrs. Norris's large audience.

The Best Short Stories of 1923 — Edward J. O'Brien — *Small, Maynard.* As such collections go — a good one.

The Wrath to Come — E. Phillips Oppenheim — *Little, Brown.* In which Mr. Oppenheim tells, with a maximum of

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thrills, what will happen to the United States if, like a good little nation, she doesn't join the League.

SAYONARA — John Paris — *Boni, Liveright.* Rather crude and obvious sensation mongering cloaks itself in a priest's garb.

LIGHTS ALONG THE LEDGES — Elizabeth Stancy Payne — *Penn.* A yachting trip with a good comedy plot well carried through.

THE BARBARIAN LOVER — Margaret Pedler — *Doran.* Wherein we learn that the only two important things between birth and death are the courage to face life and the love to sweeten it.

THE TEST OF DONALD NORTON — Robert E. Pinkerton — *Reilly, Lee.* The Hudson Bay Company even at the present time affords material for a thrilling romance.

THE DESERT'S PRICE — William MacLeod Raine — *Doubleday, Page.* Cattle kings on western plains duel for one thing and another.

THE LEAP YEAR GIRL — Berta Ruck — *Dodd, Mead.* Good, clean, mid-Victorian reading matter for young girls.

MISTRESS WILDING — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* The usual and delightful Sabatini story retold in the time of Monmouth's rebellion.

*A CURE OF SOULS — May Sinclair — *Macmillan.* An unbelievably complacent man leads his complacent life and finds neither his soul nor punishment.

THERE IS A TIDE — J. C. Snaith — *Appleton.* A featherweight love story.

EMPTY HANDS — Arthur Stringer — *Bobbs-Merrill.* A tale of the great open spaces where men are angels and the handclasp is purer.

*YOUNG FELIX — Frank Swinnerton — *Doran.* A sensitive youth struggles through life.

*THE MIDLANDER — Booth Tarkington — *Doubleday, Page.* The characters and lives of two brothers contrasted — intellectualism vs. materialism.

THE GAY ONES — Charles Hanson Towne — *Century.* A woman who prefers cards to a cradle, dances to domesticity, frivols to her easily guessed fate.

THE PASSION FLOWER — Edna Worthley Underwood — *Houghton Mifflin.* When Nicholas of Russia was at the height of his power — almost a masterpiece.

THE TRAVELLER IN THE FUR CLOAK — Stanley J. Weyman — *Longmans, Green.* On the style of his "Gentleman of France", though not quite so thrilling.

*OH, DOCTOR! — Harry Leon Wilson — *Cosmopolitan.* Farcical pill taking — and love finds a remedy.

*THE ABLE MCLAUGHLINS — Margaret Wilson — *Harper.* A prize novel which is also a good novel and midwest Scotch community history.

PANDORA LA CROIX — Gene Wright — *Lippincott.* Skilful use of local color in India and the South Sea Islands almost atones for a hackneyed plot.

THE MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR — Harold Bell Wright — *Appleton.* Indian and white natures at battle point, with gold lures in the romantic surrounding.

ANN'S AN IDIOT — Pamela Wynne — *Stokes.* A complicated story of a young girl's adventures, with a background of India and a jealous mother.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

Two Seamen

"RACE" (Doubleday, Page) is an admirable novel, although it was a surprise to find that it is not at all about the sea, chiefly, in fact, about a lad who *didn't* run away to sea. After the first chapter or so, I found the book thoroughly absorbing. The clash of temperament and character resulting from racial inheritance is handled with great skill. In his four young people McFee has chosen to give us four types: Francis Striker, the boy who didn't run away to sea, who stifled the poetry in his soul and, following the Hanoverian tendencies in his blood, let cool, towering ambition sway him; Louis Chaillu, lovable, loving, drifting but capable, French in race and tendency, subject to Francis Striker's domination; Hazel Heath, sentimental, highly romantic, successful in her work and love; Lena Heath, instinctive, burden bearing, loving the wrong kind of man. With these as his main characters, McFee has told a realistic story of development that is as frank in its way as "Janet March" or "Streets of Night"; but he has told it with clarity and tact, with the detachment and taste which characterize the Anglo-Saxon man of action. There is nothing neurotic about this psychological study, yet it strikes me as being intensely real. I like it better than any book of McFee's since "Casuals of the Sea" — and I suspect it of being his most important novel.

In Captain Arthur Mason's "The Cook and the Captain Bold" (Atlantic) are a series of racy, humorful sea sketches, with careful and varied dialects and plenty of action. "The Captain's Wife" is unforgetable. It has a sort of rich vulgarity that yet never offends. I recommend, too, "The Donkeyman's Christmas". These are excellent stories for reading out loud, for reading to oneself, for that matter.

Scientific Romance

"GALÁPAGOS: World's End" (Putnam), William Beebe's colorful story of the yacht "Noma's" voyage to this strange home of reptiles, is one of the most luxuriously printed and illustrated books of this or any season. I have scarcely dared to let it lie on my desk, for fear it will prove too great a temptation to the well intentioned but weak willed passer by. Mr. Beebe has always possessed the great gift of making scientific travel data as readable as the most fantastic tale of a Frederick O'Brien — more so, perhaps. His tiny animals are endowed with the personalities of lovable human beings. The trials of his trips become most important to the reader. In this case, with the aid of collaborators, but chiefly by his own skill, he has achieved a remarkable effect. Here is a volume that is not only beautiful to behold and interesting to skim, but readable every inch of the way. It is filled with passages of romantic beauty of phrase. Witness this:

> The silvery sides of the young moonfish were oxidized with a few spots of delicate bronze, and back from the eye streamed a stain of the same colour, like the tail of a comet. Aside from this there were only three areas of dark colour, first the round

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pupil, which was not a colour but a hole, second, the two long streamers from the dorsal fin, extending back quite twice the length of the whole fish, and finally the very long slender ventral fins which were darkly pigmented. In the course of time a thing will occur as strange as the form of the moonfish. As it grows older and larger, the long filaments and the fan-like fins grow shorter, are either worn away or, like a tadpole's tail, actually absorbed. Why this is we do not know, only it is interesting that the larval characteristics which will be lost are already outlined in black, marked for amputation. With all their intense verticality, their short fins, their downward looks, they had themselves under most excellent control, and to catch one in a net in a small aquarium required continued swift, well-judged efforts. The moonfish and flounders lived their lives at right angles to one another, yet seemed to get out of life food, safety, and a mate, and no fish could ask for more.

The Honest Story of a Woman's Life

"SEVEN Times Seven" (Dodd, Mead) is a book which should be read much in the same spirit as one reads a romantic novel. It is an honest autobiography of Maria Thompson Daviess, as a matter of fact, but it is an emotional autobiography and one that gives the intimate thoughts and struggles of a woman of many thoughts and achievements. Its pictures of southern life, of Paris studio days, of the New York literary vanities of a few years past, of sickness and of love, are unusually frank, unusually poignant. I suspect that it will be read by many who do not know the author's novels, as a document of great human interest and breadth of understanding. I should like to quote the final paragraphs:

> And finally — I have assured myself that I have kept the faith I declared with myself in the prologue about presenting the truth in these records, though at times I fear it is only half chiseled from the marble. I have dug faithfully, sometimes cruelly, into my fastnesses wherever I thought there was pay gravel and sought carefully in the upturned mass for even the tiniest gleam of radium. Over some of my mining I have had to throw smoke screens to protect other people whose lives bordered too closely on mine and in which I had no right to dig. To do this I have only mixed time and locality and in a few instances personalities, but in the resultant beclouding tried to keep perfectly clear the flame of my own individuality, the incidents which fed its combustions and all of the reactions upon me. In each and every film I have flashed what really happened and recorded exactly how I felt about it.
>
> Next week comes my forty-ninth birthday!
>
> I am going to take to the open road again, this time with a staff in my hand, keeping ever under the "covert of wings". I seek fellowship.

The Real Literary Pulse

SEVEN volumes of essays: read them and you will be well informed as to current literary and cultural tendencies. And if you keep your wits about you, surely you'll be able to take the American literary pulse with accuracy. Alas! you will find it unsteady but, belying that fact, I am glad to say, healthy! The seven books — "Letters and Religion" by John Jay Chapman (Atlantic), "Looking at Life" by Floyd Dell (Knopf), "Taking the Literary Pulse" by Joseph Collins (Doran), "Enchanted Aisles" by Alexander Woollcott (Putnam), "Many Minds" by Carl Van Doren (Knopf), "Port of New York" by Paul Rosenfeld (Harcourt, Brace), and "The Seven Lively Arts" by Gilbert Seldes (Harper). Here you range from the dignified and beautiful classicism of tolerant age to the funny, absurd, impudent, patronizing, and sometimes amusing intolerance of youth. Both Mr. Chapman and Mr. Seldes spring from Harvard. What a strange chasm separates them; but how easily bridged, for Mr. Seldes will doubtless grow in wisdom with the inevitable years. John Jay Chapman's

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art is the art of leisure, Gilbert Seldes's is the art — he believes it to be art — of hurry! He must create a mode, lest he be demoded. Mr. Chapman writes of things eternal. There is no need for hurry when one appreciates the odes of Horace. In Mr. Dell's "Looking at Life" one finds the thoroughly charming opinions and fancies of the literary conservative struggling with the political radical. It makes a fascinating combination. When I recently implied that Mr. Dell was not of the American tradition I confess that I erred. Mr. Dell fancies himself a follower of Emerson — and he is not mistaken. These are wise and biting essays. They have not the quiet periods of Mr. Chapman's prose; but they show deep reflection, honest thought, and graceful expression. Lighter in tone but no less charming are Mr. Woollcott's pieces. They are informative and brilliant. Mr. Woollcott has always transcended the bounds of journalism in his work, and here his contrasting bits of enthusiasm and quarreling are admirably handled. Mr. Van Doren and Dr. Collins are strangely akin. In "Many Minds", Mr. Van Doren analyzes with a ponderous yet readable certainty; in "Taking the Literary Pulse" Dr. Collins rushes in with deft method and quick diagnosis. Mr. Rosenfeld's "fourteen American moderns" are unusual ones; he writes a luxurious if somewhat involved style, and he is always sincere, even when most remote in his imagery and allusion. Gilbert Seldes has long been the naughty little boy of current criticism. He is often spanked; but, since he is my elder, I decline to spank him. His wisdom is said not always to be accurate. For me, this is hearsay; his range of allusion is so much wider than my own that I cannot question its accuracy. His admiration of jazz, Joe Cook, Charlie Chaplin, Fanny Brice, *et al.* is understandable. I enjoy all of his heroes thoroughly; but this elaborate raising of their efforts to Olympus strikes me as somewhat patronizing. If Mr. Seldes were successful in his attempts, his seven lively arts would soon become stale and profitless. For it is upon their naïveté that they depend — should they take on the self-consciousness of the new art, what a pity it would be! —*J. F.*

TO AN ELDER

By Mavis MacIntosh

WHAT have you to show
Beside tight self content
To prove that I should go
The way you went?

If in your eyes is shown
Your journey, I should say
That Beauty is not known
Along that way.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S COMPLETE WORKS

By Gordon Hall Gerould

A VERITABLE new edition of Matthew Arnold would be an event of real importance in the world of letters. Such an edition might well furnish the book for more than one month, since Arnold was as various in his activities as he was eminent in many of them. Now that he is receding into the past, we ought to have a complete edition with adequate bibliographical notes, at least, and perhaps some brief prefaces to explain to a generation that is not Arnold's why as well as when he wrote. Unfortunately the publishers of what purports to be a new and complete edition have merely reissued a set of volumes from their old plates, inserting for uniformity's sake the date 1924 on the title pages, and adding to the "Discourses in America" a set of rather foolish notes evidently first written for the pleasure and profit of school children. The edition is, moreover, by no means so complete as it pretends to be. "A French Eton" is missing, as is "Civilization in the United States", not to mention the posthumously published "Notebooks".

Arnold deserves better treatment than this, although we doubtless ought to be grateful that certain volumes, hard to come by of late years, have now been placed on the market again. One fears, of course, that the economy of the new issue is the result of shrewd caution on the part of the publishers. It may well be that Arnold is more talked about today than read, and that the slightest expense for editorial supervision would have been unwarranted. If that is the case — and I don't pretend to know — it is a sad pity, for there are few of the great Victorians who have more to say to the third decade of the twentieth century. There are few to whom our decade can so well afford to listen.

The fact is that Arnold has never, living or dead, had the luck he deserved. It may appear absurd to commiserate a man born, as he was, to the intellectual purple, the son of his father, the young poet to whom all that was best in England was open, the secretary to a marquis, the vigorous executive in an expanding educational system, the courted popular essayist whose words became the platitudes of two continents. Yet it is nevertheless true that the best in Arnold was checked and hindered by life. Duty he knew, and he responded to it. Authority he acquired, and he wielded it to the advantage of English speaking folk in and out of England. Success came to him, and — one makes out — he enjoyed it to the full. The man grew, ripening in wisdom and power, but the poet was gradually stifled. Sympathies and perceptions that, if fostered, might have raised him to the lofty place in poetry for which he was seriously an aspirant, and might have made him a more surefooted literary critic than he became, were choked by the dust of the marketplace.

Both during his lifetime, moreover, and since, he has suffered at the hands

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of his admirers. They have made of him a pompous figure, bursting with self pride and crying out against life as it has to be lived. They have taken the clever phrases that he justifiably used to drive home his points as teacher and homilist, and restated them as eternal truths. They have forgotten his good sense, his ardor, his tenderness. They have constantly painted of him a repellent and slightly absurd portrait, and have forthwith fallen down to worship it. No wonder that half the world has mocked and eventually has ceased to read, as I fear is the case.

It should never be forgotten that Arnold was a poet who turned into a critic, not a scholarly critic who once in a while experimented with verse. Three volumes of the twelve in the edition before us — or of the fourteen that we might more justly have been given — are devoted to poetry. Not a very abundant production, perhaps, from a poet who lived to be nearly seventy, but a considerable body of verse none the less: enough to warrant an estimate of performance rather than of intention. Do these volumes contain a "great and ample body of powerful work which remains to him, even after all his inferior work has been cleared away", as Arnold puts the case in regard to Wordsworth? I think they do, even though we cannot wisely rate Matthew Arnold's among the very greatest names in our poetical history.

A narrative poem like "Sohrab and Rustum" is surely the work of a master, as is the much less praised and read "Tristram and Iseult", which happens to be one of the few modern treatments of an Arthurian theme that does not set on edge the teeth of anyone who knows mediæval romance. In another kind, "The Scholar-Gipsy", "Thyrsis", "Memorial Verses", and "Rugby Chapel" form a group that few poets have surpassed, while it would take too long to name the lyrics that have become a permanent part of our literary heritage. Let us grant that his dominant mood as a lyric poet was not joyous, that he questioned life in sombre fashion and found no explicit answer to some of his queries, that there is less variety in his work than in that of others; it is nevertheless true that he had a voice and magic of his own. No one else could have written "Philomela" or "Dover Beach" or "The Future", nor could our age at least spare the note they sound. Yet it is not true that the poetry of Arnold is all in one key, and that a minor, as we are sometimes given to understand by apologists. Where can one find more abandonment to pure joy than in the final outburst of Callicles in "Empedocles on Etna"? Not even Swinburne succeeded better in suggesting the movement of Greek choruses than did Arnold in this passage and in "Bacchanalia". Pensive and rather wistful though he was in most of his poetic hours, he could also strike other notes. Nothing of the sort in the language is better than the solemn close of "Sohrab and Rustum".

But as I have said, the poet turned into a critic. The impulse to write verse was gradually stifled. Except that it happened far too soon, this would perhaps not matter, since very few men have produced great poetry through a long series of years. It seems to me clear, however, that the virtues and faults of Arnold the essayist and lecturer were conditioned by the early manhood of Arnold the poet. There never were two men. The reconcilement with the world of ideas and the world of things that he had worked out for himself became the substance of what he taught in prose. It implies no

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disparagement of him to say that he was always the didactic essayist rather than the pure critic, who is forever testing and trying in an attempt to discover new aspects of truth, new facets of beauty. Sane judgment Arnold had, but not the judicial temper. He knew what he believed, and he explained the world in terms of his experience. I am inclined to think that the arrogance which sometimes marred his prose should be attributed to the poet's temper rather than to personal pride, for he was really a humble minded man beneath the surface.

To literature, to politics, to religion, Arnold applied himself with equal fervor, interpreting each in similar fashion and establishing — if he did nothing else — the sound doctrine that literature enters into every department of human activity. Because he had high courage and poetic ardor, he attacked the sham and shoddy of his own time with a violence that was half amused and half scornful. Perhaps he would have gone further as an interpreter if he had throttled his impulses down while he scrutinized the problems before him; but it is certain that he would never have impressed the world as he did, except for a certain intemperance of speech. He was not a Sainte-Beuve, as he aspired to be, but he was someone quite as useful. He was, throughout, Matthew Arnold. There has been but one.

I have said that our generation can well afford to listen to this Victorian. No one denies, I believe, that we live in a period of some confusion. Values are fluctuating, to put the case very mildly. In such circumstances the words of a man like Arnold, who by his poet's intuition had laid hold on certain changless elements in life, may be exceedingly profitable to the hearer. It is amazing, indeed, as one surveys his work afresh, that so many of the essays are pertinent to our troubled age.

The Works of Matthew Arnold. Complete Uniform Edition. The Macmillan Co.

A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

HARDEN SURVEYS THE INTERNATIONAL SCENE

By Charles Seymour

HERE, as one might expect, is a volcanic mass composed of scalding invective, encyclopædic information, historical half truths, political misinterpretation, and rattling good sense. As usual, Herr Harden thinks little of his reader; he pours forth his dynamic phrases, the power of which is still preserved in the translation, apparently regardless of sequence and anxious merely to rid himself of their unspoken burden. Obscure allusions invade every page. Misspellings of proper names cannot but vex the student. The roughnesses of Harden's style and the frequency of awkward expressions which are so noticeable in his shorter articles have not been softened in this essay, which is of greater length and higher importance than most of his writings. But no matter how difficult, especially in its earlier portions, this

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MAXIMILIAN HARDEN

Drawn from life for THE BOOKMAN *by Ivan Opffer and autographed by Herr Harden*

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volume manifests with supreme force the virtues of Harden as political writer. If the historical allusions and illustrations are frequently obscure, they are always apt; if the subject matter at times is so diversified as to appear irrelevant, at the end it is knit into a solid thesis. The chief characteristics, of course, are courage and honesty; whether or not the reader agrees with Harden's conclusions, his admiration is compelled by the great journalist's scorn for all forms of cant, his willingness to look unpleasant facts in the face, and his determination to make the best of them. He hates futility and he despises whining.

Nothing illustrates his courage and his honesty better than the opening chapters of the translated edition, in which he begins by studying the policy of French statesmen after the defeat of 1871 and the attitude of the French nation toward them. Thiers made no attempt to evade the terms of the cruel treaty imposed upon France and no effort to shift the responsibility. Well would it have been for Germany, if she had after 1918 adopted the same attitude, avers Herr Harden. For by yielding to German demands, Thiers made possible the recuperation of France. "What political common sense suggests as the fit attitude for a vanquished people, oppressed by a treaty which they feel to be unjust, harsh, cruel, — is to be learned from the events of 1871."

There follows a development of his thesis that by imitating the French method Germany might have avoided the miseries of the past two years and might even now be on the high road to recovery. At any rate, evasion is profitless and complaint of treaty violation futile. Perform what is necessary and for emotion substitute common sense.

> Bid the trumpeters of hatred, the courtiers of each national delusion be silent. Duty commands the statesman to find his way to the desire, the point of view of his opponent. . . . If the Frenchman did, as you have heard, from the wilderness of his worries let himself be misled into a detestably brutal attempt, still it will be no man's shame, but to every man's honor, to climb higher up the ladder of common sense than other men have.

It is by the lack of such common sense, Harden insists, that Germany has come to her present estate, and he sets forth to prove it by many vituperative pages in which he spares neither military nor political leaders of recent years. He shows that the army chiefs knew that the war was lost with the first battle of the Marne, but that instead of making peace before Russia, Germany's chief great market, collapsed and before the English pacifists, Grey and Asquith, left office, Ludendorff led the nation to utter defeat. "Painful as the surrender of Alsace-Lorraine might be, the Empire survives it." "'But not the dynasty', cries Wilhelm: 'and if the Hohenzollerns must fall, let the Germany they erected fall with them.'" He shows also the futility and the pathos of the Franco-German duel after the war, which he regards as needless if only the political leaders will utilize reason in place of passion.

For France and Germany are natural economic allies, he believes, and it is upon their friendship that the political Europe of the future will be built. This is his final thesis.

> One test of statecraft is to bring the reckoning for the Necessary within the total of the Possible: and the second to recognize today the necessity of the morrow and be in readiness for it. . . . Imperative alone is it to work in association with France: indispensable, because without that, neither of the two nations can fully utilize its industrial resources, because one alone cannot venture into competition with existing or future industrial empires; and further, because only that partnership

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would prove the cell in which, out of which, the (at first economically) United States of Europe would develop.

It is an interesting prospect. The position of England, however, is not quite clear, and Harden's vagueness in this respect results, perhaps, from the capital fault of his essay. This rests upon a misinterpretation of British policy in the past and an ascription to British diplomats of a cleverness and subtlety which would certainly have surprised them. His failure to understand British history does not in any way detract from the soundness of the advice he gives his own countrymen.

Germany, France and England. By Maximilian Harden. Brentano's.

MORE THACKERAY LETTERS

By H. L. Pangborn

ALTHOUGH the many Thackeray letters, now printed for the first time in this volume, together with much material from Lady Ritchie's journals and correspondence, can hardly be said to throw any new light upon him or to add any facts of importance to the record of his life, the book is of the first rank in value to all Thackeray lovers. It serves to accentuate, to bring out more completely, the lines and detail of an already familiar and beloved portrait — of the valiant, warm hearted, loving and profoundly understanding man, unbroken, with head and soul erect under the weight of appalling domestic tragedy. Indeed, the dominant note in these letters, not only those to his infant daughters but to his mother, is one of cheerfulness and courage; not a forced, artificial cheerfulness, but rather the refusal of a great spirit to be overcome by calamity. Of all perverted, absurd literary misjudgments there is nothing to compare in ineptitude with the label of "cynic" applied to Thackeray. Satirist, hater of shams, he was, but there is not a trace of cynicism in anything he wrote.

It will be remembered that Thackeray himself forbade any official biography. His daughter's journal records that shortly before his death he said to her: "When I drop there is to be no life written of me; *mind this* and consider it my last testament and desire." But, of course, absolute compliance with that wish became impossible and the publication of a large body of his correspondence was legitimate. Now, with this volume added to the Baxter letters and the Brookfield correspondence, and taken with the important introductions by Lady Ritchie to the "biographical edition" of his works, in 1898, we have a sufficient fund of first hand information concerning Thackeray, the man. Moreover, to the understanding reader, no novelist ever put more of his essential self into his books than he did — especially in "Pendennis" — not as an intrusion, but rather as a pervading sense of the author's great personality behind the writing.

Anne Isabella, Thackeray's eldest daughter, was born in 1837 and was but three years old when her mother became insane. It had been a notably auspicious marriage. "It would do your heart good", Thackeray wrote to Fitzgerald, "to see how happy I am." Then the wreck; leaving the young man of twenty nine, still struggling for a foothold, poor and burdened with heavy expense, to go on alone. The children were, at first, sent to their grandmother. "God grant", he wrote in 1846, when the family was reunited, "I may be a father to my children."

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Very many of the letters included in this volume demonstrate that he was. It is not an easy thing to write a real letter to a child, without "writing down" or posing; it demands, first of all, an absolute sincerity and a perfection of sympathy. Most of the other letters are addressed to his mother. They are frequently enlivened by characteristic sketches. There is comparatively little reference to his books, except in passing, in this correspondence. The letters are of value chiefly as additional illumination upon the man.

The latter half of the book covers, sketchily, Lady Ritchie's long and very full life, displayed in a series of letters to many people. She was, herself, a voluminous writer of no small ability, though of course overshadowed by her father's greatness. The section dealing with her, however, does not lack interest. She came in contact with most of the notable figures of more than half a century and we get glimpses of many of them — Tennyson, Darwin, Jowett, the Brownings, and even the aged Carlyle. The volume is an indispensable addition to nineteenth century literary history.

Thackeray and His Daughter. Edited by Hester Thackeray Ritchie. With drawings by Thackeray and Lady Ritchie. Harper and Bros.

NOTES ON CONTRABAND PROSE

By Laurence Stallings

THERE must be hundreds of readers of THE BOOKMAN who are intelligent admirers of the perfect prose within James Joyce's "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and who have sought for two years to obtain a copy of "Ulysses". I know from experience as a reviewer for a daily paper that a chance reference to this latter work will bring immediate importunings from readers who seek access to the perfect day of Mr. Leopold Bloom. And I confess to having supplied certain readers with the whereabouts of bookleggers who smuggle in contraband prose; even though fearful that the price the word-panders will ask must inevitably lead the prospective purchaser to suggest that the literary editor of the New York "World" is playing a double game.

With such a host in outer darkness, the book on James Joyce by Herbert S. Gorman should not only enrich the understanding of those who followed Mr. Bloom to the very end, but should also minister vicariously to the wants of those who have neither the price, nor the address of the booklegger who deals in those volumes Mr. Sumner likes too well to share with (as Lord Lascelles put it) the common people.

For the Gorman book, besides being an intelligent and discursive arrangement of the facts in James Joyce's literary work, contains a most adequate summary of the forbidden land. To many he will seem another spy who returned from Canaan with stories of the astounding fruit.

The difficulty of ever interpreting the symbols of Joyce, it has been pointed out by Ernest Boyd, is insuperable to those who are not intimate with the life of Dublin and who have not (in no mere tourist's sense) lived in the Dublin of Mr. Joyce's anthology. One of the most intelligent features of the Gorman essay is an absence of this secular speculation. He does not set himself to the task of interpreting imponderables. He rarely offers an opinion of Joyce the man which is not substantially anchored to some

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definite and reliable source. Thus he writes that

> The outline of Stephen Dedalus' æsthetic is to be found in that astounding conversation between him and the student Lynch, a conversation, declares Padraic Colum, which is word for word what Joyce used to say to any of his companions in his early twenties.

Taken all in all, Mr. Gorman's "James Joyce" is a most competent example of the summary of a living artist's work. It even includes the bibliography with notes of various editions of his five works; then too, there is a facsimile of the first page of "Ulysses" and a reproduction of an autographed photograph of the strange and hidden genius of letters.

Few books have offered such a concerted booming of log rollers as "Marcel Proust, An English Tribute", which finds critics as far removed as George Saintsbury and Arnold Bennett joining hands to raise the timbers for "Swann's Way". Here is another classic which is forbidden the land of the free and the home of the brave, but there is nothing to be gained in the tribute that can shed light for those who cannot obtain this monumental story. Clive Bell writes that "perhaps the best tribute which English admirers of Proust could pay to his memory would be to agitate for the repeal of those absurd and barbarous laws which make an English 'Recherche du Temps Perdu' impossible".

It does appear a trifle absurd for a group of Englishmen to band together and score the neglect of the English reading world in regard to Proust, when the English reading world would be happy to have the privilege of entering any one of the homes of these gentlemen and enjoying Proust first hand. I should say to Bennett, Saintsbury, *et al.*, that the surest way to secure readers for Proust is not to put their names upon a tributary jacket, but to lend their copies around among their friends.

James Joyce: His First Forty Years. By Herbert S. Gorman. B. W. Huebsch.
Marcel Proust, An English Tribute. Thomas Seltzer.

A CROP OF SPRING VERSE

By Herbert S. Gorman

GROWTH in poetry might be called three dimensional. That is, most development takes one of three courses which may be defined as height, breadth, and depth. In the case of Edwin Arlington Robinson's "The Man Who Died Twice", it is comparatively easy for a follower of his work to note the considerable development in breadth here. This narrative poem, the story of a composer who wastes his days in dissipation but who is eventually saved from spiritual destruction when the great symphony he was born to write floods his mind (though he is too weakened ever to put it down in notes), has more implications than appear in a casual reading. In the first place, it is technically constructed in actual symphony form. Secondarily, there are macabre touches in it that not even "Avon's Harvest", with its eery overtones, ever suggested. And thirdly, as the pastor saith, the unfolding of the analytic theme clutches the mind of the reader so that a painful intensity is produced. Here is undoubtedly the best of Mr. Robinson's narratives of modern life, a more inspired revelation than "Roman Bartholow" and a subject more pregnant with objective color. Take, for instance, the rat orchestra that appears in Fernando Nash's delirium shortly before the symphony comes down out of heaven to him:

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. . . . . the coming through the keyhole
Of a slow rat, equipped in evening dress,
Gold eye-glasses, and a conductor's wand,
Soon followed by a brisk and long procession
Of other rats, till more than seventy of them,
All dressed in black and white, and each of them
Accoutred with his chosen instrument,
Were ranged in order on the footworn carpet
That lay between Fernando and the door.
Having no chairs, they stood erect and ready,
And having made obeisance to the master
Upon the wall, who signified his pleasure,
And likewise to the man upon the bed,
They played with unforseen solemnity
The first chords of the first rat symphony
That human ears had heard.

If Mr. Robinson continues to grow in certain ways, so much can hardly be said for Arthur Davison Ficke. "Out of Silence" is a volume compact with that grace and celerity of adaptation to various moods manifest in previous books by this poet; but there is no lift to greater heights, no increasing breadth, nor any particular depth. Mr. Ficke's work continues to be surface work, a matter of musical lyrics, a quite definitive excellence in the sonnet form (although there is nothing here so good as "The Sonnets of a Portrait Painter"), and the usual Chinese influences. His candor is suspect. The reader has the uneasy suspicion that most of this matter is too conscious and so weakened by a brittleness that no technique may remedy.

Joseph Auslander is in the same predicament, but "Sunrise Trumpets" is a first book and he may hardly be judged as yet. If any one trait is predominant in Mr. Auslander's book, it is ecstasy; because this is so his growth may be prophesied as one of height. There is a Shelleyan ardor in him, and his astonishing use of color and striking image is an excellent adjunct to this passion. The varicolored world flows through him and reveals itself in his poetry to such an extent that the reader fairly feels the water flowing, hears the birds singing, sees the barbaric vision of bright hills. Here is atmospheric poetry of a high order, and if one is troubled at times by a suggested consciousness, an emphasis a little too emphatic, it may, perhaps, be laid at the door of a passionate urge that will express itself through any subterfuge. A poet who can handle images so beautifully as this deserves watching:

INTERVAL

Water pulls nervously whispering satin
across cool roots, cold stones;
And a bird balances his soul on a song
flash, a desperate outcry:
These are the minor chords, the monotones;
This is the undefeated gesture against an
armored sky.

The moment is metal; the sun crawling over
it a fly
Head down on a bronze ceiling; the hot
stillness drones:
And you go sliding through green sea shafts
and I
Am an old mountain warming his tired
bones.

Just what William Alexander Percy will eventually contribute to American poetry is an unforseen quantity, for "Enzio's Kingdom", like his two previous books, appears to be a matter of accidents. He is indubitably surcharged with poetry which pours out of him, but the receptacles wherein he catches the divine substance are only too often broken pitchers. His sense of form is crude and he overwrites, yet in spite of these failings there is always apparent that constant touch that is authentic and that constrains the reader to pray fervently for the time, the place, and the technique all together. When Mr. Percy does hit upon those moments (and there is no reason why he shouldn't) he is apt to produce more distinguished matter

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than many a more finished poet. As it is, his book is filled with excellent lines, thoughts, stanzas, enough to render a complete reading of it a delight even though that delight be tempered at times. He is essentially a lyricist: the shorter pieces in "Enzio's Kingdom" are more memorable than such extended efforts as "A Letter from John Keats to Fanny Brawne" and "Enzio's Kingdom".

In "The Enchanted Mesa" by Glenn Ward Dresbach and "The Skyline Trail" by Mary Carolyn Davies the reader is face to face with two volumes of western verse. Mr. Dresbach runs to splashing colors and Miss Davies expresses herself in musical metres. Neither book is particularly distinguished as poetry; this being so, it is hardly apropos to search for height, breadth, or depth. Of the two, I should say that Mr. Dresbach is more the poet, that his sensitivity to his surroundings impels more natural reactions, and that he has his moments (they are not big moments) when the bright intangible mantle falls upon him. Miss Davies is more obvious. She can grow topical and newspapery in such stanzas as:

Ride 'er, Cowboy! Let 'er buck!
Keep your reins and trust to luck!
Keep your seat and keep your nerve!
Let 'er rear and kick and swerve!
Though the fight may jar and shake you,
Break your hoss, don't let it break you!

The advice here is good but the poetry is questionable. Mr. Dresbach is less muscular in his poetry and more attentive to the suggestiveness of color and stillness and the mystery of western lands. He is not so much the observer (as Miss Davies nearly always is) as the active participant. In other words, he plunges into the rich color of his beloved west, Texas and Arizona and New Mexico, while Miss Davies is more objective in her delineation of Oregon. Of course, she writes of a colder clime, and this may have something to do with it.

The Man Who Died Twice. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Co.
Out of Silence, and Other Poems. By Arthur Davison Ficke. Alfred A. Knopf.
Sunrise Trumpets. By Joseph Auslander. Harper and Bros.
Enzio's Kingdom, and Other Poems. By William Alexander Percy. Yale University Press.
The Enchanted Mesa, and Other Poems. By Glenn Ward Dresbach. Henry Holt and Co.
The Skyline Trail. By Mary Carolyn Davies. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

A PORTRAIT OF W. H. HUDSON

By Henry A. Lappin

IN 1912 Morley Roberts, having then completed exactly a quarter of a century of industrious and successful story telling, paused long enough from the confection of his admirable chronicles of adventure by flood and field to write, under the guise of an exercise in fiction, one of the minor masterpieces of English biography: "The Private Life of Henry Maitland". This book was at once acclaimed as not merely a faithful interpretative record of the pitiful career of the late George Gissing, but also as, in some sort, the precursor of a new biographical form. Now, after a further period of fictioneering, diversified by an incursion ("Warfare in the Human Body") into the realm of pathological physiology, Mr. Roberts returns, in his latest work, to the practice of the literary portrait painter's art.

Hudson gave Mr. Roberts many sittings. Indeed he sat to him for forty three years. The author tells us that, since he never expected to be

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called on to write about his friend, he kept few letters and, until almost the end, made no notes of conversations or of personal impressions. So much the better, for he expressly disclaims all attempt at an exhaustive and documented Life. "A cloud of inconsiderable facts might destroy the picture", he wisely suggests. It was his design, by an accumulation of intimate impressions of his subject in varying moods and at intervals over many years, to evoke a veritable personality — Hudson in his habit as he lived, so to say. Indubitably he has succeeded, triumphantly succeeded in his aim.

None of the fashionable portrait painters of the day ever committed Hudson to canvas. Yet, as the author remarks with bitter truth, "he will be remembered when they and most of their sitters are dead dust". (Perhaps, one fancies, the late J. B. Yeats — that fastidious connoisseur of imaginative distinction, in whom, as in Hudson, the valor of the free spirit so radiantly flowered — might not have been wholly frustrate in his effort had he essayed to paint the artist of "Far Away and Long Ago".) But Hudson was no easy subject for any man's brush. "He kept his soul in a strong secret place", says Mr. Roberts. And elsewhere he likens his sitter to one in whom were twinned "a caged hawk and a reed-bunting singing by a river".

From Mr. Roberts's absorbingly interesting pages the student of Hudson's work will learn much that is indispensable to an understanding of his author. Here for the first time we are told the facts about Hudson's immediate forbears; about his early experiences in England of the Seventies; his secretaryship to a pedigree-pedler who derived the most uncertain of incomes by trading upon the American lust for family trees; his marriage and his dolorous vicissitudes as the husband of a London landlady, fifteen years his senior, who gave ineffectual music lessons in a heavily mortgaged rooming house; the painfully slow growth of his literary reputation.

Most of these facts will be new to many even of Hudson's friends, so reticent was he concerning his days of struggle. But what Mr. Roberts reveals of Hudson's mental and spiritual positions is of even deeper interest and value.

While the painter of this "portrait" has bestowed upon us a figure who at all points corresponds to our intuitions of Hudson lovingly amassed from his published volumes, while every stroke of his brush makes upon us the convincing impression of high imaginative truth, it is certain that the half has not been told us. One may well doubt whether it can ever be revealed. Garnett, Galsworthy, and H. J. Massingham — all true lovers of the man and his creations — have abundantly expressed their feelings about him. And now the most intimate of all his comrades speaks with uninhibited eloquence. Yet somehow Hudson abides not our question. Of the greatest English writers — to whose fellowship his right to belong may no longer be contested — he is very nearly the most enigmatic and secretive. Some part of the soul of him is exquisitely, unforgetably bared in book after book, yet he contrives to remain inexplicably remote and unsnared, and his communication of beauty to his readers is always strangely impersonal, as moonlight and sunrise are impersonal in their august beneficence. With the passing of Hudson, Galsworthy has recently declared, "the English-speaking world, perhaps the wide world, has lost its most unique personality". And the

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loss will more and more keenly be felt as the wide world grows older.

W. H. Hudson: A Portrait. By Morley Roberts. E. P. Dutton and Co.

THE TYPICAL AMERICAN MIND

By Morris Fishbein

QUITE logically the diagnosticians of the American mind begin with a listing of its characteristics, for they must first demonstrate to us that a typical American mind exists. Mentioned seriatim these characteristics include shrewd practicality, sentimental idealism, lack of gaiety, Puritanism, sex repression, industry, soul fear and worry. Thus separated from the general discussion they constitute a mean list. And yet they in no way describe that most typical of Americans, George F. Babbitt, or for that matter the typical Englishman, Frenchman, or other man-on-the-street of any nationality. After all that typical man is the same in all nations: a somewhat stupid person, well content if he can have most of the minor luxuries of life and be limited to its minor inconveniences.

Mr. O'Higgins and Dr. Reede arrive at their typical American mind largely by an appeal to the methods of Sigmund Freud. It needs, however, no intricate system of psychic analysis to catalogue the main features. American industry, love of lucre, sex repression, and practicality have been the sport of our own novelists and those of our foreign enemies for many years. American disregard for music, letters, and art is perhaps a result of the youth of our civilization rather than proof of some variation in the type of mind. These things are no doubt the results of culture rather than of some variation in the germ cell.

From an analysis of the American mind in general, the authors proceed to analyze specimens — conspicuous Americans who are concededly typical —to find the origin of those particular qualities in them that are accepted as characteristically American. The list includes Mark Twain, Abraham Lincoln, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Andrew Carnegie, Anthony Comstock, P. T. Barnum, Benjamin Franklin, Henry W. Longfellow, Walt Whitman, Mark Hanna, Julia Ward Howe, Anna Howard Shaw, and Margaret Fuller. It would be interesting to know who conceded that this group were typical Americans.

Mark Twain, we are told, "drained off his repressed hatreds and revolts in humor" and "his humor was the expression of subconscious revolt and anger and hatred and self contempt". It is pointed out that he was not industrious and that he was always possessed with visions of sudden wealth because his father had such visions. What a pity that these serious psychoanalysts, lay and medical, could not themselves have a little of that sense of humor, so that they might perceive the ridiculous character of their analyses. Poor old non-industrious, subconsciously revolting Mark Twain! He wrote only some twenty eight or thirty books, any two or three of which would be the satisfactory output of a decade for a highly industrious author.

Space does not permit us, and it would not be desirable, to consider separately each of the analyses presented in this collection. The reader is told that the incongruities of Lincoln's character might be traced to a conflict between those qualities of his temperament that were controlled by conscious intelligence and those that

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were more directly inspired by a subconscious feeling. From this premise it is developed that Lincoln's ambition was a conscious effort to overcome a subconscious sense of inferiority, that he began life with a conviction of sin from which he never escaped, and that he was a depressed Puritan. His sympathetic emotion and soft heartedness are accredited to suppressed self pity, by virtue of which he identified himself with the victim of misfortune. It was Lincoln's unconscious defense of his own oppressed self, we are told, that projected into his defense of racial liberty. It was his oppressed ego that caused him to love liberty. There is much more of the same interpretation of Lincoln's actions in the lingo of the Freudian school, and it all seems very plausible. However, there comes to hand at the same time a similar interpretation of Lincoln, this time by L. Pierce Clark, M. D. in "The Psychoanalytic Review". Here is the same Lincoln, developed from the same biographical material, the same anecdotes, the same memories. If psychoanalysis is a true science we ought to get the same result, but we do not. Says Dr. Clark: "It seems that the benignant attitude Lincoln took toward the weak and downtrodden, shown, for instance, in his making the abolition of slavery the slogan for continuing the struggle of the Civil War, was prompted not a little by the more than filial devotion he must have felt for his mother." Again: "It would seem that no small part of Lincoln's depressions was due to certain deep, unconscious fixations or soul attachment to the mother hindering the normal emotional life which in turn made it impossible in early life for him to assume the usual attitude of religious feeling and thought." The nearest that the O'Higgins-Reede consultation on the case comes to this is the statement that Lincoln loved his country because he identified it with the mother image. Isn't one's country always spoken of as "she"?

In many places this volume breaks down in its scientific fact. On page 82 we find that Emerson had soul fear which tied up his endocrine secretions. It appears that soul fear weakens the body's power to resist disease, causes insanity, and "may be the explanation of the appalling amount of physical and mental breakdown among the Puritans of New England". This I would suggest is pure hokum.

When some of these sketches by Mr. O'Higgins and Dr. Reede first began to appear, they fell on a rising market. Alas! the bound collection meets, at least so far as the scientifically informed are concerned, a cold and unsympathetic scrutiny. The vogue of the Freudians is passing. Psychoanalysis, the universal solvent for all of humanity's mental and many of its physical problems, turns out to be merely a mild cathartic for use in certain obstructive conditions. But Freudianism is passing, not, as the authors intimate, because Puritanism dominates, but because Freudianism does not satisfactorily explain.

The American Mind in Action. By Harvey O'Higgins and Edward H. Reede, M. D. Harper and Bros.

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RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

FOR all those who can assimilate works of art and Italian food with equal facility, Arthur Milton's "Rome in Seven Days" (McBride) is an ideal guidebook to the Eternal City. As in his useful works on London and Paris, Mr. Milton, accompanied by his uncle and aunt, sees and explains all the historic sights and menus of the place on a strict schedule that might well be adopted by the hurried traveler. Monday's program sounds attractive, with St. Peter's and the Vatican in the morning, *antipasti misti* for lunch, the Castle of St. Angelo in the afternoon, and for dinner *gnocchi di patate*, not to mention *zabaione* and a bottle of real stuff. "The Dying Gladiator" with maraschino sauce, the Thermæ of Diocletian with chicken livers lightly fried in butter with sage leaves, and the "Laocoon" — which Mr. Milton says is known to some visitors as "Foreigners Trying to Eat Spaghetti" — are only a few of the delights. One may make the trip, of course, without an uncle and an aunt, but Mr. Milton's relatives proved manageable and appreciative. Uncle quoted poetry and even observed on one occasion, "Rome was not built in a day."

The American reader will have one great difficulty in appreciating Giovanni Papini's "The Failure" (Harcourt, Brace). This autobiography of a soul was written to be read by his compatriots, persons who had followed his erratic literary career, had read his scoffing, atheistical writings, and who had called him "genius" and now called him "failure". But Americans know Papini as the reverent writer of a "Life of Christ". Even if they are told that the book is a "vestibule" to that "Life", they will find much of it obscure. It is the story of the interior man — of his tortured, morbid mind. Papini was an Esau of the intellectual world — but he shifted from philosophy to philosophy — until finally he went off to the mountains to become God — and returned humbled. This defeat made of him the "failure" — it made of him the new man who could write the "Life of Christ". It would be interesting to hear what the doctor says after he looks at this piece of literature.

Nine modern French authors, from Stendhal and Sainte-Beuve to Sacha Guitry and Anatole France, take on an added glamour, vividness, and reality under the agile and appreciative pen of Arnold Whitridge, whose "Critical Ventures in Modern French Literature" (Scribner) display keen insight and a pronounced faculty for observation and analysis. Both as essays in criticism and as reading matter valuable for its sheer intrinsic interest, Mr. Whitridge's work deserves to be commended; for the author has not only illuminated the salient features of each writer's contribution but has briefly and clearly delineated the personality of the man himself — hence has distinctly traced the relationship between literature and the makers of literature.

If there is anything that has been neglected in the work of that champion scapegoat of unnaturalness, Oscar Wilde, it is the soundly moral quality ever struggling for possession of that

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prince of pariahs' real self. "Echo de Paris" (Appleton) is a report by Laurence Housman (hitherto generally a dull fellow) of a chat outside a Paris café, in September, 1899, among three friends welcoming back Wilde from prison, with the latter quite properly appropriating the conversation following his entrance upon the scene. Memory and conscience which embraces charity have here combined into making Mr. Housman, the pale mimic, as it were inanimate mouthpiece for one of the brightest, best, most substantial little tragi-comedies in English.

Let none be deterred from reading "Our Foreign Affairs" (Dutton) by its bulk, or the fact that it is a plea for better American diplomacy and more of it. Paul Scott Mowrer conceives that our manifest destiny requires us to enter more fully into the field of international relations. To calm the isolationist fear of what may happen when America hangs its clothes on the hickory limb, he suggests that thus nations learn to swim better and that America already has the makings of a good swimmer. The only excuse for describing such a book as one might a newspaper cartoon is that it displays much the same type of common sense and plausibility. But Mr. Mowrer can present a serious subject at length without becoming tedious. Nor does he enliven his discourse with the verbal flipflops commonly resorted to by journalists for fear that they may grow dull. Mr. Mowrer, without shattering traditions, has contributed some new ideas on an old subject.

There was a day when only those who had scaled the heights of Olympus were expected to gather the fruits of a lifetime of success and public acclaim into a "volume of reminiscences"; the Indian summer years were obviously bestowed for no other purpose. But today, when youth treads recklessly on the heels of age, the story must be told, or at least begun, as soon as one is secure in the foothills. Cosmo Hamilton has put much into the early years of what promises to be an unusually fruitful life, and life has retaliated generously. From Fleet Street to Hollywood, by way of the Royal Naval Air Service and an energetic period of propagandist effort in this country, Mr. Hamilton has run upon incident, anecdote, adventure, and experience which make interesting reading in "Unwritten History" (Little, Brown). As novelist, political writer, editor, playwright, officer, and public speaker, he tells of a circle of friends and acquaintances from King George to Charlie Chaplin, from Lady Astor to the Duncan Sisters. He has succeeded in bringing much of his optimism and keen intelligence to this very human record of recent personal events.

An Australian surgeon who recently cut into literature and delivered a post mortem on Henry VIII's second queen, so evidently was suffering from a complex himself that his essay left one convinced of a need for a new biographer to arise and give the unfortunate Anne some show of fairness. Philip W. Sergeant fills this need in "The Life of Anne Boleyn" (Appleton). Quoting copiously, throughout 319 pages, from the only sources available — the documentary evidence of the facts in Anne's life have been destroyed — he constantly reminds the reader that his citations are drawn from the tattling of her enemies. Sergeant makes her no saint, merely an ambitious woman, no worse than, for instance, her daughter, who even today is known as "good Queen Bess"! The biography has six-

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teen illustrations and will appeal both to the scholar and the lay reader.

"Cherry-Stones" is what Eden Phillpotts calls his little book of poems (Macmillan). Prefatory stanzas indicate he chose the title to explain that he was hewing no marble monument. Still, "Cherry-Stones" is too modest a title for these verses — and "Cameos" would be too austere. "Netsuke" — the daintily wrought Japanese fasteners, which are the subject of one poem in the book — more nearly expresses the spirit of these pages. A few lines are commonplace; the single Horatian translation is stiff. But "Cider Makers" attains the dignity of a Georgic. Most of the poems possess the virtues of brevity and pungency — many of them are worth retaining in the memory.

"Letters of the Tsaritsa to the Tsar, 1914–1916", with an introduction by Sir Bernard Pares, K.B.E. (McBride), offers some difficulty to the reader who is not a special student of the old régime in Russia, for in its voluminous pages there is constant and often confused reference to the interplay of unknown or forgotten personages, and the explanatory index is by no means complete. But the book will more than repay, on several scores, attentive reading. Seldom has a more pitiful record been brought to light. It presents, more clearly than most theses written on the same subject, the miasmal bog of political intrigue. In this case the Tsaritsa herself assisted in its creation and the Tsar foundered helplessly in it. There has scarcely been in history a more determined enemy to constitutionalism than the Tsaritsa. To political conviction she added the unreasoning, possessive greed of a mother: it was for her son that she wished to preserve the autocratic dominion over Russia intact. This was her fundamental mistake; but even more harmful to the welfare of the country and the dynasty was her mystical subservience to the famous charlatan, Rasputin. Whatever this "man of God" wished she pressed with fanatical insistence on her husband. The contrast between her frenzied strength of will and the Tsar's weakness becomes more striking and more pathetic as she slowly effects his ruinously complete isolation from saner counselors. She believed fervently, of course, that she and practically she alone, with the help of Rasputin, was working for the salvation of Russia, her husband, and her son. Her devotion to the Tsar was unlimited, to the point of seeming, in the garbled English she wrote, extravagant. Her quality as a woman, which must be admired even while its unwise manifestations are deplored, is most beautifully shown in her words when she heard of the Tsar's abdication for himself and for their son: "*Et lui tout seul là-bas!*"

Fascismo is the "Black Magic" of Kenneth L. Roberts's book (Bobbs-Merrill) in which is described "its beneficial use in Italy, its perversion in Bavaria and certain tendencies which might necessitate its study in America". The "tendencies" are all red, pink, socialist, pacifist, bloc, and similar movements — including the promotion of government assisted cooperatives. Since Mussolini's cohorts effectively suppressed such manifestations in Italy, the Fascist operations there are described with much glee. The delight is inspired more by the sight of a good scrap, won by two-fisted fellows who stood no nonsense, than by any emotion roused by the lofty Mussolinian oratory. Nor did

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the beer hall Fascisti of Bavaria deceive Mr. Roberts. Although he wrote before failure of their *coup*, he foresaw the event. As for the "dangerous tendencies" here, the author advocates the promotion of such organizations as the American Defense Society, the Better American Federation, and the National Civic Federation as one means of opposing them. Oh, how earnest Mr. Roberts is! — but his style is studiously jocose.

"Dog and Duck" by Arthur Machen (Knopf) is a collection of papers most of which have as their subject matter some characteristic, a festival or the weather, of the month in which they first appeared. The good old convivial life is extolled and science denounced with humorously exaggerated vigor. We do not find here, naturally, the subtlety and beauty of Mr. Machen's purely creative works, nor their strange, mystical implications. There is evidence of some strain in the necessary tone of simplicity; but it is genially maintained, and erudition is brought into play only very tactfully and lightly in graceful circumlocutions. The essays are pleasant reading; but how doubly charming, and surprising, they must have seemed in the columns of the Lyons "Mail"!

While it cannot pretend in a single volume, even of 917 pages, to take the place of Riemann or Grove, Waldo Selden Pratt's "The New Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians" (Macmillan) admirably supplements them, and in certain fields — definitions and descriptions, bibliographical notes, places, institutions and organizations — gives valuable information not otherwise available in handy reference form. That the useful list of "Operas and Oratorios since 1900" furnishes no clue other than that supplied by the composer's name as to the relative importance of the work does not do away with the fact that Dr. Pratt's volume (copiously illustrated) contains more information anent music and musicians in a single volume than any other existent in English.

In "My Crystal Ball" (Boni, Liveright) Elisabeth Marbury gives herself away in the subtitle: "Reminiscences of a Busy Life". This one phrase is a keynote to the whole book; it has the harsh aspect of the personal pronoun. The author falls quite easily into the usual and tiresome attitude of "Great Souls as have been revealed to Me". When one has known Wilde, Bernhardt, Sardou, and their like — unless one is of kindred genius — the natural attitude is a reportorial and not a personal one. Yet Miss Marbury never permits her reader to forget for one minute that she is along. Just when one feels that she has been left somewhere in the background and the notable at hand is about to be humanly revealed, she pops up with an astonishing platitude. This much can be said for the book — the writer had certainly a distinguished calling list.

The latter day poet has many advantages not enjoyed by his forerunners. There was a time when mere jingle was not sufficient in itself to palm off the wares of a verse maker. The public wanted a moral — something that taught or pointed out. The poet who hadn't this generally sucked his thumbs for want of better nourishment. Now, however, we are content with music alone — if we are fortunate enough to get it. We do not care, necessarily, whether a couplet points the way to a New Truth or a Greater Understanding. All of this, by the way,

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leading up to the fact that in "The City's Voice" (Marshall Jones) by Morris Gray there is neither music nor mental stimulus, melody nor cheery thought. A feeble offering at best, containing, among other gems, such unswallowable bits as "A Woman's Love", "The Larger Vision", and (Heaven help us all!) the brilliance: "Eternal as the race of men Thy sovran rule, O queen of Love, holds sway."

Very often what youth sets down in malice, growing conservatism writes in friendship. Thus, with Gerald Cumberland's "Written in Friendship" (Brentano): the at times perniciousness of "Set Down in Malice" now smooths out to such petty spleen (all flesh is heir to) as hating editors, whose business policy must (occasionally) dictate rejection slips for our unquestioned masterpieces. Hence, Mr. C. dislikes Thomas Moult. Now kindly shows leniency toward Shaw, Beerbohm, Chesterton. Is cautious before such newcomers as "Margot", A. R. Orage, and T. S. Eliot. Raringly dislikes, however, Harold Monro, Squire, Sassoon, J. Middleton Murry, "Eddy" Marsh, H. J. Massingham — young Englishmen in position to pull up old horses who would run over them. Dislikes C. R. W. Nevinson. Likes George Robey, James Agate, Walter Winans. *Worships* Frank Harris. But bores infinitesimal gimlet holes to let the very daylight through more defenseless armors. Asks us to judge of such worshipers of beauty as Symons, Machen, Ralph Hodgson, through their stomachs! Extends free advertising for the "culture" of A. E. W. Mason and E. Phillips Oppenheim! Fathers Rebecca West and Sheila Kaye-Smith! Mothers Caradoc Evans! Betrays a wise liking for (as well as just merely betrays) John Cournos. *Pings* hundreds of writers, entertainers, artists, editors, Welshmen (only friends avoid at least a scratch from this naughty intellectually-half-grown-up's itchy arrows)! Writes entertainingly. Writes like A. S. M. Hutchinson. Like *this!* Yet, despite all boresomeness, here is a book to borrow!

The most important thing about Martin Johnson's "Camera Trails in Africa" (Century) is that it is undoubtedly a truthful narrative of the happenings which befell the author on the hunting trail. And this is remarkable. So many men see Africa — and lie. They always — they would have us believe — brought off marvelous shots, showed superhuman bravery, exhibited uncanny ability in following the spoor of animals, and had a keen insight into the psychological make up of the natives. But not so Martin Johnson. He confesses his failures — and they are as interesting as his successes. A man has to fail many times in Africa before he gets a "seeing eye" and becomes veld-wise. Of course Johnson and his charming wife had adventures —with lions and rhinos; elephants and buffalo. They make good reading, specially good because there is no boasting; no glorying in insensate killing; no killing for the sake of killing. For that reason alone the book should appeal to sportsmen. We understand that Johnson has returned to Lake Paradise — it is well named. We wish him, enviously, good hunting. We'd like to be with him — but we'd want to strangle his pet monkey.

Campbell Dodgson, keeper of prints at the British Museum, has done more than write the text of a book on eighteenth century color prints. He has given us in his "Old French Colour-

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Prints" (Halton and Truscott Smith) all the charming, almost artificial romantic gaiety of the prints of the period of Watteau and Boucher. This atmosphere is not confined to the author's most readable text but infuses as well the entire make up of the book, from the beautifully mounted color reproductions to the appropriately decorative binding.

"Some Thoughts on Hilaire Belloc" (Lippincott) is drivel. Patrick Braybrooke, the author, is a David tossing pebbles in the general direction of Goliath, but he has not strength enough to send the missiles within range nor an aim accurate enough to endanger. As to the style of the critic, let this single sentence indicate: "Yet it would be quite inconceivable that proprietors should not look upon their controls in a commercial light, added to which it must be recognized that today that which is backed by commercial consideration induces the greatest enthusiasm, I am certain to look upon a newspaper as a commercial concern is one of the surest ways of making that journal a 'live' one, it stimulates those who have the actual production to know that there is money in it, the public are likely to be considered as it is quite obvious that if a proprietor wishes to make his paper commercially successful, he will put what is palatable or perhaps rather that which is interesting, before them."

After ten years of experience in city politics, Henry H. Curran is well qualified to tell something about it. "John Citizen's Job" (Scribner) is an open invitation to the man who confines his activities to saying loudly that "politics are all rotten", to come on in and help. There is work for everyone, it seems; and the more intelligent people who interest themselves in questions of schools and tenements and the spending of city funds, the better for the city. It is a readable little book, filled with anecdotes and written in a humorous, colloquial style. It proves among other things that Mr. Curran is a sensible man with good ideas about city government. Which must be the reason that he was so overwhelmingly defeated when he ran for mayor.

A critical appraisal of F. H. Pritchard's "Training in Literary Appreciation" (Crowell) seems impossible. The book is planned to assist readers in becoming more discriminating in their literary tastes. Certain fundamentals of construction, style, etc., are pointed out. Questions and suggested readings are appended to each chapter and a bibliography of reference works is included. Rhythm, change and recurrence, words and letters, prose and poetry, forms of verse, story and setting, comprise some of the chapter subjects. Mr. Pritchard has done a workmanlike job and, as a textbook for individual or class use, his book will doubtless prove helpful. From our standpoint, any conscious effort in the direction of making readers more discriminating is utterly futile. Admitting this bias, Mr. Pritchard's work seems as good as any on the subject — and far better than most.

"Mr. Archer, U.S.A." (Doubleday, Page) is published under a titular handicap. This book has nothing whatever to do with one hundred percenters. It is not a minor "Babbitt" nor a glorification of the Babbitt type. It is the record of an old army trooper as told to R. H. Platt, Jr. Humorous anecdotes are packed into it, together with a generous assortment of most dramatic situations. Nothing just like

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it is among the current biographies. Though the character himself was not an important figure in this country's development and military performances, Archer stands for the army which has had a big rôle. His narrative is frank, naïve, and delightful.

Marguerite E. Harrison is nothing if not thorough. In her latest book "Red Bear or Yellow Dragon" (Doran) she describes her journey through Japan, China, Manchuria, across Siberia to Russia, and it is positively startling to read of the intrepid manner in which she pursues the very uneven tenor of her way about these hazardous countries. She can be counted on to give a social, political, and economic view of each place she visited, and her severely journalistic style, although it robs the account of any personal charm, nevertheless makes it sound trustworthy and unbiased. Her adventures closed with her second imprisonment in Russia; the details that she gives on the Soviet régime shed an interesting light on this mysterious government, although they are not likely to flood Cook's with eager tourists. There may be compensations for life in some odd corners of the earth, the South Seas for example, but Siberia sounds like unadulterated horror. That a woman ever came across it alone and alive strengthens one's faith in a merciful providence.

"My Life" (Duffield) was told by Anissia, a Russian peasant woman, to a sister-in-law of Leo Tolstoy. It comes to us exactly as it was related, barring a little revision by the Count, and is therefore a chapter out of human experience, apparently unmarred by literary finish, and moving one by its very simplicity and directness. Yet so powerful is the effect produced with such economy of means, that some believe the story to have been written entirely by Count Tolstoy. This, to the translator, is evidence not only of "the racial authenticity of the great writer of Russia", but of the fact that the skeptical "have not had the opportunity to appreciate [the Russian peasant's] extraordinary gift of storytelling, to admire the precision of his account, his sharp sense of the picturesque, his finesse and his communicative emotion".

Edwin Muir, star book reviewer of the late lamented "Freeman", in his "Latitudes" (Huebsch) preaches the gospel of criticism of minds, not beards. Only "by treating literature purely as the emanation of spiritual energies" can we so far forget "the appetites, trivialities, and meannesses" of our "subjects" as to see the forests, say, through stubbly beards, "warts and all"; only thus may we avoid the paraphernalia of the merely picturesque, of envy's barbed shafts, scandal's salacious sidetrackings of whatever is not grossly material, "scholarship's" pussyfooting, piddling, and doddering (these graceless epithetical outbursts ours, not Muir's). Examining Scottish ballads, Burns, Conrad, Dostoyevsky, Ibsen, George Douglas; "against" profundity (Lawrence, Joyce, Anderson); "against" superstition, "the wise", optimism, pessimism, "being convinced", etc., this *canny* young Scotsman does the best he *can* (!). A bit juvenilely Nietzschean, hastily synthesized, this little study in æsthetics is one of the sanest ever assumed by an American publisher.

"Essays of To-day: An Anthology", edited by F. H. Pritchard (Little, Brown), confines itself to selections of twentieth century work. The list of

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contributors is comprehensive and judicious enough to preclude special mention of any particular writer. A specifically modern, rebellious spirit is not, despite the implication of the introduction, to be found in these essays; rather, they have a traditional, gentle charm. They are faithful to the best of their genre; but we cannot help wishing that they were also representative of their authors' work. Taken from their original context in previously published books, they look a little forlorn and sound somewhat abrupt. For the most part they are too fragmentary to indicate in any way the stature of the writers. They should be read for the musing pleasure of renewing an old acquaintance, not with the hope of making a possible discovery.

"Westward Hoboes: Ups and Downs of Frontier Motoring" by Winifred Hawkridge Dixon (Scribner) is a very modern magic carpet on which to experience adventurous travel while ensconced in an armchair. It tells of an automobile trip taken by the author and a thoroughly feminine friend through Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, and corners of other states. There are eleven thousand miles of details, variations all on three themes: accidents, scenery, and people. Yet the journey does not, to the reader, seem long. It is made delightful by Mrs. Dixon's sense of humor, which revels in predicaments and idiosyncrasies, and by her offhand, blissfully unsentimental style. She has a flair for pithy, vivid description, and a fine discrimination for shades of difference between objects superficially similar. The multitudinous impressions she recaptures are rarely blurred. She saw extraordinary and beautiful things, and because she is honest and unpretentious in her report she does not dwarf them. It is a genuinely entertaining book, not only to leaf through for the photographs but to read.

A celebrated author may justly fear death more than does the ordinary mortal. There is a fair certainty that his publisher will issue a posthumous volume of miscellaneous material "hitherto unpublished". For this purpose the zealous editor will exhume a mass of ephemeral products — such hack work and potboilers as a search of old magazines and dusty papers will reveal. "The Glorious Mystery" (Covici-McGee) is just that sort of book. Arthur Machen, however, has a fine liking for the horrible and may enjoy this foretaste of terrors to come. The contents of the book are largely controversial reviews of books on theology and debates on the legend of the Holy Grail. The hopeful blurb writer declares, " 'The Glorious Mystery' is a genuine First Edition for collectors of the writings of the Welsh master." Any such collector will be furnished, on application, the name of the second hand bookstore which will buy this reviewer's copy.

Lack of perspective is the malady which ails Rosalind Travers Hyndman's story of her husband — "The Last Years of H. M. Hyndman" (Brentano). She sat too near to that undoubtedly great man's heart and soul, too near to what she conceived to be the heart and soul of the English Social Democratic Movement, to be able to see either of them in its true proportions or its true light. It is a sadly ironical fact that the part of Mrs. Hyndman's book which best portrays the greatness of Hyndman is the collection, at the end, of tributes, sympathetic messages, and general and

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personal opinions of friends and enemies. Among these is a batch of reviews and letters from the pen of George Bernard Shaw. Shaw gives us Hyndman as a simple soul, an earnest thinker, and a great and unpurchasable idealist. We love that Hyndman. Mrs. Hyndman makes of her man a god, a giant figure, impossibly, irritatingly infallible; and somehow he annoys us so that his cause annoys us too.

"Immigration" by Edith Abbott (University of Chicago) constitutes a comprehensive and invaluable textbook for the student of the problems of the alien: his admission, his exclusion, his expulsion, his assimilation, and his social environment. The volume covers all phases of the subject, historical and legal as well as economic and political; it provides voluminous documentary material from actual research work, and shows by specific examples the actual conditions and problems which typical immigrants have to meet. While designed for the specialist rather than for the general reader, it contains a large amount of material of interest to all who are concerned with social advancement.

All success to Forbes Watson's "The Arts Monographs" (Duffield). The first two volumes of this series have recently been published. There is a great need today for well illustrated and intelligently written books on the fine arts which are modest enough in price to be within reach of the professional man. The forthcoming monographs will deal with both native and foreign artists, some of the attractive subjects announced being Arthur B. Davies, Aikens, and Toulouse-Lautrec. Walter Pach has written the first volume on Georges Seurat; and Forbes Watson, who so capably edits "The Arts", is the author of the second volume of the series, on the American artist William Glackens.

Gertrude, Claudius, Ophelia, even Polonius, have been accorded justice at last. Hamlet has been set back several notches for the misanthropic, "unfilial" fellow that he is — when he is not too mad to be termed "unfilial". All this in one modest sized book, Lillie Buffum Chace Wyman's "Gertrude of Denmark: An Interpretative Romance" (Marshall Jones)! Whitewasher extraordinary, this new and splendid Amazon asserts for herself much the same relation to hitherto "incestuous" Gertrude, the object aforetime of many an Hamletian bit of impoliteness (to put it mildly), that one Rafael Sabatini now bears to one much-posthumously-blackened Cesare Borgia. Burlesque or sermon, novel or critical treatise — despite any and all our prejudices — this book is a friendly, "civilized", humorous, beautiful, and assertive entry into the lists of Shakespeariana. Deserving to become at least a classic of curiosity.

The young poets of Oxford still tread lightly on the broad highway of English poetic tradition. From "Oxford Poetry, 1923" (Appleton) one gains assurance that the old forms are best, that for this gently humorous, resigned, fastidious phase of undergraduate life nothing that is chaotic or raw can take their place. It is almost as if these young men were afraid to take life too seriously, having come lately to such bitter grips with it. They play with poesy as with some delicate bauble, extracting from it exquisite lights and colors, as in Harold Acton's "The Pensile Gardens of Babylon", or Lord David Cecil's "Beauty Unsought"; laughing over it, cynically, perhaps, as

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in Geoffrey Curtis's "Unparadised"; and sometimes finding through it the inevitable perfect phrase, as in P. P. Brown's "Dirge". Their poetic expression is like new, sweet wine, and the old sturdy, shapely bottles of English versification hold it well.

Men working in the creative arts are ever trying to enlarge the sphere of their practice. And so we have the oils of Pablo Picasso, the music of dissonance, the poetry of E. E. Cummings, and the new art of biography. Departing frankly from the methods of the graduate schools, it teaches that biography should approach the condition of fiction. Its patron saint is J. A. Froude. Lytton Strachey is Lord Bishop; Philip Guedalla his sacristan. Gerald Bullett, author of "The Innocence of G. K. Chesterton" (Holt), shows himself in this engaging volume to be the most devout and tractable of acolytes. Mr. Bullett's vivacious account of Chesterton's intellectual quests is more pleasant reading than most fiction, and far more penetrating. He is interested in ideas — Mr. Chesterton's and his own; and he is a tolerable parodist, for so closely does his style and manner approximate Chesterton's that at times the gracious mediævalist himself seems to be launching the paradoxes. "The Innocence of G. K. Chesterton" is heartily to be recommended as an introduction to the new biography, and to the biggest belletrist in the United Kingdom.

It is gratifying to see how well the American contributions reproduced in "Fine Prints of the Year" (1923) compare with the Continental selections. This year's annual review of contemporary graphic art, edited by Malcolm C. Salaman (Halton and Truscott Smith), is particularly interesting for the space devoted to the recently revived art of woodcut printing both here and abroad.

Life in its tragic mutability is the theme of James Oppenheim's poems, collected now in one volume called "The Sea" (Knopf). Like the deep, his soul's existence surges up in magnificent waves of glory, and ebbs away from the ghastly shore of failure. Like the deep, too, his inspiration falls occasionally into a dead calm, when poetry is submerged beneath the prosy monotony of an autobiographical narrative. Ardent followers of Mr. Oppenheim may find something to worship in that portion of the book called "The Mystic Warrior", in which the poet chronicles with almost childish exactness the incidents of his life. We do not quarrel with the too frequent triviality of these incidents, but rather with the dull, formless primer style in which they are told. Against their drabness, the vivid, sentient portions of the book flash like lightning across a dead sky. The images electrify; in the love poems, especially, they spring like arcs of fire across the page. This is true, not only of the short lyrics, like "Action" and "Folk Hunger", but of such long sustained pieces as "The Song of the Sea". In this really splendid sequence, the uneven rhythms rise and fall in magnificent swell of song with the recurrent supplication to *Mare æternis!* Of himself, the poet says, "I am one of those who are born with a stoop-shouldered spirit." Perhaps it is this characteristic that has kept so much of his verse at the level of gutter pavements. But it is the same characteristic that, when his face is turned to the sky, makes the beauty reflected there shine with a blinding brilliance seldom seen on the countenances of those who walk always in the light.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

The literary acrobat of the month of April is Edna Ferber, who leaps, with "So Big", out of nowhere to the top of the monthly score. Let the cavilers who sneer at the fictional taste of the masses laugh that off! It is not every day that the judgment of the library book borrowers coincides with that of the critics, although it generally runs fairly neck and neck with that of the book buyers. For once, however, critics, book buyers, and book borrowers meet on common ground.

One other new title shows itself in the fiction list, Coningsby Dawson's "The Coast of Folly". Otherwise, the flood of new spring novels has yielded nothing to which the critical and always eager library public has shown any appreciable reaction. And there are no indications whatever that any of the new works in the non-fiction class has a chance to displace the old favorites which show up from month to month with a regularity that becomes monotonous. The picture which this general list presents of the American mind never changes. Any author seeking fame and money (if authors ever are influenced by such considerations) can find the formula whereby these may be gained, if he will but address himself to the public whose interests are exemplified by its choice of these ten titles, for which the demand at the libraries is persistent and continuous. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	So Big	*Edna Ferber*	DOUBLEDAY
2.	The Call of the Canyon	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
3.	Black Oxen	*Gertrude Atherton*	LIVERIGHT
4.	The Able McLaughlins	*Margaret Wilson*	HARPER
5.	The Midlander	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
6.	The Covered Wagon	*Emerson Hough*	APPLETON
7.	The Coast of Folly	*Coningsby Dawson*	COSMOPOLITAN
8.	Bread	*Charles G. Norris*	DUTTON
9.	Butterfly	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY
10.	Never the Twain Shall Meet	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN

GENERAL

1.	Life of Christ	*Giovanni Papini*	HARCOURT
2.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
3.	My Garden of Memory	*Kate Douglas Wiggin*	HOUGHTON
4.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
5.	Etiquette	*Emily Post*	FUNK & WAGNALLS
6.	The Dance of Life	*Havelock Ellis*	HOUGHTON
7.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
8.	The Mind in the Making	*James Harvey Robinson*	HARPER
9.	A Man From Maine	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
10.	Up Stream	*Ludwig Lewisohn*	LIVERIGHT

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IN THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL

DEAR SIR:
I have just finished reading John V. A. Weaver's article on Cooper's humor in the March issue of your magazine. Having lived on this earth for but fifteen years, I do not pretend to have that sensitive feeling for works of men now dead which Mr. Weaver must have dwelt on unceasingly during the composition of "Fenimore Cooper — Comic"; but still I look upon it as ethically wrong to judge a work of a century ago by our modern standards.

I have always felt that respect should be paid to the aged by the young, to the great by the mob. Cooper was great in the musical combination of words. He was respected by his contemporary toilers with the quill. His works were so fine that they have been read and reread for over a hundred years. Now in our grand and glorious twentieth century a seer arises among us. He intimates "The Last of the Mohicans" is a joke, a farce — in fact, that it is the finest piece of satire in American literature (even though all English speaking people have taken it seriously since 1823).

A letter was recently printed in "The Literary Review" that quoted A. A. Milne as saying that George Jean Nathan belongs to the "Oh mama, look at George" school of criticism. Paraphrasing Milne, one might say, after reading Mr. Weaver's article, that *his* work suffers from the "Oh mama, look at John" blight.

Respectfully yours,
R. WAKEMAN HARTLEY.

DEAR SIR:
I have been reading "Chapters from Unwritten Autobiographies" in the April BOOKMAN. When I reached the second paragraph — relating to the sinking of the sloop "Cumberland" in Hampton Roads — I said to myself, "Ah, I have something that touches on that subject!"

It is an old letter written by an uncle of mine, Capt. George Elder, 99th N. Y. Volunteers, to his father — my grandfather. Capt. Elder was on the "Congress" and was an eyewitness of the fight between the "Cumberland" and the "Merrimac". Like the "Cumberland", the "Congress" was put out of action by the "Merrimac" and was forced to surrender.

The letter, unfortunately, is not complete, the last page being missing. The story of the fight, however, is intact.

Very truly yours,
HAROLD S. OSBORNE.

Fortress Monroe, Va., *March* 12/62

DEAR FATHER:
I wrote a short letter to you the day after the action, letting you know that I was safe. I have been so busy since that I have had no time to write. I will give you a description of the fight which will be more satisfactory than the newspapers as I had a good chance to see what was going on, being stationed on the poop deck the greater part of the time. About 12–1/2 o'clock P.M. of Saturday, and while we (the officers) were in the wardroom eating a lunch, the word was sent to the 1st Lieut. commanding, Mr. J. B. Smith, by the officer of the deck, Mr. Macentire, masters mate, that the "Merrimac" was leaving Craney (?) Island and proceeding towards Sewall's Point. We then went on deck and with glasses were watching the "Merrimac" and 3 other rebel gun boats with our glasses for a considerable time. The "Merrimac" had a Commodore's flag at the fore and the Rebel flag at the stern. The other Rebel gun boats had the French at the fore and the Stars and Bars at midships and aft. We then cast our eyes up the James River and saw the Rebel boats, "Jamestown" (Patrick Henry) and the "Yorktown" steaming around Day's Point about 12 miles above. In the meantime the "Cumberland", who lay about 1200 above us, was intently watching the enemy's progress. The "Merrimac" left Norfolk about 12 M. and steamed down slowly and near the shore to Sewall's Point, which she passed and appeared to be going to Fort Monroe, but after leaving the point about 1/4 mile she turned around and approached the point again and kept on toward Craney Island, where we supposed she was going, but after going in that direction about a mile she headed toward Pig's (?) Point at the mouth of the Nansimmond (?) River, again turned and came steadily toward us. We were by no means idle as this was taking place. We had beaten to quarters and the men were all ready for the work before us. Our ship at this time was heading south east, or down the river, and as no tide was running she would not pay off to the cable, on which we had a spring, so as to warp the

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ship broadside on. She had now approached within 500 yards of our bow and we could not use a single gun. The "Cumberland", having two pivot rifle guns on her bow opened fire on her, which struck her but glanced off like "marbles on ice". She, the "Merrimac", then opened her bow guns on the "Congress", the first shot she fired being grape. I was standing on the starboard horse block with a glass in my hand. I said to Lieut. Pendergrast just as she fired, "there she goes Pender" — and he replied "Grape, eh! I thought she would have fired solid shot."

A part of the netting of the horse block was carried away, and it rattled like hail around us. On the poop, besides myself, were Capt. Smith, Lieut. Pendergrast, Mr. Roads, the pilot, Capt. McIntyre, Lieut. Smith, Mr. McClintock, Capt. Clark. She then fired three or four round shot which went through the rigging. We tried to jibe the ship by hoisting the spankers and all the officers on the poop assisted in pulling the sail around so the wind would catch it and turn us broadside on. The "Merrimac" for some reason passed by us pouring in a broadside at 300 yards distance, which we promptly responded to by two broadsides from the starboard side, and went up to the "Cumberland" which she ran into with her iron prow, at the same time firing her two bow guns at the "Cumberland" and her broadside guns at us. She drew back and ran into the "Cumberland" again about 1/2 way between the bow and midships, firing at us and the "Cumberland" all the time. She then got on the starboard side of the "Cumberland" and we could not fire at her for fear of hitting the "Cumberland". She then engaged the shore battery. During all that time we were also fighting the "Jamestown" and "Yorktown" who were pouring shell and shot at us. I then went below on the gun deck to see that our wounded were carried to the cockpit and found that we had three killed in our Co. and some wounded. I passed around the men encouraging them and then went up on the poop again.

The "Merrimac" then came at us again. We had raised the jib sails and spanker and fore sails, and tried to get the ship so we could work her with a fair wind. We had the tugboat "Louane" alongside of us towing but before we had moved 800 yds. we got aground, still fighting the "Jamestown" and "Yorktown", and the "Merrimac" pitched in a shot every few minutes. The "Merrimac" came down within 300 yds. of us and got directly astern of us and poured in broadside after broadside. We could only use the two stern guns, and the crew were mowed down as soon as they manned those guns. The second shot came into the stern while the Capt. and myself were in the Captain's cabin firing from Sharps rifles into the portholes of the "Merrimac". The ball passed between the Capt. and myself, killing a marine who was there, knocking the Capt. down and knocking me against the door of the pantry. The stove was knocked over and everything inside broken up. The ball passed along the spar deck, killing Mr. Thomas Moore, actg. Mate. We carried the marine below and I got a pail of water and put out the cabin fire, and went to work again, firing rifles out of the hole the ball made. After exhausting my supply I went outside and Mr. Pendergrast asked me "Where's Mr. Smith?" I did not know and I went to look for him, the balls still whistling around me and making their way through the ship fore and aft.

Mr. Smith's cap was found by masters mate Barny all torn up and his body was found soon after. We still fought them as well as we could with the two stern chasers, but finding that resistance was useless we struck our colours at 1/4 to four o'clock.

The Rebel boat "Beaufort" came alongside of us and said the officers are prisoners and send the crew ashore and wanted to burn the ship. The Executive Officer of the "Congress" demurred to the burning of the ship before the wounded and crew were on shore, and said he shouldn't do it. The ship had then been on fire about an hour. The Indiana 21st Regt. were on the sandy beach of the shore and sending rifle balls thick and fast on the Rebel boat, some also hitting our men. The Rebel officer, a midshipman, ordered some of the crew on board and I presume about 50 got on her, but subsequently jumped off her and got on the ship again. I then went below to pack up my things, expecting to be a prisoner of war, had them brought on deck, but the rebel was compelled to draw off in consequence of the rifle balls from shore. The "Merrimac", after the "Beaufort" left us, poured in another broadside, killing 8 or ten men. I then went below to get the Co. rolls and had to wade in blood and water ankle deep to get to the room in which those books were. I found it full of smoke and considerably broken up and everything knocked to pieces. I began to feel along the floor for the roll book when a shell burst in the cockpit, the pieces flying around like hail. The partition between the rooms and pieces of furniture, chairs broken up by the force of the explosion completely covered me, but I finally succeeded in getting out with what I went after. Most of the wounded in the cockpit were killed by the explosion and the surgeon was injured a little. The wardroom just over the magazine was a mass of flames. We were busily engaged in passing the wounded aft the

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ship by whips rigged over the port bow, and when we got them ashore we sent the men afterwards and Capt. McIntyre and myself left the ship among the last. We expected her to blow up every minute and when we left the light of the flames was shining through the aft port holes. I hardly think I can describe the scene on board after the battle, the groans of the wounded and dying mingled with the hoarse commands of the officers, the blackened faces, the mangled bodies, the heads and parts of bodies lying around in every direction. I had several narrow escapes and thank God that I am still whole. Some of the gun carriages were completely carried away and a great many had their breeches broken. The decks were slippery with blood and gore and the steps still more so. . . .

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN.

Dear Sir: I have read Mr. Walter H. Larom's article in a recent issue of your magazine (January) and regret that his admiration for Mark Twain generates such a choler when a thought of Robert Louis Stevenson arises.

We may grant there is much truth in what he says regarding Stevenson's attitude towards the Saranac Lake of 1887–88, but at that time it was simply a hamlet and conditions were primitive. Despite Stevenson's love of occasional life "gypsying", traveling with a donkey, tempting Fate in canoe voyages, etc., the crudeness of the place grated on him. Hardly any of the inhabitants (with the exception of Dr. Edward L. Trudeau) were congenial to him. The community was made up almost entirely of the pioneering type; men who hunted and trapped or worked in the forests. There was, no doubt, a lack of interest on each side due to neither side understanding the other. Men of the pioneer type are seldom in sympathy with those whose vocation is less strenuous than their own. Men of the artistic trend, more keenly organized and of higher mental standards, are not prone to find affinity with persons lacking these elements. The villagers are said to have thought R. L. S. "queer" and his evident unconcern as to what they thought confirmed them in their appraisal.

Mr. Larom has not read Stevenson to any extent or he would hardly say the latter was "apparently oblivious to the beauty and grandeur of the mountains", etc. Mark Twain may have been "enthusiastic in his admiration of the natural beauty of the region", but it does not seem to have obsessed him with a desire to show his enthusiasm by appearing at a benefit for the Saranac Lake Library, despite Mr. Larom's overtures for that worthy project. On the contrary. "He replied with great emphasis, 'No! No!! No!!!'" (vide Larom account).

It must also be borne in mind that Mark Twain had been idolized by multitudes of persons in his own and other countries for years, and could afford to view Life complacently and with satisfaction. Aside from the attempts of his wife and a couple of friends to plant seeds of piety in Mark's sterile breast, little had arisen to disturb his hedonistic existence. Stevenson, on the other hand, had known the strain of poverty, hunger, sickness. His health, never robust, was more or less shattered by lack of food and medical attention during the period in California when Jules Simoneau, the old French restaurant keeper, found and succored him. And as to popularity, even his contemporaries in English literary circles spoke slightingly, even insultingly, when his name arose.

Mr. Larom's remark about a local Stevenson society would indicate a small band of hero worshipers, but such is not the case. The organization is incorporated under the laws of the State of New York as The Stevenson Society of America and has members in all parts of the world.

Mr. Larom also says that Stevenson "damned the cold". Whether Mr. Larom "damns" the cold or not I am unable to say, but understand it is on account of it that he spends his winters elsewhere nowadays. He is delightful and companionable when he is not engaged in the Swinnertonian pastime of "slamming" R. L. S.

Just why controversy should arise between Stevensonians and Twainians is hardly clear. The men are as unlike as Democratic Senators and reputable citizens. Stevenson would have been as much at a disadvantage in an attempt to portray a Tom Sawyer or a Huckleberry Finn as Twain would have been in an endeavor to duplicate the Scot's polished essays. But comparisons continue to flourish and offer fuel for the fires of disputatious disciples. The Thackeray adherents go "Berserk" at the name of Dickens. Volsteadites are at variance with bootleggers. Cultivated palates argue the respective merits of scotch and rye. At present the world of leisure is bestraught by the momentous question of mah jong supplanting bridge (or the reverse). But all in vain. Water will flow under the bridges and down the hills as of yore; the rain will continue to fall on the just and on the unjust with impartiality.

It may not be amiss to call Mr. Larom's attention to the fact that his comfortable home at Saranac Lake is more conducive to

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a happy state of mind than could possibly be the unpretentious cottage where R. L. S. spent the winter of 1887–88, and from which place he gave to the world writings that will be held in high esteem long after we have all ceased our discussions. Among these are "A Christmas Sermon", "The Lantern Bearers", "Pulvis et Umbra", "Beggars", "Gentlemen", "A Chapter on Dreams", and many of the other essays published in "Scribner's Magazine". It has been said on good authority that he got his inspiration for the final chapters of "The Master of Ballantrae" from Saranac Lake scenery. In his "Letters", edited by Sidney Colvin, he makes several references to the invigorating air, the hills that remind him of home, and other allusions in no uncomplimentary terms.

All things considered, it is not difficult to see why the Stevenson Society was organized and has a large membership. Hundreds of persons visit the Cottage annually; the register showing names and addresses of many prominent men and women is an indication of the public's appreciation of this shrine. It is the only remaining place in this country intimately identified with R. L. S., and the collection of relics, books, and pictures is valuable and interesting. At the annual meetings men well known in the world of art and letters come to address the audience, which averages 350 to 400 people. Of this gathering only about 20 per cent are local members; the rest coming from summer resorts within a radius of 15 miles or more.

Mark Twain left so little impression on the vicinity that today there are residents unaware of his ever having visited this section. Some of those who recall his stay relate that he had no intercourse with outsiders if he could possibly avoid it. Even Mr. Larom's (as he tells us) had to be accomplished by strategy. He lays the necessity of this to the possible watchfulness of "some domestic or jealous friend". Perhaps he knew Twain's lack of interest in the clergy and (Mr. Larom being an Episcopal minister) feared being *persona non grata*.

In view of the fact that Mr. Larom's article seemed to reproach "100 per cent Americans" (for such we are) for the formation and continuance of a Stevenson society, and for the desire to honor the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson, I trust the foregoing remarks of mine may find a place in your columns. Let us give Mark Twain his meed of praise, but not by belittling the efforts of this organization.

Very truly yours,

LIVINGSTON CHAPMAN,
Secretary, Stevenson Society of America.

THE LAST WORD

By Milton Raison

YOU must be stronger than the sea
If you will hold me,
The sea is a woman with emerald hair.
But I am more fair.
The sea will feed me salt and gruel.
But I am more cruel.
The sea will teach me beauty and pain
Until I am slain.
But mine are the breasts that will pillow your head
Until you are dead.
Oh, I am afraid you are too strong for me,
Therefore I must go off to the sea.
I'll not let you free!

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

Translation as a Problem

GUY DE MAUPASSANT died in 1893. The long article on him in "Meyers Konversations-Lexikon" (1908) closes with these words: "Of the numerous (*zahlreiche*) translations, we mention only the one that appeared at Berlin, 1898–1903, complete works, in twenty volumes." The first page of "Die Literatur" for last February contains an advertisement by the Kurt Wolff Verlag of Munich of a new and complete translation of the whole of Maupassant by L. B. Adrian, Fr. von Oppeln-Bronikowski, E. E. Schwabach, "and other translators who have made names for themselves". The last page of the same number of the same magazine contains a full page advertisement by the Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt of Stuttgart of a new and complete translation of the whole of Maupassant in "the matchless and inimitable rendering" of Georg von Ompteda. Of this translation, the "Welt am Montag" says: "It is a work which will guarantee to the Germans the reputation of having the best translation literature known to the world."

The business of translation is apparently proceeding with a novel species of success *and* esteem in Germany, which bids fair to have as many versions of Maupassant as it has long had of Shakespeare. That the Germans rightfully enjoy the reputation above referred to does not need to be restated, for the world, on Monday and every other day, knows it. But even the Germans have at last met a real problem in the matter of translation. Due, it would seem, to the awarding of the Nobel Prize to W. B. Yeats, another Irishman has come into fresh prominence with them — J. M. Synge. On looking into Synge's works, the Germans are minded to throw up their heads and exclaim, *Du lieber Himmel*, the man cannot be done into German! As a confession this takes rank along with the notorious one that came out of Berlin early in 1917: Herr Hergt, then a man of importance, assured his people that the American troops couldn't fly and couldn't swim and hence couldn't come, and yet admitted that some of them were actually on French soil and more were to follow. In the case before us, Kurt Busse, also of Berlin, who must know that it is possible to accomplish virtually any æsthetic feat with the German language, concedes its inability to serve as a medium of expression for the Irish notions and sensitive atmosphere of Edmund John Millington Synge.

From every point of view this is seemingly a strange position the German critic has taken. In the first place, Synge's dramas have already been translated into Czech, Dutch, French, Russian, Irish, Gaelic, and German. His maternal grandfather, Robert Traill, achieved enduring fame through his translation of Flavius Josephus. Synge himself had an excellent knowledge of the Gaelic idiom, became at least a part master of several Continental languages while a student at Trinity College, Dublin, knew Hebrew about as well as any modern Irishman could be expected to know it, attended lectures at the College de France on phonetics where he corrected the pro-

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fessor in the latter's attempt to pronounce Gaelic, and, what is more to the point, wandered all over Germany and Austria, studied Heine and other German writers, took up with the peasant drama of Anzengruber and his school, familiarized himself with Gerhart Hauptmann, and, having been initiated into the lyric beauties of Walther von der Vogelweide, actually set to work and learned to read the mediæval minnesingers so well that he could translate them into the Anglo-Irish dialect. Is it possible that a German finds it impossible to make a poet with such equipment and proclivity accessible to his fellow men, particularly now that the task has already been accomplished?

We understand Herr Busse perfectly; and his point is well taken: there is, of course, nothing that is even hard about creating *a* Synge in German; but to lift *the* Synge that wrote "Under Ether" out of his atmosphere and transplant him to a clime the sensations, passions, and civilization of which are poles removed from his own is utterly out of the question. That is, the same Synge cannot be recreated, though another of equal or even superior merit might be.

Herr Busse, in order to prove his point, starts in with a discussion of "The Playboy of the Western World". Synge's own preface to this work obviously gave the German critic the cold shivers. It will be recalled that Synge remarks that "all art is collaboration", that you have to eavesdrop on the personages you are planning to depict if your speech is to be flavored, your reality real, and your joy joyous. This leads Herr Busse to aver that the German translation of the very title, "Der Held aus Westerland", is "bad", in that Synge's idea of "west" is what the German means by "east", while the "playboy" is the antipodes of a "hero". There follow a number of similar and subtle observations all of which merely show that Berlin is not Dublin, but that Bulwer-Lytton was right when he characterized the Germans as a "race of thinkers". All good German criticism is irritating and stimulating. At the close, Herr Busse remarks that "The Playboy" is an extension, or rather expansion, of Synge's "In the Shadow of the Glen". This is the "stimulating" part of the discussion before us. Herr Busse is right. A treatise of rare value could be written on the influence of authors on themselves. The elder Lessing actually plagiarized from the younger Lessing; even Schiller's "Maid of Orleans" is in a sense a preparatory study to "William Tell".

This, however, is a digression. Kurt Busse does not indulge in such; he sticks to his thesis that Synge cannot be translated into German. In a weak moment he intimates that Synge might be done into *Plattdeutsch*, but he abandons the proposition with an immediacy that suggests a sacrilegious conscience. And then he translates the closing scenes of "Deirdre of the Sorrows" to prove his point.

It is an altogether singular attitude to be assumed by a German whose native tongue has been canonized by its users for centuries on the ground of its flexible adaptability. And indeed it should be possible to do anything with a language of which this is a word in good standing: *Drillingstandemumkehrwalzenzugsmaschine* (triple tandem reversible rolling mill engine).

It is the translation of no less a book than the Bible, however, that affords the gravest intellectual problem known momentarily to men at large. At the annual convention of one of the foremost Protestant churches held two months

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ago in New York, a leading minister remarked that God did not dictate the Bible in heaven but on earth, and He did this so that it would be easy to render the Bible into all tongues of the earth. Let us waive theology for brevity's sake and take up philology for argument's sake. There is abundant reason to believe that the translators appointed by the Crown to prepare the King James Version of the Bible (1611) caused as much unnecessary wrangling by their rendering of Paul's First Letter to Timothy, VI:20, as has ever been caused by any four words spoken by any man or body of men. The words referred to are "science falsely so called".

The facts are as follows:

In the very first century of the Christian Era, there arose a sect composed of men who came to be called "gnostics". The meaning of the word is as clear as a bell to a high school student of Greek, or even of Latin. It means people who "know". The Greek word for "knowledge" is *gnosis*, and a man who "knows" is a "gnostic". The trouble with the original gnostics, as Paul saw them, was that they knew so many things that were not true. They knew, for example, that the story of Jesus was symbolism rather than history. Hence Paul wrote to Timothy and adjured him to avoid the oppositions of "science falsely so called", meaning this "knowledge" which the gnostics claimed to possess.

When Jerome prepared the Vulgate or Latin edition, he had to translate *gnosis* by *scientia*. King James's translators followed suit, rendered *scientia* by "science", and thus gave rise to these incessant attacks on science, that is, on such subjects as biology, geology, astronomy, and so on, subjects to which Paul had not the vaguest reference. Dr. Goodspeed, in his "American Translation", has Paul say: "Keep away from the worldly, empty phrases and contradictions of what they falsely call knowledge." Had those words been written in London in 1611 instead of in Chicago in 1923, the world would now be a calmer place to live in.

Moreover, the German translation of First Timothy, VI:20, prepared by Martin Luther and used in Germany to this day, reads: *Meide falsch berühmte Kunst* (Avoid falsely praised art). That is to say, the German of 1924 is advised to avoid art that is praised when it should not be. The philologist knows the origin of *Kunst;* he knows how elastic and comprehensive the word is. For probably as many, then, as a million Germans — the more scholarly classes who concern themselves in no way with the Bible — the German rendering of Paul is adequate. But for the remaining fifty nine million what Paul did was to advise them to keep away from spurious art — the Barbizon School, Expressionism, Cubism, and the like.

On the whole, Kurt Busse is forever and eternally right: Synge cannot be translated into German. The translation of any masterpiece is, literally and literarily speaking, impossible. If possible, the world would know synonymous languages, which is nonsensical; for languages differ even more than the peoples who speak them. As to the Bible, the translation of it has been a colossal problem for slightly over sixteen hundred years. As to manhandling a text, translators should recall at least one incident in J. M. Synge's own life. Once upon a time there was an editor who returned a manuscript to him. Synge opened the package and, scanning the text on which he had worked so hard, said: "God blight that man!"

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

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Notes from France

THAT we live in a literary atmosphere which is thoroughly different from that of twenty years ago; that the books of the last century were (except for the greatest among them) sickening with their narrowness, inaccuracy, false pretense to realism; that the present epoch resembles the best ones in the history of French literature — such are Max Jacob's opinions, as expressed in "Philosophies", a new magazine which has among its first contributors Jean Cocteau, Supervielle, Robert Honnert, Soupault, and Drieu la Rochelle.

The fact is, the literary plant is humming. This same week another review, "Demain", is appearing with the names of Mauriac, Maeterlinck, Princesse Murat, Carco, Montherlant, Colette; also J. J. Brousson, who was Anatole France's secretary and writes interesting pages on the master's work and personality.

Literary prizes are falling right and left. The last authors to be hit by them were André Thérive for his book "Le Plus Grand Péché" (the sin of intellectual rebellion and pride), Paule Régnier for her book "La Vivante Paix", and Pierre Dominique who wrote "Contes Désobligeants" — a title with a Shaw-like flavor. Pierre Dominique is a doctor in the principal insane asylum near Paris. He has seen the war in France and in the East. He is a skeptic and a vigorous observer. All this makes good equipment for a writer of fiction.

A second series of the "Jugements" by Henri Massis, the young Catholic critic, contains studies on André Gide and on Georges Duhamel, while the first series took Renan and Anatole France as victims. Massis, like Béraud, has made a specialty of attacks on André Gide — on the plane of moral and religious orthodoxy this time. But Gide calls Massis his best disciple — which is confusing.

The publisher Grasset brings out two books which are also remote from profane futility: a volume of extracts from Auguste Comte, the creator and master of Positivism, and a book by Emile Baumann, "L'Anneau d'Or des Grands Mystiques" — which contains eloquent fragments on St. Jean de la Croix (but we expect a far more significant work by Jean Baruzi on that great figure), on Ruysbroeck and other exalted persons.

Analysis of a less sacred character is to be found in Emmanuel Berl's "Essai sur l'Amour" (an English version has been published by Chapman and Hall, London, under the title "The Nature of Love"). This young psychologist demonstrates successfully that Freud does not supply the only key to unexplored regions of the human ego. There seems to be matter for reflection, moreover, in Freud's failure to gain much following in France, although his works are now well known here. It is generally supposed that the French are fairly competent in psychology, in medicine, and in the science of love. Wherever Freudism has "taken" so widely, is it not because the reading public was yet unfamiliar with one at least of these branches of knowledge? And isn't it logical that Freud has not met with the applause of a nation having already Laclos, Stendhal, and Dr. Charcot in her traditions?

A fiction writer like Valéry Larbaud has probably gone into further introspection of love psychology than any scientist ever did. The three long stories, "Beauté Mon Beau Souci", "Mon Plus Secret Conseil", and "Amants, Heureux Amants", have been gathered in a book having the

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same title as the last of the three. The Nouvelle Revue Française published this and, in a different collection, the "Jewish Stories" by Raymond Geiger, which are light reading, but far from unsatisfactory.

We shall not leave unmentioned "La Maison Natale", the play by Jacques Copeau, recently given at the Vieux Colombier and now published; nor "Les Caprices du Poète" by Francis Jammes. To end with, let us insist on the article by Claude Berton published in the "Revue Mondiale", about "Wilson and Lenin". It contains some views which are, according to us, sound and penetrating, on the great currents of influence that run through the world of today.

PIERRE DE LANUX

Futurism and Fascism

IT is the fashion to decry "isms", although there are times when the world influence of a Fascism, for example, causes us to stop and perhaps to bow, seriously if not politely. And Futurism, we must know, is the father of Fascism — not the remote grandfather like those whose parenthood is so assiduously and gratefully established by writers of doctors' theses, but the father before the eyes of today's Italy and today's world. As for the mother, the receptive party, we find her in our own human nature, or, more exactly, in that hungry and perhaps naïvely rebellious element in the human race which dares to hold up the bowl of its soul to the blank faced cook, and to ask for more. It may happen that the rebel receives no more gruel, but he generally receives something, however little its exact nature be suspected, and that something may be for the best.

In the recent history of Mussolini called "L' Uomo Movo" (a strong book of enthusiasm and devotion, but with the defects of all eulogies) by Antonio Beltramelli the debt of Fascism to Futurism and its founder, F. T. Marinetti, is recognized.

This latter apostle of energy and dreams has written "Futurismo e Fascismo", a book, just now from the press, of ideas, of prophecy, and of poetic inspiration as well as of history: the one book worthy of being saved out of the mass of sympathetic Fascist literature. Criticisms of Fascism are a different story.

In the purely literary sense Futurism has borne little fruit of its own kind, but it would be futile to deny that it has brought forth good fruit. Rather, putting the matter in its worst light, we must admit what is not strictly orthodox — that figs have been gathered from thistles.

A glance at the followers of the Futuristic movement in Italy from the date of its beginning in 1909 reveals many important authors but few good strictly Futuristic books. Among the authors are Marinetti, Buzzi, Settimelli, Corra, Papini, Soffici, Govoni, and Folgore. Of these men, all of more than ordinary importance, the first four alone have held more or less rigidly to their theories.

Marinetti has written forty or more works in French and Italian; he has delivered innumerable lectures in almost every country in Europe; he has been struck by tons of vegetables thrown by his audiences, and has dodged as many more; he has received thousands of public insults but has always had the last laugh. His direct or indirect influence on all contemporary literatures is beyond dispute, and he must be granted at least an historical importance.

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Papini, seeming to give credence to the often repeated accusation that he is an opportunist, embraced Futurism with great passion, but shortly afterward deserted her, taking the occasion to excuse his hasty love affair in "La Mia Esperienza Futurista". But the influence of the Futuristic discipline or lack of discipline on Papini and on all the other former Futurists has been good — as most experiences are good, it may be added, if the experiencer has a basic, native intelligence and a sane sense of values.

Luciano Folgore, now a quasi-Futurist, has recently written "Nuda ma Dipinta", a book of ironic, thought provoking observations on life — to which phenomenon (life), and not to a woman, the two adjectives of the title refer. Folgore has the proper background and temperament to become a skilful satirist when a few more years of life and thought enable him to inhibit a certain too frequent obviousness by which his work at present loses a great deal.

The "Cavalcata delle Vertigini" of Paolo Buzzi is a fantastic novel of epileptic dreams, lacking the much taught elements of unity, coherence, and emphasis, but possessing that fourth element so much desired by Futurists, synthesis. The ultrastrenuous life of the ultramodern artist is represented futuristically, synthetically for us in this novel of clashing sounds and colors, and it is to it that we may turn to judge of what the Futuristic method can accomplish. The "Cavalcata delle Vertigini" is unusually successful in its way.

The newest comer to Futurism in Italy is L. R. Cannonieri. The "9000 Mondi" of this young man is a book of audacious, upsetting, unmoral "words in liberty", representing perfectly the state of mind of the ideal Futurist, for it must be remembered that the Italian Futurists are far from being mere writers of free verse, they are "the mystics of action". In the words of Marinetti, "Futurism is a great anti-philosophical and anti-cultural movement of ideas, perceptions, instincts, punches, kicks, and cuffs, which renew, purify, innovate and give speed." The book of Cannonieri, whatever one may think of its iconoclasm, is artistic, it is astoundingly original, and, like those mentioned of Marinetti, Folgore, and Buzzi, is of value as an interesting document indicative of one phase of the Italian mind, especially in the present generation.

HARRY DEFERRARI

German Political Books and Other Romances

GERMANY'S exciting inner political turbulencies, the inextricable confusion of over a score of parties, the "eternal Janus-nature of the German spirit", as one writer puts it, is reflected in a number of interesting new arrivals in the book market, destined to wake the German to a sense of his political childishness and folly.

Foremost one might mention a thoughtful, illuminating, and inspiring book by Oscar A. H. Schmitz, published by Georg Müller, Munich, entitled "Brevier für Unpolitische". A few titles from various divisions of his book show its scope — "The Meaning of Democracy", "The Meaning of Aristocracy", "The Nature of Power", "Spiritual Bolshevism", "The Europe of the Future". As Oscar Schmitz is really a man of constructive as well as analytic mind — see his rejection of German partiality for purely specialistic education on the ground that it

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unfits a man for the larger concept of practical life — his book is invaluable to Germans and exceedingly interesting for all other people who follow the intellectualism of the day on its stony way through chaos.

Heinrich Mann, the more radical of the two Mann brothers, unfortunately silent for some years as a novelist, has published a little volume of political speeches made on various occasions last year, under the general title "Diktatur der Vernunft" (Verlag der Schmiede, Berlin). "Reason", in Heinrich Mann's eyes, is always prone to stand, if not absolutely in the radical camp, at any rate with her ear in that direction; nevertheless, the book is full of wholesome truths and the frequent fireworks of expression to which this eminent stylist has accustomed us. A particularly good appraisal of ideal democracy is his speech in honor of the new constitution of Germany, known as the Constitution of Weimar.

A political book of deep interest, though only a translation, is Henri Guilbeaux's "Lenin", translated into German by Rudolf Leonhard. Guilbeaux, exiled and condemned to death on account of his political views, wrote the book in Berlin. It is a faithful and affectionate study, based on long personal acquaintance with the mysterious Russian leader. It is also published by Die Schmiede, Berlin, and rather horridly bound in white with the one word Lenin traced uncertainly in worried red across it, as though by a bloodstained dying finger!

It is interesting to note that Lloyd George's book "Is It Really Peace?" has just been published by Paul List, Leipzig, translated with an introduction by the former foreign minister, Dr. Simons.

Wilhelm Schäfer, equally well known as a stylist and an essayist of deep spiritual content, and the author of that remarkable achievement, the "thirteen books of the German Soul", has just issued through Georg Müller, Munich, a book of "five letters to my people", entitled "Der Deutsche Gott". Particularly good is the clear exposition (at last!) of the real origin, meaning, and contrast between Classicism and Romanticism in Germany. The author's pellucid style and the beautiful printing of the book make its reading a great æsthetic pleasure.

The firm of Diederichs, Jena, specializes in folk legend. It is now publishing a series of legends collected by experts on each region from the actual peasants. The two first volumes "Schlesische Sagen" and "Böhmerwald Sagen" form an enormously rich mine for the lover and student of folk myths. The Silesian series, collected in a faithful labor of years by Will-Erich Peukert, goes back to legends of hoary ages before recorded history, stories of the old gods and demons worshiped in the woods long before Tacitus wrote of the German cults. Yet it also contains legends circulating in Silesia in 1917 and firmly believed by primitive villagers — of a vision of St. Hedwig which prevented the Russian soldiery from advancing into Silesia, and of peasant girls who foretold the fall of the Empire. A wonderful circle of peasant belief.

The Bohemian forest series, edited by Dr. Gustav Jungbauer, are still more wildly romantic and often gruesome, as befits the wild landscape in which they arose. Amusing for those who enjoy an intimate study of bygone customs and the old fashioned thoroughness of broad description is Wilhelm Heinrich Riehl's "Vom Deutschen Land und Volke", published in honor of the hundredth birthday of its author by Eugen Diederichs. Riehl, who died in

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1897, is considered to be the most comprehensive and inspiring of the German *kultur-historiker*.

A strange young genius hides his unbeautiful private patronymic under the mysterious pen name of Klabund. His work appears in the press and in the magazines at all corners — here a delicate essay, there an exquisite fragment of verse. A book of stories appeared by him, a novel, attracting wide attention. But this young author loves the *tour de force*. His next achievement was a "History of German Literature in an Hour", a slim booklet which really can be read in about sixty minutes, and which yet gives an astonishingly comprehensive summary of this vast territory. The characterization, in a few succinct phrases, of the more modern authors in particular, is full of wit and wisdom. The next thing heard of the universal Klabund was a volume of lyric translations from the Chinese! Now he storms the book world with three books at once — a flowery, almond scented Chinese short story, "Der Letzte Kaiser", decorated with delicately naïve illustrations in the text by Erich Büttner and published by Fritz Heyder, Berlin; a whirling Napoleonic romance, "Moreau", published by Erich Reiss, Berlin; and his masterpiece to date, "Piotr", also published by Reiss. This remarkable historical romance of Peter the Great, a wide, sweeping, whirlwind picture of Peter's Russia, a thing of vivid single lines, illuminating an episode, a character, or a spiritual landscape in a single brilliant phrase, must have cost Klabund a tremendous mass of preparatory work. But it has all been swallowed, digested, compressed. We have only the perfect extract, no sign of pedantry or display of research, no tiresome historic verisimilitude, supported with dates and footnotes — a bright, barbarous tapestry, sewn with the most glowing colors is unrolled before us. The characters are as vital and hot blooded as though they lived in a naturalistic novel instead of being recreated from the pale chimeras of history. It is a book which cries for translation. Klabund himself has been spending the winter in Davos, and his many admirers hope that the life giving air will restore a body enfeebled by too much spirit.

Walter Hasenclever, who has never surpassed, nor quite again equaled his remarkable Freudian complex drama "Father and Son", has decided to put aside creative work altogether for three years and devote himself to the translation of Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell" from the original Latin. He claims by this return to the original to have discovered new and much more profound meanings in Swedenborg's mysticism. The vow of creative asceticism is the rarest for an author to take, and it will be entertaining to see whether Hasenclever persists in his resolve, and what will be the literary result of the three years' abstinence.

Another interesting figure is that of Adolf von Hatzfeld, a subtle stylist whose books are published by Paul Steegemann, Hanover. "Die Lemminge" is a full length novel, "Franziskus", the stronger and more recent, a shorter work. Von Hatzfeld, still a young man, shot himself in his early twenties and became blind. In spite of this tragedy, perhaps partly because of it, his books are full of glowing nature description and he delights in pictorial images. The extraordinary strength of "Franziskus" lies in its autobiographical revelations of the feelings of the blind. It is a trifle hysterical in style, but possibly not more than is in keeping with the subject.

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Another modern, stylistic short story writer, who has just published (Ernst Rowohlt, Berlin) a little volume under the engaging title "Concerning the Errors of Lovers", is Franz Hessel, but he will become more worthy of attention when he succeeds in detaching himself from his passion for an unreal sounding and Murgeresque artist's Paris.

Georg Kaiser has scored another popular success with his latest drama "Kolportage". He mocks at himself for choosing this impudently crass film plot of wicked counts, changeling children, noble young Kansas cowboys, and the fishwife mother of the young count turning up like a bolt from the blue on his twenty first birthday. Out of this impossible material Kaiser has made a splendidly witty satirical comedy, pitting the narrow, reactionary aristocrats against youth and democracy — which naturally wins the day.

Otto Grautoff has discovered a new Otto Braun. Neither so young nor so intellectual as that prodigy, Bernhard von der Marwitz was yet remarkable enough. The letters from the battlefield written by this fiery young soul to his painter-comrade, Götz von Seckendorff, make at once fascinating and pathetic reading. For both of these enthusiastic natures, so full of youth and brilliant promise, fell victims to the war. Otto Grautoff has edited the letters with love and understanding. The book is published by the Sibyllen Verlag, Dresden.

The greatest sensation of the moment is the Ford book. All Germany is reading it and talking of it, and a literature, pro and anti Ford, is growing up about it, whereby the pros are at present largely in the majority.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

DAWN

By Pascal D'Angelo

A DELUGE of splendor is flooding the plains of the wind
And beating against the distant hillside
That like a faithful mother
Is forever feeding all the trees that huddle upon its breasts.

Silence crashes down,
Silence, powerless, like a mammoth uprooted tree
From which flutter swarms of white unexpressed visions
That had slept glistening over its branches all night —
Silence overturned, sinking and roots blowing tremulously about.

And a sleeping thought
Pulled by the leash of dreams
Strives furiously,
Beating about and stamping in its sleep
To reach the broad freedom of awakening.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LITERARY CLUB SERVICE

Believing that clubs will welcome an outline which combines range of subject with an authoritative understanding of the end to be achieved, the editors have brought together representative committees of authors, students, and critics to present for the use of women's clubs an outline which will contain both elements. The divisions of the series are: I. Contemporary American Fiction (see THE BOOKMAN *for October, November, December, 1922, January, 1923); II. Contemporary American Poetry (see* THE BOOKMAN *for March, April, May, June, July, August, 1923); III. Contemporary American Drama; IV. The Short Story. After contemporary American literature has been covered, programs on the historical background of our literature will be given and these will be followed by a survey of the English field.*

The BOOKMAN *programs are formed, not by the editors of this magazine but by a board of advice which has been organized to include names from various lines of literary thought in America, so that the result will represent no one group. The executive committee of advice is as follows: Mary Austin, the novelist; Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, librarian of the St. Louis Public Library; Dr. Carl Van Doren, one of the editors of "The Century"; Mrs. L. A. Miller, chairman of literature, General Federation of Women's Clubs; May Lamberton Becker, of the "Reader's Guide" of the New York "Evening Post"; Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, rector of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City; Booth Tarkington, the novelist; and Rose V. S. Berry, chairman of the fine arts committee, General Federation of Women's Clubs.*

The Editor of THE BOOKMAN *and his advisers and associates will answer promptly and to the best of their ability any question confronting any literary club. Such questions should be addressed "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Literary Club Service".*

THE BOOKMAN'S outline of contemporary drama, which began in the November issue, consists of studies of the following playwrights:

November: Augustus Thomas, Owen Davis, Edward Sheldon, Eugene O'Neill.

December: Susan Glaspell, Zoe Akins, Rachel Crothers, Alice Brown, Zona Gale.

January: Louis K. Anspacher, Charles Rann Kennedy, Lewis Beach, George Cram Cook, Theodore Dreiser, Gilbert Emery, Arthur Richman, Algernon Tassin.

February: James Forbes, David Belasco, Eugene Walter, Elmer Rice, Jesse Lynch Williams, George M. Cohan.

March: Avery Hopwood, Langdon Mitchell, George Scarborough, J. Hartley Manners, George Ade, Mary Roberts Rinehart.

April: George S. Kaufman, Marc Connelly, George Middleton, George Kelly, Philip Barry, Frank Craven.

May: Winchell Smith, Austin Strong, Jules Eckert Goodman, Booth Tarkington, A. E. Thomas, Cleves Kinkaid.

The committee has met several difficulties in preparing this outline. In the first place, there are innumerable dramatists whose work should be examined for an understanding of the real theatre of America. Then, how should these dramatists be divided? After various classifications had proved unsatisfactory, the committee decided upon an arbitrary division.

A word of warning. Many clubs when they study the drama are likely to stick closely to what is generally known as "closet" drama, often historical or poetical dramas by intellectuals of one sort or another whose plays have seldom been produced with success. We urge you not to sniff at the commercial theatre. It is, after all, the root of drama.

For each of the following dramatists we give a selected list of his published plays, as well as the names of any easily procurable magazine articles dealing with him and his work. As a general bibliography we suggest:

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References

Our American Theatre. Oliver M. Sayler. BRENTANO.
The British and American Drama of To-day. Barrett H. Clark. HOLT.
The Changing Drama. Archibald Henderson. STEWART KIDD.
The Modern Drama. Ludwig Lewisohn. HUEBSCH.
The Drama and the Stage. Ludwig Lewisohn. HARCOURT, BRACE.
The Twentieth Century Theatre. William Lyon Phelps. MACMILLAN.
Seen on the Stage. Clayton Hamilton. HOLT.
The Theatre of Tomorrow. Kenneth Macgowan. BONI, LIVERIGHT.

Anthologies

Chief Contemporary Dramatists, First and Second Series. Thomas H. Dickinson. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.
Representative American Plays. Arthur Hobson Quinn. CENTURY.
Contemporary American Plays. Arthur Hobson Quinn. SCRIBNER.
Representative Plays by American Dramatists, Volume Three. Montrose J. Moses. DUTTON.
Longer Plays by Modern Authors (American). Helen Louise Cohen. HARCOURT, BRACE.
Modern American Plays. George P. Baker. HARCOURT, BRACE.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN DRAMA

Committee: Kenneth Macgowan, Chairman; Owen Davis, Jesse Lynch Williams, Alexander Woollcott.

Eighth Group

GEORGE BROADHURST

The Man of the Hour. FRENCH.
Bought and Paid for. FRENCH.

George Broadhurst is another master of the American melodrama. He has been exceedingly successful as a playwright-manager. Although he was born in London in 1866 he came over here early in his career, worked as manager of various theatres throughout the country, did newspaper editing, and now lives in New York City where he is owner and manager of the Broadhurst Theatre. He has written and produced over forty plays.

REFERENCE:

Enter the Playwright-Manager. C. C. Savage, THEATRE, October, 1917.

PHILIP MOELLER

Sophie. KNOPF.
Madame Sand. KNOPF.
Molière. KNOPF.

In his one act plays and in many of his longer plays Philip Moeller shows an almost impish sense of historical satire and burlesque. Moreover he has a good sense of how to write straight comedy. He is a New Yorker, born there in 1880. Most of his life has been spent in and about the theatre, since he was one of the founders of the Washington Square Players and of the Theatre Guild. For the past few years he has been acting as director in the Theatre Guild and has assisted in producing a number of the Guild's plays, among them "R. U. R.", "The Devil's Disciple", "Windows", "Saint Joan", and "Fata Morgana". This fact probably explains why he hasn't written more plays in recent years.

"Philip Moeller, the creator of 'Madame Sand' and of 'Molière', has developed in 'Sophie' more searchingly his gift of satire and sparkling repartee. The lines of his play are closely interwoven in thought, and their significance is often multiple. In the repartee and in the rapid interplay of ideas lies the individuality of Mr. Moeller." — SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN, April 25, 1920.

"Mr. Moeller's divided aim is everywhere apparent. He desires to write plays with enough romantic softness to please the crowd and enough brilliancy of execution to entice the critical. The former he may

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achieve; for the latter his equipment is moderate. His vein of wit and stylistic aptness is meagre and reluctant. He forces and torments it, but the surface glow he achieves is but that of rouge upon a pallid cheek. He symbolizes the cleavage between our drama and our stage." — From a review of *Molière*, NATION, June 14, 1919.

"But we do know that the play which Mr. Moeller has written for Mrs. Fiske is more concerned with the emotional slantings of the French authoress than with the brilliancy she must have had in order to fascinate the brilliant men of her time. . . . Mr. Moeller has succeeded in writing occasional witty lines, but in no way has he succeeded in sounding the deep notes of Madame Sand's character or in measuring her fascination." — M. J. Moses, BOOK NEWS, January, 1918.

MARGARET MAYO

Baby Mine. DODD, MEAD.
Polly of the Circus. DODD, MEAD.

In her many successes Margaret Mayo shows the ability to handle light sentimental comedy and uproarious farce. She was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, on a farm, in 1882. Her mother was a descendant of Jefferson Davis. Her knowledge of stage technique was learned in the practical school of acting, for she played ingénue parts on the road and in New York, while her ambition was to play character parts. She retired from the stage in 1903 to write her first play, a dramatization of Ouida's "Under Two Flags". Her last stage appearance was with Grace George in "Pretty Peggy".

REFERENCE:

Margaret Mayo. MCCLURE'S, October, 1912.

COSMO HAMILTON

The Wisdom of Folly. POTT.
A Sense of Humour. BRENTANO.
The Blindness of Virtue. DORAN.

Cosmo Hamilton is not so good a playwright as he is a novelist. He tends to slash away with rather ineffectual society melodramas in which an occasional burst of satire does not always seem fit. An Englishman living in America, a brother of Sir Philip and of Arthur Hamilton Gibbs, he has been an editor and was a lieutenant during the war. He now lives in and around New York City.

"Mr. Hamilton's play is not only sincere, but he has, as well, a very real problem to present and thoughtful if obvious, conclusion to offer. The presentation of problem and conclusion is vitally injured by the unreality of the girl upon whose character the whole force of the plot hinges." — From a review of *The Blindness of Virtue*, OUTLOOK, March 1, 1913.

ROI COOPER MEGRUE

It Pays to Advertise. FRENCH.
Under Fire. FRENCH.
Under Cover. FRENCH.

Another playwright who can construct workmanlike and successful plays. Occasionally, as in "Tea for Three", he writes comedy of a higher order. He was born in New York City in 1883, was graduated from Columbia University, and still lives in the city of his birth, where he makes a business of playwriting.

"In 'Honors Are Even' he is often an astute combination. He has a rough melodramatic fable of native invention. A girl is saved from the machinations of a thievish villain by a manly hero. But this fable is tricked out with a hundred attempts at psychological acuteness and illuminating speech. All these attempts fail, of course. To write profoundly it is necessary to have thought with freedom. And even adapting a play by one of Schnitzler's imitators will not teach you to do that. Mr. Megrue cannot so much as conceal the pride of his recent and uneasy familiarity with the manners of the patriotic and sporting rich. How he loves a steel magnate! His native impulses are too much for him. Like poor Ovid he sees and approves the better way and follows the worse. But he does approve the better way and the grace of his approbation must not be denied him." — Ludwig Lewisohn, NATION, August 31, 1921.

"It is not by mere accident that Roi Cooper Megrue's new play pleases the public. By the use of time honored technic he constructs Scene upon Scene so well seasoned with Suspense that his Climax ultimately attained thoroughly saturates us with satisfaction. Fads may come and fads may go, but this honest well-built brand of drama is always in fashion. Like other staple commodities it must be put up in current packages and this precaution has been well observed in 'Tea for Three'. . . . Mr. Megrue makes no bones about it,

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his characters are fully sophisticated and countless discrepancies creep into the manuscript that would seem invalid in every day life. But the mood is frankly a frivolous one and these liberties are granted. And despite this fact, the plot reaches repeated situations that grip and move the audience even while absurdity lingers. This is skill: to dabble with Drama in such a flippant fashion, and still hold an audience." — DRAMATIST, April, 1919.

"It ['Honors are Even'] would probably be a better play if Roi Cooper Megrue did not know so much about playwriting. He has had a busy career as a play doctor; and when, as in this case, he wants to speak naturally and sincerely, the professional bedside manner clings to him. Behind the play one senses an alert and sophisticated mind which seeks to unburden itself. Frequently the leisurely movement of the story is halted entirely while this blasé Broadway author indulges himself in some irrelevant and lengthy observation on the general futility of the human comedy. He has the power of making these moods infectious on the stage by means of casual, natural talk, and to blend one mood into the other, allowing the story to shape itself through them. That is a rare gift in a dramatist, but Mr. Megrue is not quite able to surrender himself to it. As he approaches the end of an act habit overcomes him." — Kenneth Andrews, BOOKMAN, October, 1921.

ELEANOR GATES

The Poor Little Rich Girl. ARROW.
We Are Seven. ARROW.

"The Poor Little Rich Girl" is one of the sincerest contributions to the literature of fantasy in America. Eleanor Gates (Mrs. Frederick Ferdinand Moore) was born at Shakopee, Minnesota. She was educated at Stanford University and at the University of California. She has been a journalist and a novelist as well as a playwright. At present she lives in New York City.

"As against the not unhollow symbolic strut and gasconade of such over-pæoned pieces as let us for example say 'The Blue Bird' of Maeterlinck, so simple and unaffected a bit of stage writing as this — of school dramatic intrinsically the same — cajoles the more honest heart and satisfies more plausibly and fully those of us whose thumbs are ever being pulled professionally for a native stage less smeared with the snobberies of empty, albeit high-sounding, nomenclatures from overseas. Miss Gates's play, the curtain upon which now goes up for you on the adjoining page, is at once a work of genuine fancy and sound art, and a work standing to the wholesome credit of the all too scantily filled ledger of imaginative American dramatic writing." — George Jean Nathan in the preface to *The Poor Little Rich Girl.*

CLARE KUMMER

Good Gracious, Annabelle. FRENCH.
Rollo's Wild Oat. FRENCH.
A Successful Calamity. FRENCH.

Clare Kummer writes the best whimsical dialogue of any American playwright. Her plays are frothy, sparkling, but they strike through to a deeper note. She has a faculty of writing a penetrating scene under the guise of the flimsiest action. Miss Kummer was born in Brooklyn, of the Beecher family, and is a cousin of William Gillette. She first gained prominence in 1906 as a song writer, and her first play, written in 1912 in collaboration with Sydney Rosenfeld, was "The Opera Ball".

"And indeed, I think you may say that the approach to Clare Kummer by way of Jane Austen is our best chance of a just appreciation of her work. Miss Kummer's atmosphere is one of droll and delicate wit, a mood innocent and quiet that takes our social foibles for its heritage, and with its own kind of irony, a soft, arrested blow that rarely misses its aim. The whole first act of 'The Mountain Man' has a light and lovable ripple above its gentle, deep waters; something that suggests happy moments in literature, suggests taste, quaint affability, steady reflection on life." — Stark Young, NEW REPUBLIC, February 8, 1922.

"If I had read Miss Clare Kummer's plays in manuscript before any of them had been acted, I should not have foreseen their success. The public, I should have said, the gross public which likes its jokes heavy and its sentiment viscous, will not notice the range of Miss Kummer's quiet voice nor feel the pleasant fresh liquid coolness of her humor. Her plays are scenically and emotionally and morally too unpretentious for our American taste, their amusing waywardness is too unemphatic. Today, when for several seasons, Miss Kummer has had a public which appreciates these good qualities and her others, and when it is too late to prophesy even wrongly, I still incline to the opinion that her plays would have been wasted on the only public I know anything about, the

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public of 25 years ago. . . . She has invented a new corner of *le pays de tendre*, a place where the day is still young, where the shadows are shortening, where Cinderella has no wicked stepmother, where gaiety keeps the sweetness from tasting too sweet, where a fantasy that is humorous and a humor that is oddly like good sense together keep reminding us that the surface the light feet of her characters are walking on, resembles the brown earth we all know. Miss Kummer's nonsense is often wise and always serene." — P. L., NEW REPUBLIC, April 20, 1921.

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TWO POEMS

By Lizette Woodworth Reese

THE LAST TESTAMENT

MY gift to you is not a field,
Or a sack of gold;
Or even the honey of one flower
Out in the mold.

Herein I leave alone to you —
Each day and all the years —
The thought of me under a stone,
And tears.

WERE I TO LOVE YOU LESS

WERE I to love you less,
You would be but a star;
An apricot bloom plucked on a hill
And set within a jar.

Love, I do love you so,
You are the sky itself;
The whole white loneliness of spring,
Not one flower on a shelf.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

WE feel like Nellie Revell or Maria Thompson Daviess — which statement will please H. L. Mencken, because he doubtless thinks we are a lot like them anyway. However, it is rather ignominious — particularly since Willa Cather once said that she never expected to see us very far from the perambulator — to find that what is really the matter with us is the measles. However, before that delightful disease showed its colors, when our fever was mounting high and we realized that the magazine had not gone to press, we became more or less delirious over the matter. We found ourself involved in all sorts of fistic controversies. It has always been against our principle to return a printed criticism by a printed retaliation; yet we have always known that in our heart of hearts every little jibe or criticism hurt us inordinately. It should therefore have been no surprise to us that we spent our entire first night of sickness marching up and down the lobby of the Algonquin, throwing eggs and other missiles. Finally when we had laid low half a dozen famous men of letters and dramatic critics and had been quietly requested to leave the hotel by Frank Case, its proprietor, we saw ourself sitting down in the middle of the Round Table all alone, and in spite of swollen fingers and black eyes picking up a long sardine sandwich and saying calmly, "If you dare to put us out of this hotel or to let any of those blackguards into it again we shall see to it that every newspaper in town carries full information as to just what sort of place you run." So you see what stuff we are really made of. At any rate, actually having the measles reminds us of a poem we wrote once when we didn't have the measles:

The measles are a silly thing,
They itch and scratch and prick and sting;
They come out first upon the face,
And then they scamper every place.
My mamma and my papa too
Think I belong up at the Zoo,
Think I look like a raging beast
Who's off marauding for a feast.
Now can you guess what beast I am? —
Not lion, tiger, ass, nor lamb.
Why surely it is plain I mean a
Fierce and spotted old hyena.

So this Gossip Shop won't be called "Right Off the Chest" but "Straight from the Counterpane". They refuse to let us use our eyes, but fortunately our faithful fashion editor — who says she is wearing a nice new red blouse — has had the measles and will take whatever dictation comes into our addled head.

We heard Brander Matthews the other noon at a certain club. He can tell more funny stories in the course of a few minutes than it is possible to hear Heywood Broun tell in four lectures. This is partly because Heywood always tells the same story, and partly because Professor Matthews, like Arthur Twining Hadley, president emeritus of Yale, has a perfectly inexhaustible fund of anecdote and information and a canny faculty of not retelling the same story in the same place. Dr. Matthews has recently retired from his active post as professor of dramatic literature at Columbia and has been created an emeritus professor of that university. It has seldom been our privilege to meet so

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gay, so wise, and so stimulating an elderly gentleman. We shall hope to be allowed to sit near him many times again, while he chats of Matthew Arnold, of Oscar Wilde, of Mark Twain, and of countless amusing incidents of the old theatrical New York whose names are simply names to us. While we were sitting talking to Professor Matthews in blew William Lyon Phelps and Clayton Hamilton. Mr.

Brander Matthews

Phelps had come down from New Haven to hear a performance of "Faust", and, having just been elected a member of the club in which we were sitting, answered our congratulations with, "Well, you see, I am becoming more and more metropolitan all the time." What with Stuart Pratt Sherman as literary editor of the New York "Herald-Tribune", there will no longer be any question as to the point from which critical dicta issue in America, unless Baltimore puts in a claim on the ground of Mr. Mencken's several days a week in that town.

We were rather gay for a time this month until brought low by the hand of fate. First we had a round at prizefights, rather rough and tumble ones, in an effort to get some material for a short story which, now that it's done, nobody wants to buy. However, it was fun writing it and the prizefights were really splendid affairs. They give you a sense of the real kindliness of mankind, of the real tenderness of mankind. We enjoyed them tremendously, particularly the one where the crowd threatened to lynch one of the fighters and were showering him with boxes, overcoats, eggs, etc., when the police stepped in. These things do help life along, in the midst of literary controversies. Then we went to see Mrs. Fiske in "Helena's Boys" and found her charming and the play next to nothing. The next night at the P. E. N. dinner we met the very solid — mentally and spiritually, not physically — lady who wrote the short story from which it was made. Mary Brecht Pulver is a trim, pleasant little lady from northern New York, a housewife, although she protests a bit too violently as to her unsophistication and housewifeliness to convince one that she doesn't read a good deal of poetry and philosophy between breakfast and evening prayers. She is an excellent writer of short stories, and we imagine that "Helena's Boys", a rather flashy and posterish satire on the younger generation, had something in it originally which it has lost in the course of years and adaptation. At the annual revel of the Green Room Club we were much impressed by the acting of William A. Brady as King Lear. If his lines were not always exactly Shakespeare, his effects made up for that and this famous actor-manager well deserved the tumultuous applause. The same sort of applause

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greeted him at the Lyric Theatre the next night after his all star revival of C. M. S. McLellan's "Leah Kleschna". Here was a brilliant first night audience, although we must say we could distinguish very few faces from where we sat. We saw George Putnam, the young publisher, largely because he was clad in a light grey suit. Later in the evening we met Mrs. McLellan, the widow of the playwright, and George B. McLellan, his brother, who seemed very much pleased over the production of this first of the crook melodramas. Later the same evening, we met for the first time Lee Shubert and Al Woods — but that is another story.

We approached the inner shrine of the Brown Club in fear and trembling. Petticoats are not welcomed in men's clubs, we had found out to our surprise in previous encounters with doormen at the Yale Club, where our duties often lead us. We had been welcomed there with the "bum's rush" on more than one occasion. It was with relief that we found the Brown Club lobby deserted. Someone came running down the steps, and lo! it was our interviewee — Professor Percy Marks. Not that we expected a greybeard, but here was a new species of pedagogue. The author of that best seller about undergraduate life, "The Plastic Age", was in New York on his way to lecture at Lafayette College. He is wiry and dark and spectacled as to appearance, and perfectly fascinated with being a novelist, and a popular one, overnight. Born in California and educated at the University of that state, he eventually came east to take graduate work at Harvard. He has since taught in several colleges and is now one of the faculty of Brown University, where he teaches English. He has written short stories as potboilers, under a pseudonym, but "The Plastic Age" is his first novel. It was written because he felt he was peculiarly equipped, being out of college yet sufficiently acquainted with contemporary college life to write of it as it is today. His was a problem, too. He couldn't build a plot, for that would detract from his purpose; and his hero had to be just like thousands of other boys, with no individual reactions to his surroundings, because he wished to portray the average youth in contact with university life. Mr. Marks feels that his end has been achieved, for the letters that come pouring in from undergraduates say: "I am Hugh Carver. I have been through all that." As a matter of fact, this novel has become required reading in any number of colleges, Mr. Marks says. He is pleased with the correspondence and pleased with the critics, but he is angry with THE BOOKMAN for accusing him of muckraking. "I have made a sad discovery", he said. "I have found that it is human nature to ferret out the bad in books and to overlook the good. Boys swear and because I let them swear in my book and let them discuss sex and religion freely, as they do, I am called to task for it." He believes that this new generation is an honest one — more honest than its elders — and he has respect and admiration for this honesty and for the people who are really of the younger generation.

We have just returned from a trip to Paris. To be strictly truthful, our traveling was done via the printed page, in the company of Clara E. Laughlin. To those of you who walked "Arm in Arm with Hugo in Paris", chaperoned by Miss Laughlin, in the March BOOKMAN, it is super-

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fluous to say that she is the most delightful of companions. "So You're Going to Paris!" she titles her new book, adding, "And if I Were Going with You These Are the Things I'd Invite You to Do". There are programs for every day in the week, according as certain places are best visited on certain days, and especially delectable plans for Sundays. One Sunday visit takes you to the Parc Monceau, for the express purpose of seeing the French children and their papas at play. You need never fear overfatigue; for before you reach the point of weariness, there is Miss Laughlin at your elbow to usher you into a picturesque restaurant or to suggest a restful drive. And the stories she can tell! They are spiced with just the right amount of gossip to make you absorb painlessly the historic details. With the help of the photographs your imagination will easily conjure up exciting events of former days. But to return to the present: if you expect Miss Laughlin to show you night life in Montmartre, you are going to be disappointed. "It's one of the few aspects of Paris about which I cannot get up any enthusiasm", she confesses. "I've been there, a few times, and seen the same sorts of things I could see any night in New York or even in Chicago. . . . And there's really more of Paris, and less of Cedar-Rapids-let-loose, here in a popular café, under the sky."

The measles remind us that at the present moment we must look rather like the ghost of a Navajo blanket, which reminds us that Witter Bynner, that delightful poet, translator from the Chinese and co-perpetrator of the immortal "Spectra" hoax, has just incorporated himself as the Spanish and Indian Trading Company of Santa Fe, New Mexico, for the purpose of dealing in native blankets, pottery, jewelry, and so forth. We can imagine no more interesting or fitting side occupation for a poet, and can only hope that Mr. Bynner, Inc. will be able to bring about some general American realization of the fact that in the products of our Indian craftsmen we possess a truly indigenous and sadly neglected art. The last time we saw Mr. Bynner he was wearing a crude and gorgeous bracelet of Indian workmanship — silver set with turquoise — which we feel sure would have commanded all the semi-expert adjectives of all the semi-artistic critics, if it had only come from some semi-European country. He also gave us a gruesomely interesting description of the playful habits of the Penitentes — that strange religious sect of our southwest whose members flagellate themselves for the glory of God, and crucify one of their number every Easter in ceremonial atonement for their common sins. We have added the Penitentes to Clubs We Do Not Wish to Join but we envy Mr. Bynner the calm and peace of his adobe residence in Santa Fe and hope that his new incorporation will not blanket his Pegasus too successfully.

The Burts, Katharine Newlin and Struthers, are another example of successful tandem writers; and they, like the Norrises, live on a ranch. In the case of the Burts, however, it is a business proposition: they run ths famous Bar B. C. ranch in Wyoming. As with the Norrises, it was Mr. Burt who developed more quickly. Struthers Burt — who used to be known as Maxwell Struthers Burt but fortunately decided to drop the Maxwell — was first a reporter, then instructor at Princeton, then a ranchman. During

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the war he was a private in the Air Service. He is small, angular, wiry, sharp featured, shy, with bright snapping eyes. As this last sentence is

Struthers Burt

read back to us, it sounds a little as though we had described a turtle. Now Struthers Burt does not look like a turtle. In fact, he is a very good looking man. For many years he has written excellent short stories. He once won the O. Henry Memorial Prize for the best short story of the year, which that year meant something because it was a good short story. Now he has written "The Interpreter's House", which is apparently not only a best seller but one which deserves critical esteem as well. Recently his "The Diary of a Dude Wrangler" has been running in "The Saturday Evening Post"; we take the liberty of quoting a paragraph which to our mind shows that Struthers Burt is as human as he is literary:

I am not, as I say, sentimental about horses; I have never yet seen a man a horse liked as well as a nice bundle of hay. But on the other hand, if you have ridden one horse a lot and know all his little ways and he knows all yours, and if you have ridden many lonely and sometimes dark miles with him, after a while you begin to cherish an affection for him against your better sense. There's a sweet, warm, companionable feeling to the rippling muscles of his neck when you put your bare hand against them on a pitch-black deserted trail, almost, although not quite so much company as you get out of a dog in camp. And as for Joe, if you miss the trail in the dark and try to turn off it he will do his best to buck with you.

There's one thing about being with such short-lived things as horses and dogs that isn't pleasant. You understand what age is too soon. Here is Joe getting old — and he's only sixteen. You get too much an impression of the flight of time. A wise man should keep an elephant and always feel young.

The latest and most reticent of recent British visitors to our shores is Robert Bridges, poet laureate of England, who comes to take the place at the University of Michigan left vacant by the return of Robert Frost to Amherst. We have never had the good fortune to meet Mr. Bridges, but we have always cherished an unfashionable admiration for the restrained and sculptural loveliness of his lyrics — and his courage in this new venture fills us with awe. We wonder if at the age of eighty we should dare to take up any sort of position that brought us into intimate contact with modern undergraduates. We think not — even for the traditional cask of sack that used to be the yearly prerogative of English poets laureate. But we pay homage to Mr. Bridges's valor — and congratulate the University of Michigan on the acquisition of a distinguished poet, a master of English prosody, and one of the few poets laureate in history whose "official" poems can be read without a sinking sensation in the region of the intelligence.

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At the other end of the literary age scale from Mr. Bridges we find two of the newest prodigies — James Gould Cozzens and Nathalia Crane. Miss Crane is going on twelve, but in the one poem of hers we have seen she writes with the cryptic finish of Emily Dickinson at her best. She lives in Brooklyn, likes to roller skate, is already expert upon the typewriter, and has all to herself for her work a study whose walls are decorated with her juvenilia. We understand that, aside from her astonishing gift, she is a very normal and amiable little girl who made no complaint at all when her mother used to consign her earliest efforts to the family dumbwaiter under the impression that Nathalia must have copied them from anthologies. A New York editor, after accepting some of her work, came to see her one day — and was so astonished to find her still in short dresses that the power of speech completely deserted him for the moment. We wish we could have a similar effect on some New York editors. But joking aside, to coin a phrase of Bob Benchley's, you should become acquainted with Nathalia. Her maturity of technique is simply uncanny, and we understand that three or four New York houses are quarreling for the privilege of publishing her first volume. We should like to eavesdrop on a conversation between Nathalia and that other *Wunderkind*, Hilda Conkling. But probably, being sensible girls, they would rather play jackstones. Dear me, and to think we once were supposed to belong to the younger generation ourself. Nathalia makes us feel terribly doddering. Boy — a wheel chair and a cup of gruel for the poor old man! Viewing Mr. Cozzens, however, we perk up a little. After all, we have known people who wrote novels at twenty-one. But few of them were as good as "Confusion". It has flaws, but the usual faults of the undergraduate first novel are conspicuously lacking. There is none of the wistful boy whose prep school didn't agree with him and who was so misunderstood at college that he instantly became a great writer just like Thackeray and Harold Bell Wright about it. It is a civilized book — this story of Cerise D'Atrée who was too well educated to find life easy. The moral, if there are morals, seems to be that of Kipling's sardonic poem about two thousand pounds of education dropped down an Afghan defile (we quote from memory). There is practically no plot, but Mr. Cozzens writes with genuine charm and ease, and the nicety of his observation of a scene is unusual. He has also, for his twenty-one years, encountered an astonishing variety of physical backgrounds. And he can characterize. That he can work as well is evidenced by the fact that two more novels of his, to be called "Ignorant Armies" and "Cloudy Trophies", are already planned. Since he is a member of the class of 1926 at Harvard it seems probable that by the time he graduates his literary reputation will be well established. Another cup of gruel, boy! We shall toss it off to Mr. Cozzens's future and do our best to view it unenviously. Mr. Cozzens, as depicted on the inside flap of "Confusion", seems sedulously unliterary, genuinely young, and rather startled. He lacks the horn rimmed spectacles of the younger generation and looks more like the chairman of a sophomore dance committee than a literary gent. Ah well, by the time he's our age, he will probably have lunched at the Algonquin, met the sophisticates, and had the measles — and then he will know the full bitterness of life.

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Keith Preston, the jolly sage of Chicago, confides to us the ten books which have most influenced his life. We can easily understand, after examining the list, how he came to be a successful teacher of the classics; but which of them, we wonder, helped to create his other self, the merry columnist. Perhaps that sort of life is beyond the influence of the printed page. Anyway, here's the list:

BOOKS THAT HAVE INFLUENCED ME

1. The Holy Bible (unexpurgated).
2. Webster's Dictionary (unabridged).
3. Harkness's Latin Grammar.
4. Horace, Satires and Epistles.
5. Martial, Epigrams.
6. Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon.
7. Aristophanes.
8. Boswell's Life of Johnson.
9. The Oxford Book of English Verse.
10. Who's Who in America.
    (*Alternate*)
    The Bookman Anthology of Essays (1923).*

Kathryn Maddock, on the staff of the "Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen's Magazine", submits a list guaranteed to show us how she came to adopt her present calling. She declares, upon her honor, that she hadn't read our reference to a geometry book until after her list was completed. Here goes:

1. The Bible.
2. Science and Health.
3. Tagore's poems.
4. Thomas Troward, Dore Lectures.
5. Hamlet.
6. Blake's poems.
7. Palgrave's Golden Treasury.
8. The algebra and the geometry studied in high school.
9. Longfellow's poems.
10. Gaboriau's File 113.

Come, BOOKMAN readers, and name the volumes which made you what you are today. Where is the young lady, for instance, who will confess that "A Thousand Ways to Please a Husband" opened for her the door of success? Or the haughty executive who will admit that he reached fame and fortune through study of Horatio Alger's heroes? We await your revelations.

* We tremble at the thought.

The Wyoming State Vice President of the League of American Pen Women, Nora B. Kinsley, confides to the Gossip Shop that

J. Norman Hall, late war hero, author, and globe trotter for the benefit of the American people in general, has been reported as visible in his home town for a few moments. According to "Harper's Magazine", his present address is Boston. But that's a mistake. Norman never had a present address. His address is always in the past tense. He has always *just left* for somewhere else. It may be Iceland. It may be Tahiti. Or it may be the Italian Alps. Of his mode of transportation we're not informed. However, since he coasted down the Vosges Mountains in his "tired, old Spad", "like an embodied joy, whose race is just begun"; landed against a stone wall, nothing left but the seat of his avion; it's a safe bet that it's not by airplane.

On that memorable occasion, having been likewise suddenly confronted by the owner of the stone wall (rotund, breathless from much running), who exclaimed between gasps: "Now, my boy, what can I do for you?" and having frightened his cows until they must have given cottage cheese for a week after; destroyed his fences; mangled his fruit trees; scattered wreckage all along the way; this young adventurer had the amazing nerve to accept the courteous old gentleman's hospitality of a cup of tea in his summer pavilion and ask for a loan of funds to get back to headquarters. "Norm" claims he had no choice in the matter! It was a long way to his destination and he had only a few centimes in his pocket.

His latest contribution to literature is his series in "Harper's".

It is with the deepest regret that we record the death of Eleonora Duse. Life is not often forgiving to the great in spirit — and her it pursued relentlessly to the ironic end. Now come the neat obituaries, the precise adjudications of this and that by Mr. X, the young reviewer, and Miss Y, of the

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Newest Theatre, the dragging out into print again of the private anguish of the soul — but we shall not add to their number. From the first she was great, and she was great to the end — she never took the easy path and continually scorned the obvious triumph — she knew and could make us know that passion of the spirit which makes the flesh unmeaning — is that not enough? Whether she was greater than Mrs. Siddons or in what ways she surpassed Bernhardt we leave to those who are interested in reducing art to a series of arithmetical equations. The tired body is at peace, the subtle hands at last quieted from their mysteries, the intense flame quenched in air, the name an heroic legend. . . . The following is the sixth and last of a sonnet sequence, written by Amy Lowell in contemplation of Signora Duse's proposed final appearances in New York. We thank "The New Republic" for permission to reprint:

VI

Seeing you stand once more before my eyes
In your pale dignity and tenderness,
Wearing your frailty like a misty dress
Draped over the great glamour which denies
To years their domination, all disguise
Time can achieve is but to add a stress,
A finer fineness, as though some caress
Touched you a moment to a strange surprise.
Seeing you after these long lengths of years,
I only know the glory come again,
A majesty bewildered by my tears,
A golden sun spangling slant shafts of rain,
Moonlight delaying by a sick man's bed,
A rush of daffodils where wastes of dried leaves spread.

That Signora Duse and Marie Corelli should have made their exit from this mortal stage so nearly at the same moment is a circumstance to appeal to the sexton of Spoon River. Two more dissimilar characters and careers cannot well be imagined — and yet Marie Corelli had a queer, occasional touch of greatness about her — the touch that Max Beerbohm finds in Ouida. No one without an imagination almost too lush to contemplate could have written "A Romance of Two Worlds" and "The Sorrows of Satan". She had the gift of making plausible to the average mind a totally unreal world populated with entirely incredible characters — and the extravagantly rococo architecture of her novels is at least both more original and more amusing than the corrugated-iron literary shanties of some of her popular rivals in this country. Simple Virtue with its finger in its mouth was not oppressively present in her novels, and as far as we know she never wrote about the Northwest Mounted Police. She was one of the few well established novelists living who could still believe in Sin with a capital S and think of that Sin in terms of purple and mauve. A strayed literary reveler from other days, wrapped in a Byronic cloak, she was a delightful anachronism in the field of modern letters where Sin is shorn of its capital and tinted a pallid mouse color — and we for one must feel that the literary scene is the poorer for the passing of that hectic, gaudy, tireless, ridiculous, inimitable pen.

Among other deaths of the month we note those of Newton Fuessle and Isabel Ostrander. Mr. Fuessle, author of "Gold-Shod", "Jessup", and "The Flail", was a sincere, conscientious realist whose faithful and honest work in the field of the novel deserved greater popular success than came to it. His technique was uneven and his execution frequently unequal to his conceptions, but he had power, and his sudden death at the early age of forty-one is saddening. Miss Ostrander was a prolific and skilful writer of our favorite literature — detective and mystery stories — and among the most adroit

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in her field. She wrote under numerous noms de plume — including those of Robert Orr Chipperfield and Douglas Grant. As one who has shuddered over "Annihilation" and followed the devious exploits of the Shadowers, Inc. through volume after volume, our sorrow at hearing of her decease is personal and sincere.

America seems equally divided at the moment between those who complain that the radio has completely abolished what little privacy psychoanalysis left us, and those who are always trying to get Cuba. We have often wondered what they do to Cuba when they get it — but here, here, THE BOOKMAN is a family magazine. At this very moment our assistant editor is down at WEAF instructing the world at large — or such part of it as cares to listen — how to bring up a moral child. Which calls to mind the delightful story about the daughter of a radio fiend who was accustomed to conclude her evening prayer at mother's knee with, "Amen, dear God; this is station Mary Smith, signing off." And the fact that first prize in the radio drama competition conducted by WGY, the Schenectady broadcasting station of the General Electric Company, has been awarded to Agnes Miller of New York, for her comedy drama of business life, "A Million Casks of Pronto". Miss Miller is a graduate of Barnard and the United States Naval Reserve, has an M.A. from Columbia, and is well known as a writer of juvenile fiction. A singularly talented and diverse young lady! Three hundred manuscripts were submitted in competition for the prize of $500 — and the winning drama will be presented by the WGY Players very soon. A drama of pure acoustics sounds highly original. But how will the audience applaud? And will the author take a curtain call? We are thinking of writing a radio drama ourself. One of those mystic things. The static will represent the screaming of lost souls, who have read "The Cross Word Puzzle Book" and are trying to think of a monogamous dodecahedron in four letters beginning with Q. "The Cross Word Puzzle Book" is a delight but we shouldn't have opened it while we had the measles. Our temperature has gone up several degrees from mental strain and when we ask the nurse if she knows any small Asiatic animal six letters long that isn't a wombat she puts cracked ice on our head.

We turn to calmer subjects. Such as wood engraving. There is something very composing about wood engraving. Besides, our friend Alfred Fowler, of "The Woodcut Annual", requests that we ask all our readers who are artists in wood engraving to send him certain data about the blocks they may make during 1924. The information should give the title, the size of the print, and any information about the states and edition, as well as other interesting facts concerning each block. All of which will be used in an annual list of contemporary woodcuts which Mr. Fowler is compiling for "The Woodcut Annual for 1925". A printed form will be supplied, upon application, to artists for convenience in describing their blocks. Attention, all ye masters of wood engraving, to Mr. Fowler's plea, and prithee send the information requested to him at his Kansas City stronghold.

Speaking of Chicago, as we were not, here is a note from Irene J. Crandall:

"Nowhere Else in the World" is a book that arouses one's curiosity about the author. Is it an autobiography in novel

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form? Is the author his own hero? We wonder. Recently Jay William Hudson came to Chicago to speak at the dinner of the Allied Arts Association and then we learned how much of himself he had put into Stephen Kent. Professor Hudson, short, dark, and slight of build, teaches philosophy in the State University at Columbia, Missouri. So here is Stephen Kent, the college professor, the intellectual; but Professor Hudson has the saving grace of humor that his hero lacks. In spite of his doctor's degree from Harvard, which gives him, as he says, "a license to tell simple truths in complex language", he has the happy faculty of leaving the college professor in his study and becoming a witty, laugh-provoking after dinner speaker. With his facetiousness he blends an intense earnestness when speaking of the subject close to his heart — the art life of America.

He tells us that he wrote "Nowhere Else in the World" to show that the supercilious young intellectuals, who scorn American art and literature, are wrong in thinking that beauty and truth are to be found only in Europe. Today in this country, as nowhere else in the world, there is growing an art out of life itself. We are building the superstructure of the greatest art the world has ever known.

He said, "In my interpretation of American life, I chose Chicago as the scene of my novel, because I believe Chicago incarnates the best and the worst of our civilization. I admire Chicago. I hate Chicago. I love Chicago. I loathe Chicago. Old, ramshackle, adolescent Chicago is solving the contraditions that make our country the paradox it is. In this seething centre of the melting pot a note of beauty is working through American life."

Chicago greeted with affection the man who prophesies that she will be the spiritual capital of America, and who has written a fascinating novel to prove it.

Bertrand Russell is now among us, proving to your logical satisfaction that mechanics are not mechanical, and, if you should ask him to, that life is not living. In fact he can prove anything, dismissing philosophical problems with a flip of the hand and then calling back whole battalions of them with a neatly turned phrase. At Columbia University, flanked by John Dewey and Dr. Keyser, he kept whole rows of Morningside Platos in quite unbecoming mirth as he played around with the first principles of philosophy. It would be great fun to take freshman math from him, he is so gay in his warning against optimism, he enjoys so hugely the game of tossing ideas about, juggling with James and New-

Bertrand Russell

ton and Einstein — he pronouces it "Einshtein". There is nothing of the radical about him but much of the aristocrat. He loves to grasp a corner of the speaker's table, and standing so straight he seems to lean over backward, flip with his long fingers the fern nearby, telling you in his pleasant Oxford accent that it really doesn't exist at all. Though he is lean almost to gauntness, one can easily imagine him enjoying the dinner he said he just "et": good meats, good wines, and the exhilarating sense of much adventure among high ideas — these constitute his daily food. He can almost persuade you into a life of hard thinking, just for the fun of it.

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The editor of "The Saturday Evening Post" seems to have an unusual faculty of picking stories that people tell you about. Now if you have a plot mind, this is all right. It is fine to have someone tell you the plot of a story once; but, as often happens with "The Saturday Evening Post", the college friends you lunch with, the man who sits down next to you in the train, the lady whom you have out to supper and to dance, all tell you elaborately the plot of the same story. We remember not long ago such a story appeared and it was about an engineer. We haven't read the story, we don't know who wrote it (most of the people who retail such stories to you don't remember who wrote them) but it was the story of an engineer and it made a great impression on a great many people. Similarly, a recent story by Jesse Lynch Williams. We haven't yet read it, we don't know what the title was, but at least ten people have told us all about that story. And if we didn't believe in Mr. Williams as a writer of short stories and didn't like him exceedingly as a person, we should feel inclined never to look at another piece of his writing — it now requires tremendous effort to say, smilingly, "Oh, yes, that must be a fine story." Like his "Not Wanted", it is about father and son; only in this case, apparently, they both get mixed up with the same woman. Not seriously mixed, we suppose. We were talking to Jesse Lynch Williams the other day and he never said a thing about the story. We should have heard of it first from his own lips, but perhaps he would say that we should have read it ourself. Mr. Williams, apparently now that he has given up writing for the stage, has discovered that if you have a fundamental human idea back of a story this is the main thing. In fact, he admitted as much the other day. "As I grow older", he said, "it is *what* you write and not *how* you write it that counts." Curiously enough, the very next day, the eminent critic, Mr. Woollcott, called us up to inform us that he had discovered the very same thing. In fact, we believe he was writing an essay for the "Sun" Saturday page on that very topic. Incidentally, it is a great bore not to have the genial Mr. Woollcott's criticisms in the morning paper any more. Rumor persists that he is soon to blossom forth on our greatest daily paper, but we have not dared question him on that subject as yet.

We have recently been busy editing the new BOOKMAN books: "The Bookman Anthology of Poetry", second series, and, long delayed, "The Literary Spotlight". We have never realized how exceedingly elusive are facts concerning the lives of such people as choose not to be entered in the meaty pages of "Who's Who". As for bibliographies — chasing up books published and poems used and suchlike is a task worthy of Hercules himself. We quite personally hope that librarians and friends who get beyond the first part of our book and seek the reference pages in the back will appreciate this effort. We expect it is what gave us the measles. Our favorite motion picture star sent us a basket of medicine this morning and a bunch of toys. Why should measles be such a humorous disease? The toys are splendid. One of them, two prizefighters who engage in a most spectacular bout, amused us, until a hurdygurdy started up on the corner. It is playing a dance tune, and makes us realize that we are totally unable to dance (in fact we doubt very much if we could get anyone to dance with us) and that "The Literary Spotlight" is still in an unfinished condition.

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